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BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

THE modern pilgrim of the Rhine sometimes wearies a little of the excessively spectacular character of the scenery along its banks. Every gray tower is ticketed, and every leafy isle supplied with its proper legend. They sell on all the boats, and you are adroit indeed if you can avoid buying, a lithographed plan of the river, neatly bound in red, and furnished with a scale of miles where so many fractions of an inch are accurately assigned to each appropriate emotion. You seem to catch the creaking of the machinery by which the long panorama is unrolled; you are dunned, so to speak, for your enthusiasm; and unless you are very warmly in sympathy with the spirit and aims of United Germany, you will half grudge the act of homage which will punctually be required of you the instant you descry aloft upon the outermost spur of the beautiful Niederwald, opposite Bingen and the mouth of the Nahe, the brawny presentment in bronze of Germania Victrix.

If such be the traveler's wayward mood, and so languid his devotion to the Goddess of Success, he is counseled to turn aside from the grand route where the pretty town of Coblenz marks the confluence with the Rhine of the fairest of its tributary streams. Once within the valley of the Moselle, he will feel a soothing change creep over the spirit of his dream. The loud hum of the boastful present subsides; the strident voice of the tourist is hushed, and

quenched the fiery gleam of his Baedeker; and over the rich and softly smiling scene — the golden grain-fields and the rose-tinted soil — broods a quiet so profound that the distant echoes become audible of a song sung in its praise a millennium and a half ago; nor have any fitter phrases yet been discovered in which to celebrate the peculiar beauty of the Moselthal than those of a minor Latin poet of the fourth century, by no means a man of surpassing genius, but one who anticipated, after a remarkable fashion, what we are pleased to call the modern sentiment for landscape.

He begins his idyl — for so he has himself named the song of the Moselle — by telling how he "crossed the swift Nahe under a hazy sky," and after a wondering glance at the massive fortifications recently added to the even then ancient town of Bingen, which had suffered severely during the revolt in Gaul that followed the murder of Vitellius, he plunged into the seemingly pathless forest on the left bank of the Rhine; and following that great Roman military road, still existing in parts, and known to the peasants of the region as the Steinstrasse, he struck the Moselle at the fortified camp and castle of Tabernæ, now Bern Castel. He was bound for immemorial Trèves, Augusta Trevirorum, the Rome of the North, and seat, for the moment, of the Western Empire; and from this point onward we take leave to follow his footsteps.

"Here," he says, with an evident

reminiscence of Vergil's Elysium, "the fields enjoy a purer air, and bright Apollo rides the purple ether in serene light. No longer does the eye go vainly seeking a heaven obscured by the green darkness of closely interlacing boughs. The gracious vision thus revealed seems to restore me to my own country and the culture of smiling Bordeaux. . . . Hail, O River, joy of the fields and the husbandman, to whom the Belgians owe a city of imperial state, — green river of the grassy banks, and hills all redolent of the grape! Thou art a pathway for ships, like the ocean, yet faltest softly, as a river should. Thou rivalest the lakes in clearness and the brooks in murmuring music, and thy waters are good to drink as those of the coolest fountain. In thee alone are gathered all the varied charms of lake, and stream, and sea!"

"The Moselle," writes a lively correspondent, after the publication of the idyl, "has acquired an immense popularity through its transfiguration in your divine verse. I, too, knew the river when I followed the standards of our immortal princes into those parts; and I thought it a very respectable stream, but not one of the greatest. Now, however, I discover from your stately stanzas that it is longer than Egyptian Nile, and colder than Sarmatian Ister, and clearer than our own Fucinus. In short, if I did not know you to be a man of strict veracity, even in your poetical flights, I could scarcely credit all the wonderful things you say of the origin and course of the Moselle."

"Go to with your costly pavements of Phrygian marble," proceeds the rapt singer, "but give me Nature's workmanship in the firm sands that line these humid shores and keep no tell-tale impress of the human foot. Thine even bed is visible through all its crystal deeps. Thou hast no secrets, River! Open to the eye as the blessed air itself in all its clearness, where gently breathing winds allow us to explore the void,

the steadfast gaze descends far, far into thy flood, and under the unruffled surface the very penetralia lie open of thy liquid shrine. Dissolving shapes of light come and go in the dark blue of the transparent water, as the furrowed sand surges to its gentle motion, or the grasses tremble upon the wreathèd verge, or the waving plants, whose home is in the stream, sustain the soft shock of the pulsing tide. The pebbles flash and vanish, and the mosses gleam greenly¹ against the silver sands. Such is the picture the Scots of Britain see, when the receding tide lays bare green algæ and red coral, and those translucent blossoms of the conch-shell, the pearls that rich men love, — necklaces displayed beneath the wave, as it were in mockery of our *parures*."

The poet then salutes by name the fish of the Gallic stream. Trout and Salmon, Perch and Tench, Salmon-trout and Pike, are distinguished, as well as a host of lesser fry, and one huge, mysterious creature, only to be compared in his rush along the Moselle to a "whale in the Atlantic."

To which of these species, one wonders, belonged the fish which figures in the Christian version of the Ring of Poly-crates? For we are told by the biographer of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, how, "when the latter was doing penance for certain excesses, it chanced that he crossed a bridge over the Moselle; and perceiving the undertow, and the deep whirlpools into which his gaze could not penetrate, but bearing a confident hope in his mind, he drew from his finger a ring and cast it where the water was deepest, saying as he did so, 'I shall deem myself loosed from the bonds of sin when I receive back that which I cast away.' One day, many years after, when he

¹ Compare Emerson on Concord River: —

"Musketaquid, a goblin strong,
Of shard and flint makes jewels gay;
They lose their grief who hear his song,
And where he winds is the day of day."

had assumed the duties of the bishopric, a fisherman caught a fish, which the Bishop — for he abstained from meat, — ordered cooked for his evening meal. And when the servant cleaned it, as his wont was, he found the self-same ring in the fish's intestines. Wondering at the occurrence, but ignorant of the circumstances, he took it to Arnulf. When the latter saw it, he recognized it at once, and, glad of the remission of his sins, he returned thanks to Almighty God, yet led thenceforth no easier life, but rather strove to practice greater austerities."

From the population of the waters the poet turns his attention to the riverside vineyards, and "the bounty of Bacchus" attracts his roving gaze.

"For tier above tier, as in a natural theatre, in all the curves and recesses of the winding shore, and on the sunny slopes and the bare ledges, and along the verge of the sheer cliffs in long-drawn lines, the ordered vines arise. The folk who till them are merry at their toil; the countrymen make haste over the hill-tops or adown their sides, calling to one another with lusty shouts. . . . The gliding boatman flings out to the belated hind snatches of mocking song, which the rocks and the rustling woods repeat far down the river valley."

The poet next brings his pagan lore to bear, and sets himself to people the sylvan scene with a fantastic masque of "rustic satyrs and blue-eyed nymphs." "Goat-footed Pans" — for he recognizes more than one — "plunge in pursuit of the startled Naiads, and Panopea flies for protection to the Oreads in the hills." Yet still the real distracts his eye from the imaginary loveliness; the "fair humanities" of the old religion are fictitious even to the Latin singer. "These are sports," he confesses, "which no eye hath seen. I may not describe them fully. Let us respect the mystery which has been confided to the Moselle's keeping. But there where the solid hill is

mirrored in the glaucous current, the eye may revel freely. The river-bed is sown with vines, the liquid leaves unfold, and oh, what a color is that the waves receive, when evening shadows lengthen, and the clear stream is cloven by the mountains' verdant wedge! The crest thereof wavers with swift undulations, the visionary vine-spray trembles, the grape swells to ripeness in the pellucid deep."

"The deluded voyager counts the growing plants beneath his prow, as he glides, in bark canoe, along the line where the hill's image meets the river, and the river laps the confines of the umbrageous bank."

Presently, for the course of our author's rippling song is devious as that of his subject, he harks back to his mythology; then returns to describe in mock heroics the fisherman's cruel onslaught upon the finny people of the stream; then suddenly breaks off, abashed, as it would appear, by the unexpected magnificence of the country-seats whose towers he begins to discern upon the hill-tops, and which inform him that he is approaching the suburbs of that majestic capital where his journeyings are to end.

"Who can depict the infinitely varied charms of these great houses, distinguish one from another and indicate the architecture of each? Dædalus, who built Apollo's temple at Cumæ, need not disdain to own them, nor Philo of Athens, nor Meneceates of Ephesus, nor Ictinus of the far-famed Parthenon, nor Archimedes. . . . Here a villa springs from a cornice of natural rock; another has laid its foundations on the outrunning margin of the stream; another has made its own the deep bay formed by a bend of the river; and yet another, perched upon the steepest cliff of all, commands a vast prospect over fruitful tracts and forest lands, where the enraptured eye revels as in its own domain. One has planted its foot in the moist

meadows, and is well consoled for the lack of mountain grandeur by the daring pitch of its lofty roof, and a tower that soars like that of the Egyptian Pharos. . . . And what of the porticoes beside the verdant lawns, the gleaming colonnades, the steaming baths? . . . A Cumæan might fancy that he had found another Baiæ here, with all the wealth and splendor, but without the insidious enervation, of the old."

The tributaries of the Moselle are then celebrated by name, and the Rhine is admonished to "gather up its green veil and draw aside its azure skirts," to make room for this peerless ally. The singer's enthusiasm kindles, and his Muse preens her wings for a final flight. "The bard of Smyrna or the bard of Mantua might have given thee a place beside the Simois, divine Moselle! The Tiber need not boast itself above thee. Forgive me, mighty Rome," he cries, as if alarmed at his own temerity, "and avert from me all evil, and save me from that Nemesis which has no Latin name; for have not the Cæsars themselves here fixed the seat of their empire?"

And so, his pompous apostrophe concluded, with a fall rapid as that of a lark from the clouds, yet by no means ungraceful, the poet makes us his parting bow and tells us his name. "I, Ausonius of Bordeaux, yet bearing a memory of Italy in my name; late come as a guest among the Belgæ, from my home under the shadow of the Pyrenees in the uttermost parts of Gaul, where laughing Aquitaine softens the rudeness of indigenous manners, have dared attune my slender lyre to sing this song. Hereafter, when the days of my tutorship are ended, and the Cæsars, father and beloved son, shall have dismissed me to the nest of my old age, crowned with all the honors of a Roman citizen, if any sap yet trickle in my veins, I will renew this theme, I will make thee famous, O Moselle! — not at thy source only, but in all the lands thou threadest

in thy sinuous goings, until thou yieldest up thy watery life at the gates of Germany."

"If my song have so much merit as may charm an idle hour, thy name shall live upon men's lips. The fountains, and the living lakes, and all blue rivers shall know thee, and the groves where our fathers adored their [Druid?] gods. The Alpine streams shall do thee reverence, — the Drôme, and the Durance, and the swift Rhone that cleaves the twofold city; ¹ and last I will present thee to my own Garonne."

Making all due allowance for the flattery which a court poet is doubtless bound to bestow not only on the person of his royal master, but on his capital and its environs, we have still an astonishing picture here of the civilization once conveyed by the Roman standards to the very end of the habitable globe. And now let us see what history has to tell us of the flowery poet, and the persons and events with which his name is associated.

When the old chroniclers observe that, in A. D. 367, "*real wool* fell from heaven, mixed with rain," they seem to fancy that they are recording the chief event of the year. We may be sure, however, that the eulogist of the Moselle thought otherwise; for this was the very date at which Ausonius was summoned by the Emperor Valentinian to be the tutor of his son Gratian, a boy of eight, on whom had just been conferred the purple robe and the title of Augustus.

It was barely three years since the Pannonian general, Valentinian, in the forty-third year of his age, had received the imperial insignia at the hands of the Roman legions; and forthwith, dividing with his weaker brother, Valens, the unwieldy kingdom of the world, had left the latter to reign in Constantinople, while he himself established his headquarters in the remote northern capital, which had borne, since the time of the

¹ Arles.

first Roman Emperors, the name of Augusta Trevirorum.

The man to whom Valentinian entrusted the training of his heir-apparent was twelve years his own senior; born, therefore, in 309. He was quite old enough to remember the apparition of the fiery cross to the great Constantine, and to have seen with his own eyes the conversion of the court, its revulsion to the ancient worship under Julian the Apostate, and the reërection of the mystic *labarum* after that brilliant but foredoomed enthusiast had met his tragic end upon the Asian plains. The Christian fathers who bequeathed their names to the Athanasian creed and to the Arian heresy both flourished in the lifetime of the royal instructor; but he himself, amid the shock of warring faiths and under the fire of rival heresies, remained serenely indifferent; and though conforming as a matter of course to the customs of a nominally Christian court so long as he was a member of it, he retained, if we are to judge by his voluminous writings, to the last day of a long life, an easy balance of private opinion. He retained the full vigor of his faculties, also; and beside repolishing, according to promise, the idyl of the Moselle, he edited for publication, in the leisurely evening of his days, a great deal of his early writing.

He likewise composed a series of short elegies on the wide circle of relatives whom he had survived, which he collected under the name of *Parentalia*,¹ and which afford no end of interesting glimpses into the family life of that obscure time. The father of Decius Magnus Ausonius was an eminent physician of Burdigala, or Bordeaux, a man of modest connections, but of much personal distinction, who had married into that upper social circle where what Auso-

nus calls the "traditions of the Roman Optimates" were plainly equivalent to a patent of nobility. Of his mother, Æmilia Æonia, he has left a picture, slightly formal, indeed, but so graceful that it seems worth while attempting to preserve its poetic form:—

"Æonia, mother, with thy blended strain
Of race, from Burgundy and Aquitaine,
Thine were the graces of the perfect wife,
The busy fingers, the inviolate life,
Thine husband's trust, the empire of thy
boys,
A stately mien, a fund of quiet joys.
Thy long embrace among the peaceful dead
Make warm my father's tomb as once his
bed."

A piquant contrast to the portrait of this gentle and high-bred lady is presented by that of her strong-minded sister, the boy's maiden aunt, Æmilia Hilary. She was a second mother to him, he says, and shall be commemorated with a son's affection. She acquired the pet name of Hilarius (masculine form, observe) in her cradle, because she was so strong and merry, and had the look of a pleasant boy. When she grew up she made profound studies in medicine, "*more virum*," and "her sex was ever hateful to her." This vigorous creature lived to be sixty-three, but I can find no proof of what is assumed by some commentators, that hers was a religious consecration to a life of virginity. Pallas Athene is formally saluted as the patroness, and the soul cheerfully dismissed to the Elysian fields, of her brother, the poet's maternal uncle, Æmilius Magnus Arborius, under whose tuition he himself was early placed. This Arborius was *the* great man of the family, a lawyer and lecturer on rhetoric, of much eminence at Toulouse; employed also, for a while, as tutor, at Constantinople, to one of the sons of Constantine the Great.

time of Æneas, who had consecrated that day to the *manes* of his father Anchises. The spirit of Ausonius's *Parentalia* is purely and simply pagan.

¹ The name *Parentalia* is derived from that festival of February 19th, kept by the Romans from the days of Numa in commemoration of the dead. It was believed to date back to the

Ausonius's maternal grandfather, a political exile from the neighborhood of Vienne, "connected with many noble houses," a very fine old gentleman indeed, was deeply versed in astrology, but was obliged to conceal his proficiency on account of the severe laws lately enacted against magic of all kinds. "He could read," says the family annalist, using textually the ever familiar quotation, the "*sidera conscia futi*, and he drew my own horoscope at my nativity, but kept it carefully concealed until the zeal of my mother brought it to light," when it appeared that the poet's future honors were there explicitly foretold.

Ausonius had two sisters and a brother; and one of the former, Julia Dryadia, is an interesting figure. Her accomplished husband, Pomponius Maximus, may have traced his descent from Cicero's best beloved correspondent; but Julia was early left a widow, and returned to her father's house "to die where he died." The fatal event, which, in the first despair of her untimely bereavement, she perhaps anticipated with desire, was, however, long delayed. She lived to a great age in the home of her childhood, a clever woman, given to deep researches like her aunt Hilary. When Ausonius observes that "her one care was to know the true God, and to love himself above all others," we may, I think, safely conclude that she alone, of all that large and prosperous family circle, was seriously attracted toward the new faith.

His long and thorough course of instruction at Toulouse concluded, Ausonius established himself in his native Bordeaux as teacher of grammar and rhetoric. He was a master of the Latin tongue, but owns that he never spoke Greek with fluency, whereas his father, the physician, was thoroughly versed in the latter language, but expressed himself with difficulty in Latin. One wonders in what dialect they conversed with each other!

Ausonius married, soon after his return, Attusia Lucania Sabina, a lady, as we might have trusted him not to omit to mention, of "renowned senatorial stock," whom he mourns in an elaborate threnody. She was to him "*et dolor atque decus*," like Pallas to the aged Evander, for she died at twenty-seven, leaving him with two children, a girl and a boy. He says that at the time of writing he had paid Sabina's virtues the tribute of a thirty-six years' celibacy, and he certainly did not marry again, but there is plenty of proof in the not too edifying mass of his miscellaneous writings that he consoled himself in less legitimate ways.

The poet says loosely, in the preface to his letters, that he was thirty years old when he assumed the duties of a professor of language, and that he exercised them for thirty years. In point of fact, he was fifty-eight when he received the appointment of tutor to the son of Valentinian, and left his native town for distant Trèves. The journey across the entire breadth of Gaul must have looked formidable in those days; and cold misgivings can hardly have been absent from the mind of one who had for years been "a man in authority," when he consented to wait on the caprices of a master so choleric that he had a habit of briefly requesting refractory servants to "change their heads"—by the help of the executioner. A yet more gruesome illustration of the terrors which encompassed Valentinian's throne is found in the tale, indignantly denied by certain Christian apologists, but apparently as well attested as any fact of his reign, that he kept, by way of household pets and guardians of his bed-chamber, two she-bears, who rejoiced in the playful names of Innocentia and Mica Aurea, and who were fed on human flesh.

In the *Ordo Nobilium Urbium*, a series of short poems by Ausonius on the sixteen great cities of the world, the

sixth place is assigned to Trèves. Only "Rome the golden, home of the gods," Constantinople and Carthage, Antioch and Alexandria, are suffered to take precedence of the seat of Valentinian. Nevertheless, he writes of Trèves briefly and formally, as he might have done if he had never seen the place; not at all with that vivid realization and wealth of picturesque and splendid detail which he lavishes upon Arles, and even upon Milan. Now, he may very well have seen, and probably did see, the "little Gallic Rome" upon the Rhone, while he was a student at Toulouse; but Milan he can hardly have visited before the year of his consulate, — 379, — if even then. The chronology of his writings is not easy to make out, but I am inclined to think that the *Ordo Nobilium Urbium*, like the quatrains on the Cæsars, after the style of

"First William the Norman,
Then William his son,"

the abstracts from the Iliad and Odyssey, the epitaphs on the heroes of Troy, and perhaps also the Play of the Seven Wise Men were originally prepared for the behoof of his classes, — as aids to memory or by way of combining instruction with amusement, — then amplified and rearranged at a much later period. It must have been after he went back to end his days at Bordeaux that he concluded the tale of his great cities by a disproportionately long and loving tribute to the charms of his native place: —

"All-glorious Rome led off this procession. Let Bordeaux share her honors by bringing up the rear. This is my fatherland, but Rome is above all fatherlands. Bordeaux I love, but Rome I worship. A citizen of the one, a consul in both, here was my cradle, and there my curule chair."

It matters the less, in one sense, however, that we have no very graphic record of the Gallic poet's first impressions of Trèves, since an almost un-

equaled proportion of the monuments which constituted its glory in the fourth century are still in existence, — the greatest of them all, the Black Gate of Mars and the enormous Basilica where Constantine delivered judgment, hardly altered in their outward aspect since his day. Local tradition claims for the city on the Moselle an antiquity which might have appeared hoary even to Ausonius. "*Ante Romam Treviris stetit annis MCCC*" is the complacent inscription which may be still read on the walls of the beautiful *Rothes Haus*, once a mediæval town hall, and now a pleasant inn.

Otto of Freising, in his twelfth-century Chronicle, explains the matter thus: "When Ninus, the Assyrian king, was dead, his wife, Semiramis, reigned in his stead, and the men of Trèves say that she cast out her step-son, Trebates, who built him a fleet, and passed by sea from Asia to Europe, and so along the Rhine and the Moselle to the most beautiful valley in Gaul, where he founded the fairest and richest of her cities, which he called Treviris, after his own name."

This, of course, is palpable nonsense. Trebates must be bidden to go hang, along with the British Brutus; but what was the ancient and mysterious fact which underlay the fixed notion of the town's ante-Roman origin, and put Otto upon his mettle to invent the son of Ninus?

The great mass of Roman work at present extant at Trèves: the Basilica before mentioned; the amphitheatre, grass-grown, but intact in form; the stately baths between the two, which were *thermæ* surely, as they used always to be called, and only adjuncts of the imperial palace; the quadrilateral nucleus of the strange cathedral, with its massive monolithic pillars; the extensive and luxurious villas lying between these public buildings and the river, — all these things are plainly and indisputably of late Roman origin. But to the not over-learned spectator, who judges

merely by what he sees, and by comparison with what he may have seen previously in the far south of Europe, the gigantic *Porta Nigra*, and the indestructible foundations of the bridge over the Moselle, composed, like it, of massive blocks of stone laid without cement, whisper a curiously different story. It is not the Roman Forum nor the Colosseum of which one is irresistibly reminded, but Volterra Cervetri, possibly Præstum or Mycenæ, or, more faintly, the Pont du Gard.

Of the latest authorities on the *Porta Nigra*, every German Ph. D. confidently contradicts every other. One sees marks about its architecture which refer it clearly to the time of Claudian. Another is equally sure that it was one of Constantine's own buildings. They smile superior when Winckelmann says that if this structure were in Italy we should unhesitatingly refer it to 450 B. C.; and, among them, they have covered with confusion a certain enthusiastic antiquary named Wytttenbach, who gives, in the *Trierische Kronik* for March, 1817, the text of an inscription in something very like Etruscan characters, laid bare in his day, upon the northwest side of the monument. The Dutch architect, De Bioul, translator of Vitruvius, protests through the medium of the same periodical, in 1820, that he has found no exact parallel to the style of the Black Gate save in the so-called Cyclopean remains of Sicily and the Abruzzi; and one architectural dreamer offers the suggestion that the gate and the bridge were constructed as defensive works, at the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion, by architects from Narbonnensian Gaul, where Greek traditions had prevailed at a much earlier day.

We must leave the savants to their ever congenial differences. There the stupendous thing stands, and is likely to stand while the world remains, — a

darkly frowning mystery, with cavernous archways and huge flanking towers; a considerable portion of its height still covered by the accumulation of the soil, yet even so, reducing the modern suburb about it almost to the proportions of a child's toy village by its proximity; and under its grim shadow Ausonius passed, as we do, into the heart of the town.

Enough remains pretty plainly to suggest that the Roman city extended southwesterly along the right bank of the Moselle much farther than modern Trèves; that the old bridge divided it nearly in halves; and that a great main thoroughfare, following for some distance the line of the present boulevard, ran from it past the principal forum to the thermæ, the amphitheatre, the circus, and the great public gardens upon the rising ground; while the Roman wall embraced all these structures, being carried, as Ausonius distinctly tells us, up and along the hills. Somewhere between the river and the amphitheatre, but nearer the former, one cannot help fancying, than the most conspicuous of the visible Roman remains, lay the imperial palace where the poet was to be lodged. It was the same in which Helena, the mother of Constantine, — not the fair young creature of Caliacri's vision, but a wrinkled woman of eighty, — had that revelation of the true cross which drew her, thus late in life, as a pilgrim to Jerusalem.

The court was ostensibly Christian, and one of the first offices required of the new-comer in his capacity of laureate was the composition of an Easter Hymn. It was duly forthcoming: very courtly in diction, and at the same time so fervent in spirit and so accurately orthodox in doctrine that even our facile Burdigalian could hardly have composed it without help from the promptings of some more earnest devotee.¹ Plenty of

¹ We seem to detect the work of the same hand in the really beautiful Morning Hymn,

inserted by Ausonius in an unfinished poem called the *Ephemeris*, which was designed to

such there were, in and about Trèves, living the contemplative life under the very shadow of the court; as we know from the haunting story, so pathetically told by St. Augustine in his Confessions, of those two officers of Gratian's household who, wearying, one sultry afternoon, of the everlasting games in the circus, rambled out into the gardens and up the hill, and came within ear-shot of the lodge of certain anchorites, and stood rooted to the spot until dusk, listening while one read aloud the life of the holy hermit Antonius of Egypt: the charm and refreshment of which tale so wrought upon their jaded spirits that, then and there, they renounced the world and the glittering service of the palace, and gave themselves to a life of prayer.

No such call to self-devotion and effacement was received by Ausonius; but he entered upon his pedagogic duties with a very proper zeal, insomuch that the naturally amiable and docile Gratian became ere long a prodigy of youthful accomplishments. He betrayed the hopes of the world afterward, as prodigies are too apt to do; and it would indeed be strange if, along with an abundance of book-learning, a certain frivolity of spirit had not been imparted to the pupil of a man who could produce the Easter Hymn one day, and on the next, by way of epithalamium, an abominable cento of Vergilian verses, wrested without shame from their true sense and connection; who could close his *Griphus*,¹ or riddling disquisition on the mystic properties of the number three, by observing that there are three Gorgons, three Harpies, three Furies, three prophesying Sibyls, three drinks to a toast, and three persons in the Trinity; and one of whose most exquisite productions, from commemorate, in separate numbers, the occupations of each successive hour in the day. The other fragments are as light in tone as possible, — their one serious line, expressing a half-awed suspicion of an invisible presence, being rejected as spurious by the best commentators; while the number which succeeds the

a purely literary point of view, the Dream of Cupid Crucified, must have seemed full of blasphemous allusion to the earnest Christians of that day.

The nine years of the reign of Valentinian which remained were years of almost incessant warfare. The Alemanni revolted, and were put down only to rise again. The Saxons were perpetually "raiding" along the confines of Gaul. The Picts and Scots grew troublesome in Britain, and Valentinian sent to subdue these rudest of barbarians a brave general, afterwards most unjustly disgraced, whom history will remember as the father of the Emperor Theodosius. Discontented Africa was reduced to order by the same elder Theodosius. All this while the great Gothic war was raging in the East, taxing to their utmost, and farther, the resources of Valens. In the year 374 the Quadi and Sarmatians invaded Pannonia, or Hungary, Valentinian's native province; laying waste the affrighted country, and just failing to capture the Princess Constantia, a granddaughter of Constantine the Great, who was on her way across Europe to marry the pupil of Ausonius.

The news of this last outbreak reached Trèves too late for a military expedition to be organized the same year; but early in the ensuing spring, Valentinian himself set out for the Danube, resolved to punish the Quadi without mercy. All summer long he burned and slew, and when autumn arrived, and he had gone into winter quarters near the modern town of Presburg, a deputation of the Quadi visited him with offers of humble submission. The Emperor rose to reply to the ambassadors, worked himself, by degrees, into a furious passion, as he talked, and finally fell back in a fit, and Morning Hymn begins with the words, "Well now, enough of devotion!"

¹ A *γρίφος*, or *γρίπος*, was a fish-net; and the name, Suidas says, was applied to "a tangled and difficult discourse, of which the meaning is not immediately apparent."

expired in the arms of his attendants, November 17, 375.

Gratian was now sixteen, and living with his girlish wife at Trèves. A thoroughbred youth, of pleasant manners and athletic no less than literary attainments, he was fairly popular with the legions. But a rival was forthcoming in the person of his infant half-brother, who was presented to the army of the Danube in the arms of his mother Justina, the second wife of Valentinian,¹ not far from the spot where Maria Theresa showed her son to the chivalrous Hungarians thirteen hundred odd years later. The little prince, who bore his father's name, was so well received by the soldiers that it was thought politic to acknowledge him at Trèves as Gratian's associate in the empire; though he can hardly have borne a very active part in the councils of the state during the short lifetime of his elder brother.

These were the days when honors fairly rained upon Ausonius and his family. His father, the physician, at the mature age of ninety, was made prefect of Illyricum; he himself, prefect of Italy and Africa. His son Hesperius became proconsul of Africa, to be succeeded, at the end of his first year of office, by Thalassius, the second husband of the poet's only daughter. In 378, Ausonius and his son were joint prefects of Gaul, and toward the close of the same year the joyful tidings arrived from the camp of Gratian, who had gone eastward, with an army, to assist his uncle Valens against the invading Goths and Huns, that Ausonius was consul-designate for the year 379.

It was a shadowy dignity indeed, compared to what it had been in the great Roman days; and the letter in which Ausonius returns thanks for the long-coveted honor is fulsome and verbose, — altogether unpleasant reading. A much

livelier interest attaches to his New Year's Hymn, or invocation to Janus for a prosperous consulate, which is dated the day before the auspicious Kalends of January.² "Jane, veni; novus anne, veni; renovate veni Sol!" This refrain of "Come, Janus! New Year, come! Come, new-born Sun!" recurs at the beginning of each division of the poem, and every season of the year and every sign of the zodiac is besought for happy omens. It is impossible not to see how much more congenial to Ausonius's pen was the imagery of Olympus than that of the Christian heaven; yet at heart, I believe, he was no more of a Roman pagan than of a Christian disciple. Paganism was the nominal creed of that imposing social caste into which both Ausonius and his father had married. It was *the thing* to be versed in its myths, and to have its phraseology come trippingly from the tongue; but there are incidental allusions scattered throughout his writings, such as that in the Idyl of the Moselle to the groves of the ancestral worship, which lead one to suspect that the traditions of this Ausonian race, despite the Latin name they prized, were altogether Druidical. It was really not so very long since, together with the garments, the gods of Rome had been adopted in Gaul; and the Druid priests had certainly a large following there quite a century later than this.

When Valens had met his end at Adrianople, there devolved upon Gratian, still only nineteen years of age, the heavy responsibility of selecting a colleague to whom to delegate the management of the Eastern Empire. He made an admirable choice; and though it may well have been "more by hit than any good wit" that the great Theodosius was recalled from his dignified retirement in Spain, the world, and especially the Church, are none the less indebted

¹ The charge of polygamy brought against Valentinian by the historian Socrates may be dismissed as a calumny.

² The whole month of January was specially consecrated to the double-faced deity of Peace and War.

to Gratian for this appointment, — the most beneficent of his public acts, and the last which could be thus described. After the date of the young sovereign's return from the East to the capital on the Moselle, his career was a perpetual *fiasco*. He took counsel of unworthy advisers, he gave himself up to the pleasures of the chase in the wild woods of Germany and Belgium, and he scandalized his court beyond measure by adopting the barbarous dress of his Scythian body-guard. The story of the last years of Gratian's reign, which had opened so fairly, might be summed up in the scathing sentence on a contemporary of the late Master of Trinity: "He devoted all the time he could spare from the exigencies of his" singular "toilet to the neglect of his public duties."

But the end came quickly. In 383, the Spanish general Maximus, then holding a command in Britain, revolted, and was hailed by his own legions as Emperor. The British youth flocked to his standard; he invaded Gaul; the demoralized Gratian fled before him, only to be overtaken and murdered at Lyons, in the twenty-fifth year of his age and the ninth of his independent reign.

How Maximus was for a while associated with Theodosius in the empire of the world, while Justin's little Valentinian, now a twelve-year-old boy, held a sort of side court at Milan; how Ambrose, the great bishop, went as ambassador from Milan to Maximus at Trèves; how the latter threw off the mask of friendship in 387, and invaded Italy; how Theodosius, marching westward to oppose him, saw, loved, and espoused the Princess Galla, Justin's beautiful daughter; how the rebel was routed and slain at Aquileia, almost on the very spot where the great Constantine had fallen, — all these deeply interesting incidents belong to the general history of

the time. It concerns us chiefly, for the moment, to know that Ausonius, who had been constrained to live almost in hiding during the four years of Maximus's ascendancy, emerges with a pæan of joy after his destruction, and gives Aquileia a place among his eminent cities wholly on the strength of its having witnessed the usurper's end. "Thou art justly celebrated for thy port and thy ramparts, but still more for this."¹

The Emperor Theodosius made friendly advances to our poet, who subsequently dedicated to him his collected epigrams, partly original and partly translations; but court life had ceased to charm him, nor could Trèves any longer be a congenial place of residence for Ausonius. The Cæsar who had summoned him thither and the Cæsar whose mind he had formed were both dead, and he himself was past seventy years of age. His "eye was not dim nor his natural force abated," and life had plenty of interest remaining for him, even though he stood encompassed by the graves of a family and a dynasty; but he felt an irresistible drawing toward the scenes of his childhood, and the verses in which he addressed the paternal villa on the Garonne, when returning to take up his permanent abode there, are among the simplest and most heartfelt of his which we possess.

He speaks of it modestly, as a very small estate; but when we learn that he had two hundred acres of arable land, and a hundred in vineyards, fifty in meadows, and of woodland twice as much as all the rest; that there was a lake on the property; and that the flux and reflux of the tidal river which divided it carried him back and forth between his place and Bordeaux in the easiest and most delightful manner, according as his mood required society or solitude, we surmise that the retired

¹ Barely sixty years later these ramparts were leveled by "Attila, Scourge of God," and a remnant of the inhabitants of Aquileia

escaped to the islands of the lagoons, and planted in humiliation, poverty, and tears the seed of Venice.

courtier had all the comforts of life about him, and wherewith to feed, even to fatness, the philosophic spirit he had so nobly resolved to cultivate.

There was plenty of rubbish, and worse than rubbish, in the early notebooks and portfolios whose contents he now undertook to set in order; but he had plainly not the heart to sacrifice a scrap of his own writing, and here and there, among his naughty epigrams, occurs a pure and shapely gem, like this of Echo to the Painter:—

“ Ah, foolish limner, why essay to paint
The lineaments of an unseen face divine?
Daughter of air and speech, mother of faint
Presentments, an unreal voice is mine!
Following all tones until afar they die,
I bring their semblance back in mockery:
Yet in the windings of thine ear dwell I,
And thou must paint a sound, wouldst thou
paint me! ”

Of even finer texture, a trifle oversweet, perhaps, but more poetic, in the modern sense, than anything else of Ausonius's except the Moselle and the Dream of Cupid, already mentioned, is the idyl entitled *Roses*, which was long attributed to Vergil. I offer a more or less remote imitation of it:—

“ Spring morning! and, in all the saffron air,
The tingling freshness of a day to be!
The breeze that runs before the sun-steeds, ere
They kindle fire, appeared to summon me,
And I went forth, by the prim garden-beds,
To taste that early sweetness, and behold
The bending blades dew-frosted, and the
heads
Of the tall plants impearled, and, heavy-
rolled,
O'er spreading leaves the sky-drops crystalline.
There, too, were roses, as in *Pæstum* gay:
Dim through the morning mist I saw them
shine,
Save where, at intervals, a blinding ray
Flashed from a gem that Sol would soon de-
vour.
Verily, one knew not if the rosy Dawn
Borrowed her blushes from the rosy flower.
Or this from her,—for that the two had on
The same warm color, the same dewy veil!
Yea, and why not? For flower alike and star
Live under Lady Venus, and exhale,
Mayhap, the self-same fragrance. But afar

The planet's breath is wafted and is spent,
The blossom sheds its perfume at our side;
Yet still they wear the one habiliment
The Paphian goddess bade them,—murex-
dyed.

A moment more, and the young buds were
seen
Bursting their star-like sheathings. One was
there

Who sported yet a fairy helm of green,
And one a crimson coronal did wear;
And one was like a stately pyramid
Tipped, at the apex, with a purple spire;
And one the foldings of her veil undid
From her fair head, as moved by the desire
To number her own petals. Quick, 't is done!
The smiling casket opens, and we see
The crocus therein hidden from the sun
Dense-seeded. But another rose, ah me!
With flame-like hair afloat upon the breeze,
Paled suddenly, of all her glory shorn.
' Alas for the untimely fate of these
Who age the very hour wherein they're
born! ”

I cried: and even so, the *chevelure*
Of yon poor blossom dropped upon the mould,
Clothing it, far and wide, with color pure!
How can the same sun-rising see unfold
And fade so many shapes of loveliness?
Ah, cruel Nature, with thy boon of flowers
Too quick withdrawn! Ah, youth grim age
doth press!

Ah, life of roses, told in one day's hours!
The morning-star beholds a birth divine
Whereof the evening-star shall find no trace.
Think then upon the rose's endless line,
Since the one rose revisiteth her place
Never again! And gather, sweetest maid,
Gather young roses in the early dew
Of thine own years, remembering how they
fade,

And how, for thee, the end is hastening too! ”

What a multitude of echoes these
dulcet lines have awakened! Here are
Waller and Herrick with their “ Go,
lovely rose! ” and “ Gather ye roses,
while ye may! ” And yonder is Ron-
sard:—

“ Done si vous me croyez, mignonne,
Tandis que vostre âge fleuronne,
En sa plus verte nouveauté
Cueillez, cueillez vostre jeunesse
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse
Fera ternir vostre beauté! ”

While from a point yet more remote
comes the heavier sigh of Omar Khay-
yám:—

"Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say :
Yes,—but where leaves the rose of yester-
day ?"

These last lines remind one curiously of Fitzgerald's conjecture that the best of all vehicles for translating the Persian poet would be post-classical Latin.

Beside the Idyls and the Epigrams, Ausonius made a collection of his Eclogues,—the majority of them very flat and tame. By far the most interesting member of this series is by another hand than his. After a dozen more or less mechanical verses describing the signs of the Zodiac, this note occurs in one of the manuscript copies of Ausonius : "The following lines on the same subject are by Quintus Cicero." The note may possibly not have been inserted by the poet, and the lines themselves do not particularly signify, except for their associations. But they are all of the younger Cicero's poetry that we have, and they carry one back more than four hundred years before Ausonius's time, to that weariful winter in Cæsar's Gaulish camp, before Quintus Cicero had had the chance to distinguish himself in action, when Marcus wrote to him from Rome, "I am glad to know that you are using your pen."

Another poem, of considerable length and no little incidental interest, but not written by Ausonius, helps to swell the bulk of his collected works. Its author was one Paulinus, called, from the place of his birth, Paulinus of Pella. He was a grandson of our poet, and has left us a sketch of his own checkered life in halting hexameters ; entitled, half submissively, as it would seem, and half ironically, *Eucharisticon*, or *A Thanksgiving*. He had been reared in great luxury in Macedonia, where his father Hesperius held high office for many years. Perhaps he might have written Latin with more elegance, Paulinus himself observes, if the servants who were about him in his infancy had not all spoken Greek. His parents were only

too tender and indulgent, and on the first suspicion of his being overworked by his masters they had him drop all study, and give himself wholly to a life of amusement. If they had but consecrated him to the Christian God in his tender years ! But, instead, he was not even baptized until after his father's death. It was to please them rather than himself that he married "a penniless lass, wi' a lang pedigree." "*Sed semel impositum statuens tolerare laborem*,"—but his mind once made up to it, so to speak, he devoted all his energies to the restoration of her encumbered estates. A Gothic invasion, however, soon swept away the fruits of his labor, leaving him greatly impoverished ; and his father dying soon after, an avaricious brother disputed and tried to wrest from him his paternal inheritance. Then his wife died, and his two sons ; and now, at the time of writing, in his eighty-fifth year, he has left only one little piece of landed property, for which a barbarian Goth pays him a scanty rent, barely sufficing for the needs of his lonely old age of penitence and prayer.

So much for the immediate posterity of Ausonius. It remains to say a word concerning his principal correspondents, of whom the most important was undoubtedly the great pagan consular Symmachus, whose epistles, together with Ausonius's replies, will be considered in another place. Hardly less interesting is the correspondence with another Paulinus, a much more moving and memorable figure than that of Ausonius's grandson. This was Pontius Paulinus, the sainted Bishop of Nola, who had been a favorite pupil of the poet during the professorate of the latter at Bordeaux. Born in 353 or 354, of a distinguished senatorial family in Spain, he had reflected the utmost credit upon his whilom teacher. He had made a name in contemporary letters, he had been consul, he had married a wife as

wealthy as himself, but also, as the event proved, of an equally unworldly temper.

Ausonius's letters to this Paulinus divide themselves naturally into two groups: those written before and those written after the conversion of the younger man, which took place in 390. The earlier ones are altogether light and facetious in tone. The master incloses a scrap of his own poetry; pure nonsense, he is fain to admit, but merely flung off on the spur of the moment, in the joy of hearing from his dear Paulinus. The latter, however, must really not pay his old tutor such extravagant compliments! It is the one blemish on the style of the very cleverest young fellow Ausonius has ever known. Then there are humorous thanks for a present of olive oil; and a promise to look over and correct, if there be occasion,—though he deprecates the idea,—some lines of Paulinus's own.

All these apparently belong to the time before Ausonius was bidden to the court at Trèves. During the interval of his absence, Paulinus was being gradually weaned from the world which had flattered him so broadly at the outset of his career. He made the acquaintance of Bishop Ambrose. His wife's nature was deeply religious, and her influence over him was doubtless great. Finally, about the time of Ausonius's return to his native province, the rumor began to circulate that Pontius Paulinus and his wife had retired to their Spanish estates, thereto meditate in silence and *récueillement* the purpose of a yet more thorough renunciation of the world.

Ausonius, the ornament of a Christian court, the tutor of a Christian prince, indignantly refuses to believe anything of the sort. He writes to Paulinus in terms of warm remonstrance. There can be no occasion for so extreme, so fanatical a step,—no reason why the friends of the brilliant young consular should be called to deplore the desola-

tion and pillage of his fair estate, its division among a hundred claimants! Will he not give his old master the satisfaction of hearing that he is about to return to his true place in Bordeaux?

Then, after an interval, comes a yet more imperious letter. "I did think that the sorrow expressed in my last might have moved you, Paulinus,—that you would at least have vouchsafed me one word in answer to my affectionate pleading. But apparently you have taken a vow of silence, and you mean to keep it. Has not then the friend of your youth something of a father's right with you, and do you not owe him the deference of a son?" Ausonius is very much inclined to blame Paulinus's wife in this matter, and suggests rather sarcastically that he might send him a line in cipher, if he is afraid of his "Tanaquil."

In a third and last appeal, Ausonius first takes the line of lamenting his friend's treachery to the Muses; then drops into a more pathetic strain. "In any case, I cannot see what hinders your writing to say good-by to me, and to wish me well. . . . O my best beloved Paulinus, how changed you must be! This is the work of the wild woods of Vasconia and the snowy solitudes of the Pyrenees! Fie upon them, and upon all Iberia! . . . But, O goddesses of Bœotia, hear ye my prayer, and restore our lost singer to the Muses of Latium!"

At last the answer comes. The three letters of Ausonius had reached Paulinus at the same time, it appears, and only in the fourth year after his retirement to Spain. The reply is very full and very tender: written in verse to show that Paulinus has not quite forgotten the ways of the Muses; the manner of it graceful, and even gay in parts; but breathing from every line the rapture of an accepted sacrifice and the peace of unalterable resolve. "Not merely to my life's end will I love thee, my fa-

ther," he says in the closing lines. "My heart will see, my spirit will embrace, thee after death! To whatever place our common Father may appoint me, I will bear thee, in the arms of my soul! For if the vital essence cannot perish, neither, of a surety, can it forget!"

This pious and impassioned letter must have reached Ausonius, and mollified him a little, one would think, by its thoroughly human sweetness, only a very little while before his death, which took place in 394. In the same year Paulinus removed to Nola, in Italy,

perhaps to be nearer Ambrose. He was made bishop of the diocese fifteen years later, and died at that beautiful spot in 431.

If the tones of these late letters to his distinguished pupil leave no shadow of doubt concerning the way of thinking into which Ausonius completely relapsed after his return to Bordeaux, we may equally gather from Paulinus's pleading reply that the old courtier never alienated the affections, however he may have belied the hopes, of the more sincere and saintly among his Christian friends.

H. W. P. and L. D.

SIDNEY.

IV.

MRS. PAUL had a moment of great astonishment when she learned of Major Lee's invitation to Alan's friend. Miss Sally had been her informant; but instead of being thankful for a bit of gossip and a new interest, she was angry that no one had told her sooner.

"He invited him day before yesterday?" she said. "Why are you so secretive, Sally? Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I have not had a chance to come in," Miss Sally explained, gently. "I have had so much on my mind about the kitchen, you know, and" —

"Much difference it will make in what the poor young man gets to eat," interrupted Mrs. Paul, "whether the kitchen is on your mind or not, Sally! And as for not having had a chance to come in, why didn't you make a chance?"

But Mrs. Paul was really too much delighted with the arrangements of Providence — "for such things are providential," she declared — to find much fault

with Miss Sally. She was full of interest and pleased expectancy.

"Young Steele can't live in the house with Sidney," she reflected, "and not fall in love with her; the mere fact that Mortimer Lee does n't want him to will insure that. Well, I shall do my part. No one can ever say that I shirk a duty;" and there was a glitter in her dark eyes which, could he have seen it, might have warned Sidney's father. She lost no opportunity to inquire about Mr. Steele, his health, his frame of mind, his manner. "All those things mean so much to a girl," she thought, impatiently.

When John Paul came in to tea, one evening, a day or two after Robert had gone to the major's, she was instant with a question.

"Did you go to call upon Mr. Steele this afternoon? I wonder if you would know enough to make a call upon any one unless I sent you! Well, why don't you answer me?"

"Yes," said John.

"Yes?" cried his mother. "Are you as sparing of ideas as you are of words, Johnny?"

"I saw him."

"Well? What? what? what? Can't you tell me about it? Here I sit alone all day, and you make no effort to entertain me. Your weight is not confined to your body, my friend. The only really interesting and curious thing about you, Johnny, is how you can be so dull, and yet be my son. Was anything said?"

"Nothing much," John answered, slowly. He was thinking at that moment of Katherine Townsend.

"I'll warrant, — if you were there. Johnny, you've less sense each year. I suppose I must put it into plain words. Did Robert Steele seem impressed by Sidney? There, you can answer that!"

"No," said John.

Mrs. Paul struck her hands sharply together. "Either you are blind or he is," she declared.

Indeed, there seemed to be no one from whom she could gain satisfactory information; least of all could she learn anything from Sidney herself, although the girl came more than once, in her aunt's place, to read aloud, which gave Mrs. Paul an opportunity to ask questions.

But Sidney's absolute unconsciousness baffled her. Coming in out of the icy wind, which blew the snow in drifts along the path, and ruffled her hair about her forehead, she looked at the older woman with serene eyes, and a face on which the delicate flush, as fresh as the curve of a sea-shell, never deepened or changed. Sometimes her level brows gathered in a fleeting frown. It was not pleasant to talk so much of Mr. Steele, she thought; it was enough to have him in the house; and the best thing to do was to forget his presence, so far as she could.

"I hate to think about sick people," she had said once, in her placid way; "it is so disagreeable."

Miss Sally, to whom the remark had been made, was distressed that her dar-

ling should be annoyed, although, to be sure, she said bravely, "Is it quite kind to feel so, love?" But that little protest made, she did all in her power to keep Mr. Steele out of her niece's way. Robert was perfectly aware that she did so. He felt Sidney's aversion, without realizing that it was not for him, but for his suffering, and the consciousness of it threw him back with infinite relief upon Miss Sally's gentleness and pity. She, at least, did not despise him; and he even began to tell himself that her friendship was an incentive to fight for his honor and his manhood.

Perhaps his first week at the major's was the crisis of Robert Steele's struggle for liberty and self-respect; but the last clutch of the old habit struck sharp into his heart. He was, however, far nearer freedom than he knew, for he was so absorbed in wrestling with this horror of weakness that he did not stop to remember how rapidly Alan was reducing his morphine. He was blind to everything which might have encouraged him, and quite unable to perceive his own progress. He felt as though he were remaining stationary, or even drifting, little by little, further away from hope. He spoke afterwards to Alan of his mental condition at that time. "It was a horror of great darkness," he said. "I felt — you know the old illustration — as though a maelstrom were roaring for me, to suck me down into furious blackness of night, and then as if I were beating my way out along a side current, only to find that it too was whirling round the same terrible centre."

Here, in this despair, Miss Sally's little friendly, timid hand was reached out to him. Her kindness seemed greater, perhaps, for Sidney's coldness; but its cheer and strength no one knew save Robert himself. So it came about, when he had been at the major's two or three days, that he and Miss Sally began to sit together in the parlor across the hall, and leave Sidney and her father

alone in the library. Robert did not talk much; it was pleasure enough just to listen to Miss Sally's mild voice, so full of confidence and respect. She, it must be admitted, talked a great deal. Once she told him, and it soothed him inexpressibly, that she thought he had been so noble and so brave about — that money. He must forgive her for speaking of it, but she did think so.

That Miss Sally was as ignorant of finance as little Susan, singing in the big, sunny kitchen, made no difference to Robert Steele; although perhaps he did not probe her knowledge by a question because he feared to discover its shallowness. He was quite content to sit here, in the long-unused parlor, listening dreamily to her pleasant chatter. It was not a cheerful room, save for her voice, even when the afternoon sunshine streamed through the leafless branches of the ailantus-trees, and touched the faded yellow damask of the old furniture and the gray paper with its scattered spots of gilt. Sometimes the sunshine rested in a glimmering dust upon the half-length portrait of a very beautiful young woman, who lifted a stately head and throat from a crimson velvet wrap, and looked with calm, level eyes over the heads of the people in the room, and out into the golden light behind the trees. Robert looked persistently at this picture while his hostess talked, although the same indifference which he had seen in Sidney chilled him in the face of this woman, long since dead, and made his heart shiver for the warmth and comfort of Miss Sally's kindness.

They had been sitting here together, the first Sunday of Mr. Steele's visit, when it occurred to Miss Sally that it might be a pleasure to him to see Mrs. Paul, and so she proposed that he should go to call upon her.

"I'm afraid it is dull for you," she said, apologetically, — "just to talk to me. Mortimer never comes in here, be-

cause of Gertrude's picture, you know, — he does not like to see it; and he and Sidney always spend their Sunday afternoons reading and studying, or they would beg you to come into the library with them. But I am sure you will enjoy seeing Mrs. Paul. Won't you go?"

To Robert, pale, sad-eyed, and ashamed, there seemed but one thing to do, and that was to be guided by any one who would take the trouble to lead him.

"If you want me to," he answered; "and if you will go."

So they started out together; Robert walking ahead to make a path through the snow for Miss Sally, and feeling a trembling dignity in this slight assertion of care for some one else. Feathery thimbles fell from the rusted hinges as he pulled open the door in the wall, and a wreath of snow shaken from the twisted branches of the wisteria powdered his shoulders with misty white. He laughed, and made light of Miss Sally's fear that he might take cold. This, too, was good for him.

"Now what in the world," Mrs. Paul was saying at that moment, observing them from her bedroom window, "does that Sally come with him for?" However, she made haste to take Scarlett's arm, and welcomed them, a moment later, at the fireside in the drawing-room. "So good of you to come to see an old woman," she said, smiling at Robert under dark brows which had not yet lost their delicate arch. "And it was good in dear Sally to show you the short way between our houses; but you must not let Mr. Steele trespass upon your kindness, Sally, by keeping you here now, if you are needed at home?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Sally, cheerfully, delighted at Mrs. Paul's consideration. "I can stay just as well as not, thank you."

"How fortunate!" returned her hostess, with the suggestion of a shrug; then she turned her shoulder towards

Miss Sally, and began to talk altogether to Robert.

Here, too, was solace. With Mrs. Paul his past was all a matter of course. It was a little amusing, perhaps, — an excess of virtue is apt to be amusing, — but it could not change her friendliness, or that charming cordiality which could forget his amiable folly. Robert Steele felt braced into a glow of confidence and hope; not even the pang of hot disgust with himself, which came when his hostess cleverly turned the conversation upon Sidney, could rob him of that thrill of courage. In his heart he was thanking Miss Sally for it; but how could Mrs. Paul fancy that?

Alan Crossan, of course, had a clearer understanding of Robert's frame of mind; he knew that it was time to look for strength and courage, whether Miss Sally had been kind or not; but he was none the less pleased, when he called at the major's, to know that his friend had gone out with her. The doctor had dropped in to see Mr. Steele, he said, and was delighted to learn that "Bob was beginning to gad about." He had found the major and his daughter alone in the small room beyond the library, where the old man kept his dearest books and did some little writing, and where Sidney had learned all the bitter lessons which his life could teach. Sunday was the best time in the week to these two friends; the beautiful, silent hours marked Sidney's spiritual growth, because in them she looked deeper and deeper into her father's love. Miss Sally never thought of sitting with them, even when she did not go to church; and they had no callers, except once in a while when John Paul came in, and ate a piece of Miss Sally's plain cake and took a glass of wine from the decanter which, more out of regard for ancient habits of hospitality than because of expected guests, stood on Sunday afternoon on a side-table in the library.

This December day was cold and

bright; the wintry sunshine crept about the long room, gleaming on the silver collar of the decanter, and fading the glow of the smouldering logs in the fireplace. The major was tired, but he had let Sidney lead him to the old sofa, and arrange the cushions for his head, more for the happiness of her tender touch than for rest. Then she had brought a hassock to his side, and a book, and without words they were very happy.

Major Lee would have been dismayed if he had seen his daughter ungracious, yet, as he rose to welcome Alan, he felt vaguely that Sidney regretted "this pleasing interruption" (it was thus he answered the doctor's apology) less than he did. It was she who said, in her glad young voice, "You must wait until Mr. Steele comes back, Alan;" and the major could do no less than beg him to be seated, adding, "And you will take tea with us, sir?" Of course the young man accepted the invitation; indeed, he had counted upon receiving it.

"It's very good of Miss Sally," he said, "to devote herself to Steele in this way, instead of going to church. But what will Mr. Brown say? His name is Brown, is n't it?"

"Perhaps next Sunday she will induce Mr. Steele to accompany her to church," the major answered.

"She will not have to urge him," Alan declared. "He is one of those naturally religious people, you know. He goes to church as a matter of course."

"Ah?" returned Major Lee. Mr. Robert Steele's eccentricities did not interest him.

But this mention of church-going introduced a subject upon which Alan wanted to speak to the older man. To be able to express his own opinion on one or two points would be an escape for the irritation which the major's attitude had aroused in him.

"To bring up a girl in this way is outrageous!" he had said to himself a

dozen times since he had come back to Mercer; for Alan knew all about the major's theories upon education. Miss Sally's quick and tender and somewhat shallow nature had made reserve about herself impossible, and her abundant kindness claimed her friends' affairs as her own. So, very long ago, Mrs. Paul had been told that Sidney was never to marry, and why; and Alan Crossan's mother had known, naturally; and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, down in the little rectory of St. James the Less, — although, indeed, that the clergyman was aware of Mortimer Lee's unholy project was not entirely due to Miss Sally. The major himself had had one keen, clear word with the young man concerning his daughter's training, and Mr. Brown, sorry and disapproving, had yet, in his calls upon Miss Sally in her brother's house, respected the father in the infidel, and made no effort to save Sidney's soul.

So, little by little, Major Lee's purpose had become a subject of half-amused, half-indignant gossip. Probably he was not aware of it, but it would not have troubled him at all had he learned it. There was nothing now in this world which could trouble Mortimer Lee, if Sidney were well and happy. Very literally, he lived for her. To show her how to live, he was content to bear life. If the sight of his enduring pain could save her from pain, it was enough.

Sidney, he had said, was to be taught to seek for truth; to do without illusions; to look the facts of life full in the face. She was to judge, emotionally, first, whether it was probable that there was a beneficent and all-powerful Being in a world which held at the same time Love and Death; and next, with inexorable logic, she was to find a universe of law, empty of God. Reason, with relentless and majestic steps, trampled upon many things before this conviction was reached. It pointed out the myths and absurdities of the Bible; it left no

hope of personal immortality; it destroyed the Christ of Christianity. It demonstrated that morality and expediency were synonymous. It counseled negation instead of happiness. More than all, it pointed out the mad folly of love in a world where death follows love like its own shadow.

As a result, Sidney was sincere, but not earnest; which is perhaps inevitable, when one believes, but does not feel. She simply took her father's word, and so her unbelief was not her own, but his.

Major Lee had not dogmatized his infidelity; it was his opinion that dogma in negation was as unphilosophical as the dogmatic assertions of theology. He had only shown his daughter certain terrible facts, in a terrible world, and then subtly guided her inference. He had been careful to point out to her the falsehoods, and willful blindnesses, and astonishing egotism of Christianity, and with this to present the calm reasonableness of law.

That Christians called Law God, Sidney knew; but what they felt when they said God was unknown to her. With all his fairness, Major Lee had never been able to tell his daughter that. He had spread his life, like a strange and dreadful picture, before her eyes, and she had seen, with terror, that it had been blasted by love and death. Love, he had declared, was the certain road to despair; and she was instant to put his deduction into words, — *therefore, never love.*

This conclusion of hers was as unaffected as the most spontaneous impulses in the lives of other women, and it became perfectly natural. Rappaccini's daughter, it will be remembered, found, in course of time, poison her daily and necessary food.

Alan Crossan, seeing the result of Major Lee's deductions in Sidney's serene indifference and in her understood determination never to marry, had burned to attack the sad old man. Yet, oddly enough, though his indignation was no

less, he felt of late a growing disinclination to antagonize Sidney's father. So, instead of rushing into argument upon the wisdom of love, he found himself considering that skepticism from which, he was assured, the major's morbid theories sprang.

"You never go to church, do you, Sidney?" he began.

"Yes," she answered, "occasionally. I like the music."

"Oh," said Alan, rather blankly, "I thought, from something you said once about belief, that you would hardly go."

"It has nothing to do with belief," Sidney explained. "I never think of that, except sometimes."

The major looked up at his daughter in silence.

"I think of it," she said, quite simply and gravely, answering the question in his eyes, "when I see the power which it has. Oh, the lifted-up look one often sees! Poor little Mrs. Brown, the light in her face on Easter, — you know their eldest son died just before Easter? — it meant absolute confidence. And then to think that it is only belief, and not knowledge, which causes such confidence! It is wonderful, even if it is not real."

"Yes," observed the major, "it is certainly most interesting that a self-created illusion will sustain the soul in such a crisis. Yet it always fails, — always fails. It cannot outlast the capacity of the brain for nervous exaltation. Mrs. Brown's resignation did not last, you remember, — poor soul — poor soul!" The major, with his long white fingers pressed together, looked absently at the spark of sunshine in the little worn ring upon his left hand.

"I don't think you ought to call belief unreal," the doctor protested. "True or false, it is real to the believer."

"You mean the hope of immortality and reunion, and all that?" Sidney asked, a little disdainfully. "Do you think that is often real to people?"

"Yes," he said; "but all the reality

in the world cannot overcome the weakness of human nature."

The major smiled. "You are right. It cannot change facts; assertions will not conquer the inevitable."

"And, Alan," cried the girl earnestly, "surely, if its belief were genuine, human nature is great enough, love is great enough, not to be so horribly selfish as to mourn, if it could really believe that death did not end all, and there was a heaven and happiness. They have to say so, — the Christians, — and I suppose they think they believe it, or else they could not love any one, you know; but you can see it is not lasting, as a reality would be, for they mourn just as much as the people who have no illusions. The talk of the church about immortality, and meeting again, and Easter, why, it seems to me like taking hasheesh; but the burning pyre, and the smoke, and the flames are there, all the same."

Alan did not answer her. His mother was in his heart. Had he not loved her enough to rejoice in her happiness, if, in his soul, he had believed that she was happier, — that she *was* at all? Instead — and the memory of those empty days came back like a sickness of the soul. Perhaps Sidney was right, and his belief was not genuine.

"You are not a Christian, are you, Alan?" Sidney asked, suddenly.

"I don't know," he said, smiling. "I suppose I am. But I prefer to keep my illusions, if you please; so I don't examine myself very critically."

"How can you say that!" cried Sidney. "How can you even think that perhaps your beliefs are illusions! Either, it seems to me, a man would have to believe with all his heart, and not know that he was blind to facts, or else see the truth of life and make the best of it."

"Or the worst," Alan answered, lightly. "There was Steele's father; every one says he was a most unhappy man. He was a freethinker, was n't he, Major

Lee, — what would be called an agnostic, to-day ? ”

“ Yes,” said the major.

“ And you, — you are also an agnostic, are you not ? ”

The major looked at him, with mild patience in his eyes. “ I do not call myself so. I do not know enough ; I have not yet compassed the sum of my own ignorance.”

Alan felt instinctively that Sidney’s father regarded him with disapproval, and as one who spoke of great things flippantly. A little color came into his dark cheek, and he made haste to comment upon the fact that Robert Steele, with such a father and mother, was a religious man. “ One would fancy,” he ended, “ that their son would be negative, instead of an out-and-out churchman. Mrs. Steele was a Roman Catholic, you know. It was always a surprise to me that so intelligent a woman could be a Catholic.”

The major smiled. “ But religion and intelligence have nothing to do with each other, my young friend.”

Alan laughed. “ Very little, I acknowledge.”

“ Oh, how can you say that, and still call yourself a Christian ! ” said Sidney.

“ I suppose,” observed the major, courteously, “ that the doctor would spare himself the pain of knowledge.”

“ No,” answered the girl, looking with tender gratitude at her father, “ it is only knowledge which spares pain.”

“ And so,” Alan declared, amused and half annoyed, “ you are to have no pain in life, Sidney, because your knowledge has taught you to cast out the things that comfort other people, and save them from the fear of death, — I mean the belief in God and in immortality ? ”

He had risen, and was standing in his favorite attitude by the fire, his elbow on the mantel and his hand grasping his coat collar. His dark, sensitive face was flushed a little by the glow of the logs. The sunshine had quite gone, and

the dusk was beginning to creep in from the garden. “ How can any knowledge spare such suffering ? ” he went on. “ It is bound to come to us all ; we cannot cheat life, or lose the anticipation and the fear of death. Where was there ever a happy soul, except a child ? ”

“ Here,” said Major Lee ; he touched Sidney’s shoulder as he spoke. There was something in his voice which made the young man start. The passion of tenderness in the worn old face sobered him into earnestness.

“ But some time ” — he stammered, “ some time — even if she loves no one else ” —

“ She will lose me ? Yes. But that is regret, not grief. Attachment to a father or a mother is natural ; it is the instinct of the animal ; it is not — *love*.”

His voice shook with sudden excitement, and he said that word with the awe of one who takes the unspeakable name upon his lips.

“ But,” Alan protested, “ you make it appear that love is the curse of life ! ”

The major was silent.

“ You forget,” insisted the young man, “ that love is its own exceeding great reward, — it is worth the pain.”

“ You have, of course, experienced both love and grief, that you speak so positively,” said Mortimer Lee, his face darkening in the shadows.

A sharp reality came into the moment. Alan knew that he had never felt either, in the sense in which the older man spoke. “ No,” he answered, “ but I know that life is beautiful and good where there is love, — I mean the love of a man and woman : it is not always fierce and terrible ; it does not of necessity involve the unreason of passion ; and it does glorify existence. But life is still good, even when death takes love out of it.”

“ I do not call that love,” said the major, “ which can be taken away and leave — anything ! Passion, truly, is but the incident of love, but love and the

worth of life end together." The momentary agitation had left his face; he even smiled a little at Alan's excitement.

"But," persisted the young man, confused, by Major Lee's contempt and his own lack of words, into contradicting himself, "we *must* love. It means ambition and hope, and all that makes life worth having. Why, life without it, or without any comfort in religion to help a man meet death,—life is tragedy!"

"Has that just struck you?" said the major.

V.

"Now, Sally," said Mrs. Paul, "I want to talk to you about Sidney; just put that book down, will you? Are you in such a hurry to get back to Mr. Steele that you want to plunge into it at once? Or is it that you are so charmed with *Entre Nous Trois*?"

Miss Sally's quick disclaimer only made Mrs. Paul shrug her shoulders.

"You have not enough sense, my dear, to appreciate it; it can't be called innocence, at your age."

They were sitting in the little room which opened out of Mrs. Paul's bedroom: in it she wrote her notes, or received her head clerk from the warehouse, or looked through her housekeeping accounts. Davids knew that room well. He knew that when Mrs. Paul sent Scarlett to summon him there, it was with the intention of finding fault. "Law, now," he had often remarked to Scarlett, "if Mr. John only knew how to handle her as I do! Give in just a bit here, and stick it out there, and let on you're more'n half offended, and law! she comes round in a minute. But Mr. John would rather bear her tongue than argufy. People that keep such close mouths," said Davids, with a reproachful look at the little silent serving-woman, "are exasperating. I ain't one to deny it, for all I think of Mr. John."

Miss Sally often read aloud in this small, severe room,—so small that Mrs. Paul, sitting with her back to the reader, by the window which overlooked Major Lee's library, shut out a great deal of light, and made it necessary that Miss Sally should hold the book close to her eyes. Just now, however, Mrs. Paul had turned a little, so that she might look at her. "For I want you to pay attention, if you know how, to what I am going to say," she had explained; and Miss Sally had put down the novel with a sigh of relief and apprehension at once.

Mrs. Paul permitted herself, in this room, something which was an approach to *négligé*: the bit of lace which did duty for a cap upon the soft puffs of her white hair was missing, and she wore a wrapper of changeable silk, lavender and black, with an edge of black fur down the front and around the throat and wrists; her white, delicate hands were without rings. "The morning," announced Mrs. Paul, leaning back among her cushions, listening to the French novel, "is for work, and jewels are for the leisure of a drawing-room. Thank God, I understand the proprieties of life, or how would Sidney ever be taught? No one, Sally, not even Mortimer Lee, insists more upon the observance of propriety than I do; but you can make a goose of yourself about it, and that is just what you do, in looking after Sidney and young Steele."

"I?" said Miss Sally, startled into self-defense. "Why, I don't know what you mean, dear Mrs. Paul!"

"What should I mean," cried the other, "except that you are with him all the time,—not Sidney! You seem to think a girl must not sit with a young man, or walk with him, or let him so much as look at her. All very well, to a certain extent, but are you never going to give him an opportunity? I declare, one would think you were in love with him yourself."

"Opportunity?" faltered Miss Sally.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Paul, emphatically. "He has been at the major's nearly three weeks; he must have been impressed by Sidney, if you had ever permitted them to be alone for a moment, so that she could talk. She can't, with your chatter going on, Sally; you know that as well as I do. With this absurd idea of propriety, you never leave them for an instant."

Miss Sally's face flushed a dull and painful red, and then faded into breathless pallor; in her astonishment, she even gasped a little, with a sob in her throat. She was used to being found fault with, but she never could get used to the pain of it.

"Mrs. Paul," she said, "I don't know what you mean; I—I never thought of propriety. Mr. Steele is not very strong, and I have tried to take care of him. Sidney does not want to talk much to him, and Mortimer is so much occupied that I must be with him; it would not be polite to leave him alone. And—and—as for Sidney, it never could make any difference how much she talked to him or to any young man; you know she will never care for anybody."

"I know you are a fool, Sally," said Mrs. Paul, calmly. "If this has been stupidity on your part, instead of anything better,—I gave you credit for something better, you see,—all I can say is, you can't plead ignorance any longer. Arrange things a little. Lord! have you no imagination? Send Sidney over with a message to me, this evening, and ask him to see her through the garden."

"But I have n't any message, and Sidney would not"—

Mrs. Paul sat up quite straight, and tapped her foot for a moment.

Miss Sally was too fluttered to continue.

"Well, you can send her over here this afternoon, can't you? Now read;

that's what you are here for. I gave up any hope of conversation long ago." And Miss Sally, in a trembling voice, began.

She would have been glad if she had been allowed to explain a little further. She would have repeated once more that unforgetten talk with her brother, to show how impossible it was that Sidney should ever fall in love with any one, no matter what "opportunity"—Miss Sally flushed as that word came into her mind—was offered.

She went on reading quite steadily, but that scene of twenty-two years ago rose before her eyes. How much younger Mortimer was then, but how old he looked that night! She had gone upstairs to put Sidney to bed, and her brother had entered just as the child lisped after her aunt, her sleepy head on Miss Sally's shoulder, "God bless dear father and aunt Sally, and make Sidney a good girl, for Jesus' sake. Amen." In the dusk of the fire-lit room, his sister saw a strange expression on Mortimer Lee's face, but he only said, quietly, "When the child is asleep, Sarah, will you be so good as to let me see you in the library?" With what a light heart she had gone down-stairs to hear what he had to say,—she was young then, only sixteen,—with what high hopes of usefulness and comfort and love for the little motherless baby and the bereaved and lonely man! He was walking restlessly about his library; his face was haggard, and bitter lines were deepening about his lips. He stood still when his sister entered. "Sit down," he said curtly. "I have something to say to you. I heard the child praying when I came into her room. It must not happen again, Sarah."

"But—but, Mortimer"—Miss Sally answered, trembling, for his face frightened her. "I thought I ought to teach her to say her prayers. Do you mean that you are going to, brother?"

"I!" he said, and laughed. "Yes,

yes, that's it. I am going to teach her, my dear."

"Then you will hear her say her prayers?" she asked. It seemed perfectly natural to her that the child's father should claim the sweet task. Major Lee looked at her with pitying impatience.

"You do not understand me, Sarah. Sidney is to have no religious instruction."

His sister opened her lips to speak, but dismay robbed her of words.

"I will not have this folly of prayer in my house," he continued, — "at least for the child. You may pray, and believe, and suffer, if you will. Your life is your own; but Sidney is mine. She shall know that this God you talk of and this pretty hope of immortality have no more foundation in reason than her fairy stories. So no miserable egotism shall induce Sidney to address her puny wishes to the First Cause, or make her fancy that she is immortal, so that she may dare to fasten her soul on some other soul, which at any instant death may snatch away from her. Without your God and this immortality she will not love, and so she may escape suffering."

Miss Sally could not argue; she could only protest. She clung, sobbing, to his arm, which never relaxed to take her to his heart.

"Oh, Mortimer, don't — don't say those things! Oh, spare the child! Don't take God away from her. She can't live without God. And oh, let her love somebody, Mortimer, if it's only me!"

"Love you?" he said sharply. "Of course, that sort of affection, — certainly. I was not speaking of that. She will be fond of me, undoubtedly. I meant — *love!*"

He groaned as he spoke, and Miss Sally dared not look at him. "Oh, brother," she entreated, "don't say she must never marry! People are happy who care for each other. You and Gertrude were happy."

"You think people are happy, do you?" he answered. "It is only observation, not experience, which draws such a conclusion. There is not, — listen, Sarah, — there is not an hour of a day, no matter how heavenly happy it may be, when the fear of death, the terror of the certain parting, does not strike upon a man's heart. It stains every hope, it darkens every thought; and that you call happiness!" He pushed her away from him, and began again that terrible walk up and down the room.

"But, Mortimer, dear brother, listen!" she cried, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "God makes up for it afterwards, when we meet those we love."

"We do not meet them," he said, turning and looking at her with stern eyes. "What, could life be endured one instant if I thought *she* was — anywhere? Could I wait long enough to think before I followed her — to search for her — oh, to search for her!"

He dropped his face in his hands. It seemed to Sally Lee as though she dared not breathe until he spoke again.

"So you think your God would add that misery too? Well, if it makes you happier, child, — but keep it to yourself. If your imagination can create a Being who permits love and death in the same world, and yet is not a — I suppose you can find some comfort. But not one word to Sidney, remember. I am going to save her from love, and then perhaps she will forgive me that she has this cruel and damnable thing called life."

He left her without another word, and Miss Sally heard the key turn in the door of his little room beyond the library. As for her, she sat down on the edge of the sofa and cried as though her young heart would break, for her brother and for the baby who was to be the subject of his unnatural and unchristian grief. "If only I can be good, the dear child cannot help coming to the Saviour," she said,

between her sobs, "because she will see how he helps and comforts me. Oh, I will try to be good. And if I'm happy when I am married, she will know that Mortimer is all wrong."

But Christianity taught Miss Sally no subtlety, only simple-mindedness; so how could she contend with the clear and clever reasoning which, little by little, drew hopes and illusions from before the eyes of the growing girl, and displayed the baseness and bitterness of life, while at the same time Sidney's instinct showed her, in her father's character, that this cruel knowledge was compatible with spotless honor and gracious sweetness! As for the other way in which Miss Sally was to teach her niece, the gradual years had blurred her anticipation of marriage; for, like all those mild souls who are born old maids, she had cherished the conviction that marriage was a woman's duty, and looked forward to it as a matter of course. Now, at nearly thirty-eight, although, from force of habit, vague thoughts of it flitted through her mind at times, she had ceased to think of it as a possibility; the cares of housekeeping and the interests of other people made her assume and feel a sedateness far beyond her years; and so, instead of precept or conscious example, she simply loved.

It all came back to her as she sat reading the unsavory novel; and if Mrs. Paul had not been so interested in the plans she was making for Sidney, she might have noticed the vagueness of the reader's voice.

"I would just like to tell her there is no use in thinking of such a thing," Miss Sally was saying to herself. "Mortimer would never permit it, and how could I seem to bring it about against his wishes — and Sidney!" It seemed to Miss Sally, in spite of her theories about the sphere of woman, improper to think of Sidney in such a way.

"Do go," Mrs. Paul said, suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, "and send

Scarlett to me as you go down-stairs. Lord, what a book! There is sorrow enough in real life without having tragedies in novels. I want to be amused, if you please. I hope you will make a better selection next time."

Miss Sally's horrified protest that the choice had not been hers delighted Mrs. Paul.

"No, I suppose not," she said. "You have n't sense enough. Every woman of the world should read such books, so as to make allowance for life and learn to be charitable; it is a religious duty. But you will never be a woman of the world, my dear!"

"I think," returned Miss Sally, timidly, "a bad book can't teach us charity if it amuses us too."

Occasionally this gentle and not very sensible little creature made a remark implying a moral bravery of which she could not have been supposed capable.

"I couldn't let her speak of wicked books in that way," she thought, as she went down-stairs, her heart pounding with fright.

She gave Mrs. Paul's message to Sidney, and dared not omit adding, "Perhaps Mr. Steele will walk across the garden with you, my love?"

"No," said the young woman, looking at him with wide, calm eyes, "I will not trouble Mr. Steele."

He had risen with quick pleasure, but at Sidney's words he shrank back. "She does not want me," he thought, and with bitter gratitude his mind returned to Miss Sally. The thought of her kindness was like wine to a resolution which sometimes flagged; it never failed him when the struggle was hard. How much this courage which came with the thought of her was due to increasing bodily health Robert Steele never asked himself.

When, late that afternoon, Sidney opened the green baize door of Mrs. Paul's drawing-room, she found her sitting by the fire. She seemed to be expecting some one, the girl thought; at

least, as Sidney entered, she looked beyond her into the hall. "Well?" she said; and then, "Did you come alone?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, brightly. "Aunt Sally told me that you wanted to see me."

"That Sally!" said Mrs. Paul, under her breath. "But why did you not ask that poor, forlorn Mr. Steele to come with you? I'm sure he can't find your aunt's conversation very interesting; my drawing-room might be a little more entertaining."

"I did not think of amusing him," said the girl. "Aunt Sally proposed that he should walk across the garden with me, as though I were afraid to come alone!" She smiled, but Mrs. Paul made an impatient gesture.

"Well, never mind now. (I'll see Sally to-morrow!) Sit down, my dear."

"Can't I read to you?" Sidney asked. "You are alone, and" —

"I'm always alone," said Mrs. Paul, sharply; "don't say foolish things. No. I want to talk to you."

She waited while Scarlett placed before the fire a screen, made of a fan, which had nymphs and shepherds painted upon it. Then she leaned her head against the carved and uncomfortable back of her chair, and looked up at Sidney. Her keen dark eyes had an unwonted gentleness in them.

"My dear," she began, "you must be a little more thoughtful for your poor sick man. Talk to him sometimes; it must be very dull when your father is not at home, if you never speak to him."

Sidney raised her eyebrows. "I don't like to talk to him," she announced, calmly; "he is n't exactly ill, but to see any one who is not quite well is not pleasant. It isn't as if I were aunt Sally, and could make him more comfortable, you know."

The frank selfishness of this did not disturb Mrs. Paul. "I do not want you to make him more comfortable," she said, with a short laugh, "but don't ig-

nore him while he is your father's guest. Why, I am driven to entertaining him myself. I am going to ask you all to take tea here, — Alan and all. I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Brown must come; that is the nuisance of the clergy, — you have to invite them; and of course you and Mr. Steele. He seems a most amiable young man?"

"Yes," Sidney answered, with something as near carelessness as can come into the voice of a young woman when speaking to her elders and betters.

"And — Mortimer Lee. Perhaps he will be willing to do me a favor, for once? I don't ask him very often. It was three years the 18th of last July since he entered this house."

"But father never goes anywhere," Sidney explained.

When that strange resentment came into Mrs. Paul's voice, Sidney's happy readiness to reply forsook her; instead, there was something like anger in her serene eyes; what right had Mrs. Paul to seem to disapprove of him?

"Don't I know that?" cried the older woman. "I knew him long before you were born, young lady! And he would have been a great deal happier man to-day, if he had had more sense. There! don't talk about it; it irritates me to talk about such folly, — a man like Mortimer Lee to make a hermit of himself! Stop, I say, — don't talk about it! But I suppose he can do this, at least; it is n't asking very much."

"I hope he will come," Sidney said. "It will be so pleasant if he will come."

"It will be pleasant, if you behave as a well-bred young woman should, and endeavor to be agreeable to my guest; and also if you wear a decent dress, as befits your father's daughter. What have you to wear?"

"I have that muslin, with the blue ribbons," the girl answered, doubtfully; "or I suppose aunt Sally might get some new ones, — another color."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Paul; "you

are not a miss in your teens ; pray have some sense." She stopped, and frowned. "If you had not so much wicked, willful pride, I would buy you a proper gown. Sally does n't know how to dress you. But I tell you what I will do. Hush ! don't begin to protest ; it is most unladylike to protest. I have some dresses in the garret, — old ones, child, old ones, — and Scarlett shall shape one over for you. I have my reasons for wanting to see you properly dressed, for once in your life."

"Oh, but, Mrs. Paul," said Sidney, "I should rather wear my muslin."

"Well, I should rather you did n't wear your muslin," interposed the other, grimly. "Now, say no more about it. We will go and look at them, at least. Just ring for Davids ; we must have candles ; the garret is dark by this time."

"Had n't we better wait for daylight ?" Sidney said, anxious to put off the evil hour ; but Davids was already listening to his mistress's orders.

"Tell Scarlett to take up two lamps ; and do you light all the bedroom candles, and put them on the red chest of drawers, over against the chimney-breast, so that the light will fall on the big mirror ; and make haste, — make haste !"

Davids was as incapable of haste as Major Lee himself, but Scarlett came hurrying in, a moment later, to say that the lamps were lighted, and to precede her mistress to the garret, a flaring candle in a tall silver candlestick in each hand. Davids gave Mrs. Paul his arm, and Sidney, annoyed but helpless, followed them through the hall and up the wide, winding stairs. The silence was broken only by the soft thud of Mrs. Paul's stick, or a sharp word to Scarlett lest a drop of wax should fall on the faded Turkey carpet.

Davids had drawn an armchair to one side of the old cheval-glass in the garret, which, as the candles gleamed and flickered across it, seemed a pool of

misty light among the shadows under the rafters. On the chest of drawers, which stood against the great unplastered chimney-breast in the middle of the room, were two lamps with frosted globes, which looked like moons glimmering in a mist ; Scarlett had put some candles there, also, and on a shelf above the mirror a candelabrum dropped a wavering plummet of light into its mysterious depths. But the garret was quite dark, except for this spot of brightness about the three women. The stains on the yellowing plaster of the sloping ceiling had faded into the dusk, and one could scarcely see the spider-webs between the rafters, or the strange array of "things" on shelves and pegs ; there were three warming-pans in a row upon the wall, — no one knew how long ago their brass had been polished last, — and at one end of the room old-fashioned bonnets hung, cavernous with shadows, and seeming to nod, when the candles flickered, as though ghostly heads whispered and chattered together ; and there were portraits of the forgotten dead, hanging above the presses, which no one had had the courage to destroy.

Mrs. Paul sank into the chair by the glass, a little breathlessly, as Davids left her and noiselessly closed the door behind him. "Now !" she said, with great satisfaction. "Open the blue chest first, Scarlett. I think — I think it is in that." Scarlett, on her knees by the blue chest, lifted out the piles of clothing within it. "No, no, not that," Mrs. Paul commented, impatiently, "not that ; have you no eyes, Scarlett ? That quilted satin petticoat was my mother's, Sidney ; look, child ! She wore that when she rode into Washington, on a pillion, behind my grandfather, to see Lafayette. Nor that ! Lord, Scarlett, have you no sense ?"

"The chest is empty, madam," answered Scarlett. It was curious to see the eager look on Mrs. Paul's face, when there was but a dream in Sidney's eyes,

and quiet indifference in Scarlett's voice and manner.

"Then look in the big press," Mrs. Paul directed. "It is the lavender brocade, with bunches of flowers; don't you know?"

When it was found, and shaken from its folds of years, and she had helped Sidney put it on, the servant began to be interested. Mrs. Paul leaned back in her chair and watched them. The yellowing lace ruffles in the sleeves scarcely touched the girl's white elbows, and the flowered bodice would not meet across her young bosom. But the high-heeled satin slippers which Scarlett produced fitted her quite perfectly, and the full skirt was long enough, the train twisting itself about her ankles, as she turned and looked into the clear darkness of the mirror.

"There is a taffeta scarf there," said Mrs. Paul, plucking at Sidney's sleeve, and then pushing aside the lace in the square neck, her wrinkled hand seeming to lose its whiteness where it touched the girl's soft skin; "just put that over her shoulders, and then lace the bodice across it. Don't cover her throat. Don't you know better than to cover her throat? Now, hold the candles so that I can see her!"

Scarlett moved the candles upon this side and upon that, the lights and shadows falling on the distressed young face and the gleaming folds of the old brocade.

"It seems to me," Sidney said anxiously, and trying to draw a long breath, "that the muslin would be better; this is quite stiff, Mrs. Paul, and tight, — truly it is."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Paul, impatiently. "I went to parties before you were born; I know what is proper for a young woman to wear. Of course Scarlett shall alter it. You don't think, Scarlett, that a band of black velvet about her throat — Jewels can't be thought of!"

"No, madam," Scarlett answered, the candles shining on her little worn face as she walked around the girl. "She's beautiful! It does remind me of other days, madam!"

The two old women had apparently forgotten the young creature, with her protesting eyes. "Make a courtesy, Sidney!" cried Mrs. Paul, shrilly; "but you don't know how! There, take my stick, Scarlett;" and rising stiffly, her head held high, her lips breaking into a smile, she lifted her plum-colored silk skirt daintily and sunk back, with the sweeping bend with which long ago she had greeted one lover or another.

"Do you remember, Scarlett?" she said, falling into her chair with a sigh which was almost a groan. "I was as young as you, Sidney, when I saw your father first, — it was before he was married. It was nothing to me, of course, there were so many young men; I don't know why I should happen to remember it. I wore a yellow satin that night. You could n't do that, with your color; there are few women that could stand it. Do you remember, Scarlett? There! the gown is beautiful; but you must n't let it make you vain. Fine feathers, you know. Yes, it must be altered a little; women dress so foolishly nowadays. Now, come down-stairs. I want to see you walk across the drawing-room. A woman manages a train by inheritance; if your mother was used — Well, come down-stairs, — come down-stairs. Scarlett shall do your hair the night you come to tea. Don't interrupt me; in my young days, chits of girls did n't interrupt their elders." There was a strange excitement in Mrs. Paul's face. "It will be beautiful, Scarlett. What?" In some dim way it was not Sidney who stood, young and flushed, with eyes like jewels under her shining hair, but she herself. "And this is the way I held my fan," she said, opening the ivory sticks upon Sidney's round arm. "There, swing it — so! Can't you look across it and then down

again, at your hands? Oh, not like a Sunday-school child repeating its verse. Lord, Sidney!"

Sidney laughed. "But it is easier to look straight at you, Mrs. Paul," she said. Then the little procession moved across the sagging floor, and down the stairs to the drawing-room. Sidney, still reluctant, but young; for the soft colors, the shimmering folds, the cobwebs of lace, were a glimpse into a new world.

"You seem too pleased with life, Sidney," declared the old woman, watching her with puzzled irritation. "I did not look like that when I walked down a drawing-room, I can tell you. Oh, Alan Crossan? Here, what is the matter with Sidney? What will keep her from looking so — good?" She laughed as she spoke, with a droll glance.

The doctor had entered, with an unheard announcement from Davids. "A little further instruction from Mrs. Paul," he observed, critically, while beneath his eyes Sidney stood with a new, unpleasant consciousness of being embarrassed. "A little more attention to your example cannot fail to remove obtrusive goodness. And yet, do you know, I doubt if it would be altogether an improvement?"

Mrs. Paul laughed, her keen dark eyes sweeping him from head to foot with charming insolence. "You are impossible!" she said. "Sidney, you can go up-stairs now. She does n't get her timidity from Mortimer Lee, I can tell you," she went on. "I suppose it is Gertrude Randolph over again. And yet, there is a certain way in which she can carry her head that promises hard things for young Steele."

"Steele?" questioned the doctor, frowning.

"Yes, my friend," cried Mrs. Paul, "and I am doing my part, I can tell you. I have opened that Sally's eyes, and — well, we shall see. That is, if the young man is not a fool, — though they generally are. How is he, your Steele?"

"Better," returned Alan, cheerfully. "I left him just a moment ago talking to dear Miss Sally, by the library fire. They said Sidney was here, and I came to fetch her home to tea."

VI.

Mrs. Paul's unusual softness, as she talked to Sidney that afternoon, had its natural reaction when she played at draughts with John Paul in the evening.

"He's that badged," said Davids, when he left the mother and son at the tea-table, and came out into the serenity of Scarlett's shining kitchen, "that it does seem like as if he must jaw back. But he ain't said a word, except to tell me to fetch him some more curried roe. Well, thank the Lord, he can eat." Scarlett's invariable response of silence filled the man with such wrath that he almost forgot his sympathy with his master. "A woman'd better have a tongue," he said, "even if she can't use it no better than *she* does!"

But John Paul found so much comfort in his curry, and in studying out a phase of the fishery question which it perhaps suggested, that Davids' sympathy was really unnecessary; John did not even remember his mother's anger over night. There was nothing to remind him of it, for he never saw Mrs. Paul in the morning; only Scarlett, and sometimes Miss Sally, were admitted to her bedroom while she breakfasted.

He took less time that day than usual over his coffee and paper, although breakfast was a most important affair to John Paul; for he was in haste to jot down those ideas about the fishery trouble, so that later in the day he might go and talk them over with Katherine Townsend. Indeed, such was his interest in his bit of work, and his impatience to have, he said to himself, the benefit of Miss Townsend's clear criticism, that

he started out over the old bridge quite early in the afternoon.

Little Eliza, staring from the toll-house window, answered his cheery nod with a flickering color in her round cheeks. "Had your music lesson, Miss Eliza?" he called out, and waited good-naturedly in the wind while she ran to open the door that she might answer him.

"Quite a storm, is n't it?" he asked, beating his hands together, and looking back across the bridge. "Seen Miss Townsend come out from town yet?"

"No, sir, not yet," responded Eliza; "she comes late to-day, Miss Townsend does. Thursdays she does n't pass the toll-house before a quarter after five, sir."

"Pshaw! what did I start so early for?" he thought. He was uncertain what to do. He might go on, and wait for her in the parlor of the house in Red Lane; but though Ted was a first-rate little boy, and the brother of his sister, talk of pups did sometimes pall. "What time is it now?" he asked, bending his head so that he could look through the low doorway and see the fat Dutch clock ticking above the dresser. "Twenty minutes to five! I wonder if you'd let me wait in your pleasant sitting-room, Miss Eliza? I—I'm a little early for a call I wanted to make"—

"Oh!" cried Eliza, after a speechless moment of delight.

So Mr. John Paul entered, and from the kitchen pantry what did Mrs. Jennings hear, "just as sociable and friendly like, but, *'Won't you—you take off your coat, Mr. Paul?'*"

"It gave me such a turn," Mrs. Jennings confessed afterwards, as she and Eliza talked it all over, "that I was like to sit right down on the floor. And was n't I thankful that I'd put them cakes in the oven!" For they had cakes and tea, in the little sitting-room with the antimacassars on the chairs and the geraniums in the windows; and it was

all, Mrs. Jennings declared, just as genteel and cozy as could be. Of course, after she brought in the little hot brown cakes, the mistress of the toll-house, in a discreet and proper way, retired to the pantry, where, with overflowing eyes and palpitating bosom, she could hear the whole conversation.

What that half hour was to Eliza and her mother John Paul never knew. "Thank God, you was at home, 'Liza," Mrs. Jennings remarked more than once; and then she excused the warmth of her words by saying that most people would say Providence, she supposed, but, for her part, she only said Providence when things did n't go right and she wanted to find fault. "And you can't find fault—the other way!" said Mrs. Jennings, piously.

When it was time to go, John Paul, in the goodness of his heart, said many pleasant things of the gay little room, and complimented the cakes and the geraniums, and even the hens in the yard. Mrs. Jennings was so thrilled by his condescension, and so tearful with admiration of her daughter's "pretty manners," that she began to make plans for his next visit. "For he'll come," she said, nodding and winking, as she and her daughter sat that night by the little airtight stove, which smiled redly through its square mica eyes, and filled the room with a cheery glow.

"Law, ma!"

"Yes," continued Mrs. Jennings. It was her habit, before going to bed, to sit thus by the stove, in a wadded short gown, with carpet slippers on her ponderous feet and a cup of tea in one hand. "He enjoyed it,—he said he did. So he'll come again; you mark my words."

"Did he say he enjoyed it?" Eliza murmured, meditatively, although she had herself repeated to her mother those very words when the door had closed behind John Paul; but it was a pleasure to hear them again.

"Yes, he did," declared Mrs. Jennings. "'Thank you for letting me come in,' he says. 'It's been very pleasant to wait here,' he says. 'I've enjoyed it very much.' What do you call that, 'Liza?'"

"And then he said that about the cakes," added Eliza, dreamily.

"Yes, then he said that about the cakes," assented her mother, with great satisfaction. "You'd ought to have asked him to come again and have some more; still, it's best to be sought, I will say!"

"Oh, ma!"

"And then you talked all that about your music lessons. Well, now, it does seem to me I would n't 'a' kept on like you did about Miss Townsend?"

"But he was asking about my lessons," Eliza explained.

"Yes, but you need n't 'a' gone on praisin' her," said Mrs. Jennings, in a discontented voice. "There! I do get out of all patience with her; and yet when she's here, I don't know why it is, but I never seem to know just what to say. Well, never mind her. Only, next time he comes, do let on that you've something else to talk about than her."

"I don't believe he'll ever come again," said Eliza, with mournful common sense.

But Mrs. Jennings pressed her lips together in a mysterious way. "I understand such things, 'Liza. I know a man don't say to a young lady, 'Thank you for letting me stay,' — *letting* me, says he, — without some meaning in it. Would Job Todd say it, d'ye think? I guess not!"

In spite of her good sense, Eliza's spirits rose, or at least she allowed herself to enter into the enjoyment of her delusion. She blushed and smiled in the firelight, until Mrs. Jennings shed tears of happiness at her darling's happiness.

"Oh, ma," the little milliner said, rising with a happy sigh, and standing

a moment before the glass, — "oh, ma, if I just was n't freckled!"

But Mrs. Jennings pushed back the soft hair from her daughter's forehead with a loving hand. "There, now, deary, don't think of that. My! if your skin was n't just so soft and fair, you would n't freckle. Freckles is a sign of beautiful complexion under 'em."

This was so comforting, Eliza smiled again. John Paul little knew what a commotion and joy his visit had caused; had he known, possibly he might not have trespassed upon Mrs. Jennings' hospitality again, even to the extent of coming in to buy a bunch of geraniums for Miss Townsend, later in the winter.

On this especial afternoon, however, he only knew that it had been a pleasure to listen to Eliza's raptures about her teacher. ("She's just splendid!" Eliza had said, and sighed for want of better words.) Indeed, her praises were so much in his mind that he found himself smiling as he joined Miss Katherine Townsend and asked her to let him go as far as Red Lane with her. He had the most casual way in the world of asking such favors, which was almost irritating, unless one happened to know that this was his way of disguising his shyness.

"You have a most ardent admirer in your toll-house pupil," he declared. "I — ah — stopped there a moment."

Katherine's smile was like sudden sunshine; she knew quite well why Mr. John Paul had stopped at the toll-house. "She is a good little thing," she said, "and her mother is delightful. Mrs. Jennings told me, when she engaged me," — John winced, — "that she was always glad 'to give the benefit to people that was real poor and had to work hard.'"

"Confound her!" grumbled John Paul, "do you call that delightful?"

"Charming!" returned Katherine, gayly. "I told her that I was very much obliged to her, and she said in the

most comfortable way, 'Well, never you mind; may be you'll get settled down, one of these days!' She had the respectable mechanic in her mind's eye, I'm sure."

She laughed as she spoke. One could easily believe, however, that Mrs. Jennings would have hesitated at that final suggestion. There was a look in this young woman's face which puzzled and irritated the mistress of the toll-house, in spite of her knowledge that the Townsends had as little money as she had. That slight immobility of the upper lip, which gives piquancy as well as a hint of hardness to the whole face, or, it were more exact to say, a promise of justice without sentiment, gave also a look of pride which the carriage of her head accentuated. As Mrs. Jennings had confessed to her daughter, she never knew just what to say to Miss Townsend; so naturally enough she disliked her.

They had almost reached Red Lane when John stopped. "Are you very tired?" he asked. "Could you walk a little further out into the country? That grove of birches on the Perryville Plank Road is marvelous."

There had been a storm of sleet in the morning, which, as the cold deepened, had frozen on the trees, and now in the late afternoon, when the gray clouds lifted in the west, and a flood of ruddy gold poured over the white landscape, the icy branches blazed with all the jewels of Aladdin. The pools of ice by the roadside caught a sudden red, and the fringe of windy clouds in the east quivered with rosy light. The birch grove must be beautiful, John thought; its trees were so slight that they would bend like wonderful feathers under the weight of ice, and in this glow of gold gleam and glitter as though powdered with the dust of a thousand diamonds.

It would be interesting to know how many men, in offering themselves to the women they love, use the subtle, or pas-

sionate, or tender sentences with which they have beguiled their imagination for many a day. Instead, the flutter of an eyelid, a broken word, or a beautiful silence may tell all!

John Paul had composed the story of his love in his own mind a dozen times in the last month, only to sigh as he ended it and say that he was a fool; she would never look at him, except with that contempt in her kind gray eyes which he could not understand. Nevertheless, he knew precisely at what point he meant to take her hand and tell her that he had loved her ever since he had known her — and — and would she let him take care of her now, and of Ted and the girls; and that no man had ever loved a woman as he loved her; and all the other statements usually made upon such occasions.

Who then could have been more astonished than John Paul to hear himself say, as they walked along the road, which was bordered with wild blackberry bushes, bending into a glistening network of ice, "The respectable mechanic — must he be a mechanic?"

Katherine Townsend flashed a quick look into his face, but how could he see that, with the sun shining straight into his near-sighted eyes?

"Yes," she said, lightly, "I am inclined to think he must be. To tell you the truth, Mr. Paul, I have come of late to feel an immense amount of respect for him, — I speak generically, my acquaintance with him being, unfortunately, limited to the piano-tuner at the other end of Red Lane, and Mr. Job Todd, who built the kennel for the puppies."

"But, Katherine, I — I meant" — John began to say, his voice quite hoarse, and in his agitation striking at a frozen mullein stalk with his cane; but she interrupted him, with a ring in her voice which made him stumble with astonishment.

"You see, they amount to something in the world, these simple, hard-working

men. Oh, since I have had to teach, since I have really seen what living is to most men and women, since I have understood the meanness of luxury, I have burned with contempt for my old, lazy, easy life,—the time when I did nothing for myself, and just let people wait upon me and take care of me.”

John Paul’s face stung; there was something in her voice which said that these words about herself were for him. A woman, plodding through the snow, looked towards them with that dull curiosity with which wayfarers regard one another, and John wondered if his face betrayed the ache in his heart. “You are severe,” he said.

“I can’t help it,” she answered; and then a moment later, “The iron has entered into my soul, Mr. Paul. The unevenness of life has seemed too horrible to bear. I think—I hope that if I were suddenly to have plenty of money again I should keep on doing something to earn it, and not be lazy, and indifferent, and satisfied with a small, ignoble, comfortable life. Oh, I feel this so about Ted. If I can but teach him to be a *man*; to feel the shame, the disgrace, of dependence, either upon one person—me, for instance—or upon one class in the community. He must earn his own bread, and not take one crumb or one cent more than he gives: somehow, I don’t care how,—by his brains or his hands; only he must be independent. I try to make him feel it now, although he is just a little boy.” She stopped, and put her hand up to her eyes a moment. “There is such a glare on the snow,” she explained, in an unsteady voice.

“Miss Townsend,” John said, “it seems to me that you are hardly fair to the men whom the accident of birth places in positions where work is not necessary”—But she interrupted him.

“Birth never places us where we should not work; our own weakness or cowardice may let us take advantage of

circumstances that we have nothing to do with. Oh, I—I despise such men, men who are satisfied with small, useless lives, and take what they do not earn.”

“I am afraid you are a socialist,” John answered, but his face was white.

Katherine shook her head. “I am a Christian,—that is all.”

“You are not fair!” he burst out. “For instance—I—I—my mother”—

“Yes? Well?” she said, for he had paused; to defend himself made all her scorn personal, and killed his hope.

“You know my position,” with an impulsive gesture. “It was my duty to go into the warehouse, no matter how much I hated it. I don’t work, I know, though I should have liked to; but why should I have consulted my own wishes (I had n’t the motive then that I have now), why should I have made her miserable?”

“Why disturb your own comfort? Is n’t that what you really mean?” Katherine said, with bitter lightness. “But perhaps I don’t call things by the names that you do.”

“What do you call it, Miss Townsend?” John asked, quietly.

“I don’t think my opinion is of any consequence,” she said, but she bit her lip to keep it firm.

“It is everything in the world to me, Katherine.”

Her contempt scorched his face, but somehow there was a strange comfort in it, which he did not stop to analyze.

“Please do not call me Katherine, Mr. Paul,” she commanded, with an attempt at gayety, “even to show that you are friendly in spite of my candor. I—to tell you the truth, I should call such an attitude as yours towards your mother selfish and—and cowardly.”

John started as though he had been struck in the face; to be sure, that talk about Ted and herself had meant it, but to put it into words! They had reached the grove of birches, and stood looking

miserably at the sparkling trees. The wet folds of the clouds had quenched the sunset light, and a low wind, blowing up from the river and wandering across the hills, made the mail-clad branches creak and rattle.

"It is beautiful!" Katherine said, vaguely, looking into the glittering mist of the woods with unseeing eyes.

"Very," John answered, with his back to the trees and staring at Katherine's face. "I am astounded by your use of words, Miss Townsend."

"Why should you be?" she cried. "Look, *cowardly*: how many times have you told me that you have kept silent rather than have a discussion!"

"Never when there was a principle involved," he interposed, doggedly.

"There is always a principle in everything," she declared. "More than that, deeper than that, you have preferred the ignoble comfort of your life to working hard and honestly at anything." John saw the sheen of tears in her eyes. "And selfish? Can you for one instant claim that this effacement of yourself has been for any one's peace and comfort but your own? Have you ever, by one single protest, *helped* your mother? Forgive me for speaking of her, but you asked me, and I have to be honest. You know as well as I do that there is a point in the relation of parent and child where the parent grows no older, apparently, but the child ceases to be young, and at that point there has to be an adjustment of ideas which is not agreeable. But what

are you to call the child who will not assert his individuality because it would be unpleasant to do so? Indeed, I don't know any other word than selfish. It seems to me that so many, many wrong things are done under the name of self-sacrifice."

John did not speak. The branches of a tree creaked shrilly; some oak leaves, stiff with a glaze of sleet, rustled, and bits of ice fell sharp upon the frozen snow.

"Oh, if I can only keep Ted from such twisted morality!" she ended.

John said something between his teeth. "I wish you would be so good as to drop Ted; you mean all this for me, of course. But you are cold. I ought not to have kept you standing here. Let us go back."

They turned, and began to walk silently towards Red Lane. Katherine could not talk; she had spoken out of a full, hot heart, but she knew very well what the reaction would be. She saw herself beaten with self-reproach and helpless regret. They had almost reached Red Lane, when John said gently:—

"I want you to believe that I value your sincerity. It has hurt you to say all this."

"Not at all," Katherine answered, holding her head high; "the truth is never hard. I—I have felt that we were friends, and"—

"And it is only right that I should know what you think of me?"

"Yes," said Katherine.

Margaret Deland.

THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

WHEN Secretary Seward purchased Alaska from Russia in 1867, it was thought that one of the standing problems of the Department of State had been solved. But judging from recent events,

we have not only retained our own difficulties, but have also fallen heir to the antiquated claims of Russia.

It appears that by acquiring Russian territory we have become obligated to

support Russian international law as proclaimed in the early part of the century, instead of adhering to the principles asserted by our more enlightened statesmen, and now universally adopted by civilized powers. The theory of our revenue service appears to be that all Russian "claims" to the sea run with the land, and obligate the United States, as the present owner of the land, to reverse its liberal policy and support their validity, regardless of consistency or justice. It is indeed strange to find Great Britain, that puissant power which once by naval supremacy enforced its claim to ownership of all waters which washed the shores of the British Isles, contending for the freedom of the seas, and the United States pursuing a policy of restriction. The history of the freedom of the seas is the record of their rescue from the grasp of that nation.

The United States acquired Alaska "and the waters adjacent thereto" by the Russo-American Treaty of 1867. The value of the acquisition was soon recognized, and Congress took immediate steps for the protection of the extensive fur seal fisheries.

In 1870, the government leased to the Alaska Commercial Company, a corporation created in California, the exclusive right for twenty years to take fur seals on the islands of St. Paul and St. George and in the adjacent waters. For this privilege the lessee agreed to pay to the United States annually the sum of fifty-five thousand dollars, two dollars sixty-two and one half cents for each seal skin taken, fifty-five cents for each gallon of seal oil sold, and in addition to supply the natives with certain quantities of fuel and provisions. Under this lease the company has enjoyed a virtual monopoly and control of the trade, and the enterprise has proven very profitable to both lessor and lessee.

Various statutes and Treasury regulations relating to "Alaska and the waters thereof" have been and are now in

force. They do not attempt to define the limits of the waters over which exclusive sovereignty is claimed, although the laws of the United States, as far as applicable, have been "extended to and over all the mainland, islands, and waters of the territory ceded to the United States by the Emperor of Russia." On the last day of President Cleveland's term, he signed an act providing that, "No person shall kill any otter, mink, marten, or fur seal, or other fur-bearing animal within the limits of Alaska, or in the waters thereof," except under certain restrictions and on certain conditions.

The government of the United States is not definitely committed to any interpretation of the phrase "adjacent to the waters of Alaska." It is true that the revenue officers, evidently acting under instructions from the Treasury Department, assume that the limits named in the treaty of 1867 with Russia bound the waters over which the United States is entitled to exercise exclusive jurisdiction. The question, however, is not one to be determined by Treasury regulations, but by the general principles and rules of international law. It appears from the published correspondence that the Department of State has confined its action to acknowledging the receipt of the urgent protests of the British representatives, and apologizing for not, at the time, entering into the merits of the question. In fact, its course in the past has been wavering and undignified. The vessels seized by the revenue officers are ordered released, and within a few days the order is revoked. The only attempt made to justify the seizures is the necessity of protecting the seal fisheries from destruction by irresponsible parties. They have been neither formally approved nor disapproved. The ultimate course to be adopted is still open for selection, and it is to be hoped that the government will not be led to approve unlawful proceedings by a pre-

tended necessity for maintaining the national dignity.

That United States vessels have been wrongfully seized and annoyed on the northeastern coast is no excuse for the adoption of an equally unjustifiable course by the United States on the northwestern coast.

To what extent from the coast can the United States claim jurisdiction? During the past year, Canadian fishing-vessels have been captured at a distance of from sixty to one hundred miles from the shore. Can these acts be justified? I think not. The United States has no special or exceptional privileges or powers in the waters of Behring Sea not, in the absence of treaty, enjoyed on other coasts. We are apparently claiming extraordinary jurisdictional power in these waters for the reason that it agrees with our present interests, that we purchased the "claims" from Russia, and that it is necessary to protect the seals in order to prevent their reckless slaughter and ultimate extinction. It is certainly to the interest of the United States to control these waters if the seal fisheries cannot be otherwise protected. But this is by no means demonstrated. Great Britain and Russia, practically the only nations interested, have expressed a willingness to join with the United States in any reasonable plan having this object in view.

Let us see what rights we purchased from Russia. For many years prior to 1821 we were engaged in a diplomatic wrangle with Russia over the territory to the northwest. At that time there was in Russia, as at present in the United States, a great commercial company, to which special and exclusive privileges had been granted. Through the powerful influence of this company, the Emperor Alexander, in September, 1821, issued an ukase to the effect that:—

"The pursuits of commerce, whaling, and fishing, and of all other industries

in all islands, ports, and gulfs, including the whole of the northwestern coast of America, beginning from Behring's Straits to the fifty-first degree of north latitude, also from the Aleutian Islands to the eastern coast of Siberia, as well as along the Kurile Islands from Behring's Straits to the south cape of the island of Urup, namely, to 45° 50' north latitude, are exclusively granted to Russian subjects. It is therefore prohibited to all foreign vessels, not only to land on the coasts and islands belonging to Russia, as above stated, but also to approach within less than one hundred Italian miles. The transgressor's vessel is subject to confiscation along with the whole cargo."

The original intention was to claim the Behring Sea as a *mare clausum*, but this was abandoned, and the limit of one hundred Italian miles was adopted from the thirty leagues in the Treaty of Utrecht.

When the ukase was communicated to John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, he blandly inquired whether the Russian minister was authorized to give explanation of the grounds of right, upon principles generally recognized by the laws and usage of nations, which could warrant this claim and regulation.

Mr. Politico was of the opinion that not only could the regulation be defended, but that it might have been extended over the entire sea. In his reply he said: "I ought, in the last place, to request you to consider, sir, that the Russian possessions in the Pacific Ocean extend, on the northwest coast of America, from Behring Strait to the fifty-first degree of north latitude; and on the opposite side of Asia and the islands adjacent, from the same strait to the forty-fifth degree. The extent of sea of which these possessions form the limits comprehends all the conditions which are ordinarily attached to shut seas (*mers fermes*), and the Russian government might consequently judge

itself authorized to exercise upon this sea the right of sovereignty, and especially that of interdicting the entrance of foreigners. But it preferred only asserting its essential rights, without taking any advantage of localities."

To this Mr. Adams replied on March 30, 1822: "With regard to the suggestion that the Russian government might have justified the exercise of sovereignty over the Pacific Ocean as a close sea, because it claims territory both on its American and Asiatic shores, it may suffice to say that the distance from shore to shore on this sea, in latitude 51° north, is not less than 90° of longitude, or 4000 miles."

"A volume on the subject," said a contemporary writer, "could not have placed the absurdity of the claim in a more glaring light."

Russia was aware that she had taken a position which could not be maintained, and was anxious to recede with as much credit as was possible through negotiations. Her leading publicist, Professor F. Von Martens, has cited the incident as an instance of "greatly exaggerated claims." A voluminous correspondence ensued, during the course of which the negotiations were removed to St. Petersburg, and passed into the hands of Nesselrode and our minister, Henry Middleton. A treaty was signed on April 17, 1824, whereby it was agreed "that in any part of the great ocean, commonly called the Pacific Ocean or South Sea, the respective citizens or subjects of the high contracting powers should be neither disturbed nor restrained either in navigation or in fishing, or in the power of resorting to the coasts upon points which may not already be occupied for the purpose of trading with the natives." Then follow certain regula-

¹ The following from the Baltimore Chronicle is a fair sample:—

"Old Neptune, one morning, was seen on the rocks,
Shedding tears by the pailful and tearing his locks;

tions, with which we are not here concerned.

The claim of Russia attracted much attention at the time. Madison wrote to President Monroe: "The connection with Russia is a propitious event, as substituting amicable adjustment for the risk of hostile collision. But I give the Emperor little credit, however, for his assent to the principle of '*mare liberum*' in the North Pacific. His pretensions were so absurd and so disgusting to the maritime world that he could not do better than retreat from them through the form of negotiation. It is well that the cautious, if not courteous, policy of England towards Russia has had the effect of making us, in the public eye, the leading power in arresting her expansive ambition."

Great Britain was even more deeply interested in contesting such a claim than the United States. The leading English papers united in a bitter attack on the ministry, severely censuring it for leaving the defense of so vital a principle to the United States. "Luckily for the world," said the London Times, "the United States of America have not submitted with equal patience to the decrees of the autocrat." The ministry was pressed with questions, until, in 1823, Canning, in reply to a question of Sir James Mackintosh, said that a protest on the part of England had been made on the first announcement of the principle, which had been renewed and discussed at the Congress of Verona, and again pressed in negotiations then pending at St. Petersburg.

A strong impression was made on the minds of the general public as well as on that of the statesmen and jurists, and the newspapers of the day were filled with paragraphs and squibs.¹

He cried, A Land Lubber has stole, on this day,
Full four thousand miles of my ocean away;
He swallows the earth (he exclaims with emotion),

And then, to quench appetite, *slap* goes the ocean.

By this treaty Russia abandoned the claim to a marine belt of one hundred miles, and recognized the freedom of the Pacific. Recent writers have lost sight of this fact, but the standard international jurists have always considered that the United States pressed the point for which they were contending to an issue, and that Russia abandoned her claims to exclusive jurisdiction except over the occupied shores.¹ By the fourth article of the treaty, which was terminate at the end of ten years, reciprocal rights were given to frequent the interior seas, gulfs, harbors, and creeks upon the coasts. The United States never admitted that Behring Sea was an "interior sea." Nor did Russia assert it except, as we have seen, in the letter of Mr. Politico to Mr. Adams.

Upon the termination of the ten years Russia declined to renew the fourth article, and it then appeared that the negotiators had different ideas as to its meaning and effect. This article was suggested and insisted upon by the American negotiator, on the theory that it was a distinct gain. The first article is a declaration of our existing rights, under the law of nations, to exercise general and permanent rights of navigation and fishery in the ocean, and of trading with the natives upon the unoccupied coast. The article was not a grant by Russia, but an admission or recognition. Mr. Middleton understood that for a period of ten years the citizens of both nations should also enjoy the right to frequent the occupied shore of either nation, a privilege to which they were not entitled independent of treaty.

It was a mutual grant, temporary in its duration, extending to the specific and particular privileges, which the tra-

ders of neither nation would enjoy as general rights.

But Russia now interpreted it as a limitation upon the general power recognized in the first article; and as the section was not renewed, vessels of the United States were henceforth excluded from the ports and harbors of Russian America. Adams wrote in his diary: "I find proof enough to put down the Russian government, but how would we answer the Russian cannon?"

This necessarily incomplete sketch will, I think, make clear what we acquired from Russia in the way of "claims."

We acquired nothing but what Martens cites as "a greatly exaggerated claim" (or, as rendered by Madison, "an absurd claim") to a marine belt of one hundred Italian miles, and an incidental claim that Behring Sea might be considered a *mare clausum*. On the latter point the United States can only pretend to have succeeded to the status created by the dictum of the Russian minister, to the effect that Russia had considered whether she might not make the claim, and had decided not to do so. Russia's illegal claims added to our legal rights do not strengthen the latter.

Clearly we have no extraordinary jurisdictional rights in Behring Sea inherited from Russia which Great Britain is stopped by acquiescence from denying.

The United States cannot afford to advocate or support the violation of a well-established rule of international law for the sake of a temporary selfish advantage. In the hundred years of her national life she has held an unique and enviable position. The history of international law records not the least im-

Brother Jove must look out for his skies, let me tell ye,
Or the Russian will bury them all in his belly."

¹ See Wharton's *International Law Digest*, vol. i. p. 111, § 32; Calvo, *Droit Int.*, 3d ed., vol. iii. p. 323; Fiore *Droit Int.*, 2d ed., by Antoine, § 726.

portant of her triumphs. She has planted her standard far in advance, and waited impatiently until the growth of the sentiments of justice and humanity brought other nations into line with her. From the earliest period of her history, when, under the firm guidance of Washington and Hamilton, her course as a neutral won the high encomium of Canning, to the present time, she has been the champion of the sanctity of the established rules of the law of nations. Not forgetful of her duties as a member of the family of nations, she has at all times insisted that "the state which disclaims the authority of international law places herself outside the circle of civilized nations."

This advanced position has been recognized by the leading international jurists. Speaking of the doctrine of neutrality, Hall says: "The United States has the merit of fixing it firmly; . . . it represented by far the most advanced existing opinions as to what these obligations were; and in some points it even went further than authoritative international custom has, up to the present time, advanced. In the main, however, it is identical with the standards of conduct now adopted by the community of nations."

Sir Robert Phillimore, another very eminent English jurist, says: "The United States of America began their course as an independent country under wise and great auspices; and it was the firm determination of those who guided their nascent energies to fulfill the obligations of international law as recognized and established in the Christian commonwealth, of which they had become a member."

This earnest advocacy of the binding force of the rules of international law is, I think, due in a great measure to the theory adopted as to the foundation of its authority. There are two general theories: that of Great Britain and the most of the European nations, which

refuse to admit themselves bound by any principle of international law unless they have expressly assented to it and agreed to be bound by it. The nations holding this doctrine recognize themselves as bound by positive international law only. Great Britain appears, through the decision in the *Franconia* case and the subsequent *Territorial Waters Act*, to be committed to this doctrine. On the other hand, the United States, followed by Italy and some of the South American republics, understands by international law what was expressed by the old phrase *jus gentium*; that is, a law common to and morally binding upon all nations. This view, with all its attendant consequences, was deliberately adopted by the United States, when, of its own accord, it became a member of the family of nations. It is briefly expressed as follows: "Every nation, on being received, at her own request, into the circle of civilized governments, must understand that she not only attains rights of sovereignty and the dignity of the national character, but that she binds herself also to the strict and faithful performance of all those principles, laws, and usages which have obtained currency among civilized states, and which have for their object the mitigation of the miseries of war. International law is founded upon reason and justice, the opinions of the writers of known wisdom, and the practice of the civilized nations." The latest English writer on international law, Sir Henry Sumner Maine, recognizes and does full justice to the position of the United States. He says: "The principle upon which the American doctrine of international law reposes is, I think, tolerably plain. The statesmen and jurists of the United States do not regard international law as having become binding on their country through the intervention of any legislature; they do not believe it to be of the nature of immemorial usage, 'of which the mem-

ory of man runneth not to the contrary.' They look upon its rules as a main part of the conditions on which a state is originally received into the family of civilized nations."

If this is true, the established rules of international law are as binding upon nations as are the Ten Commandments upon individuals.

I have at some length developed this idea in order to strengthen my assertions that the United States cannot afford to become a law-breaker or a dishonest litigant. No more can it afford to become the champion of an exploded claim to sovereignty over the deep sea.

If there is one principle of the law of nations better settled than all others, it is that the jurisdiction and sovereignty of a nation extends to the distance of one league, or three marine miles, from the shore. "The greatest distance," says Jefferson, "to which any respectable assent among nations has at any time been given has been the extent of the human sight, estimated at upwards of twenty miles; and the smallest distance, I believe, claimed by any nation whatever is the utmost range of a cannon-ball, usually stated as one sea-league."

In 1872, Secretary Seward, in a letter to Mr. Tassara, stated the rule in the following language: "A third principle bearing on the subject is also well established, namely, that this exclusive sovereignty of a nation, thus abridging the liberties of the seas, extends no further than the power of the nation to maintain it by force, stationed on the coasts, extends. This principle is tersely expressed in the maxim, '*Terræ dominium finitur ubi finitur armorum vis.*'"

Chancellor Kent, who was inclined to admit a more extensive jurisdiction than modern practice has approved, says, "As far as a state can protect itself, so far does its jurisdiction extend."

Lawrence thus states the rule: "The waters adjacent to the coasts of a coun-

try are deemed within its jurisdictional limits only because they can be commanded from the shore."

There are, however, a few special cases where a limited authority extends beyond this limit. Halleck says: "The maritime territory of every state extends to the ports, harbors, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent parts of the sea inclosed by headlands belonging to the same state. Within these limits its rights of property and territorial jurisdiction are absolute, and exclude those of every other state. The general usage of nations superadds to this extent of territory an exclusive territorial jurisdiction over the seas for one marine league. . . . And even beyond this limit, states may exercise a qualified jurisdiction for fiscal and defensive purposes; that is, for the execution of their revenue laws, and to prevent hovering on their coasts."

Neither of these exceptions covers the case of the seizures of the sealing vessels complained of by Great Britain.

The deep sea beyond this limit is not subject to the sovereignty of any nation, but is free to all. It is incapable of being held as property. There was a time when the maritime nations assumed and exercised the rights of ownership over the waters, but these have been gradually relinquished, until the sovereignty now admitted over portions of the sea is but a decayed and contracted remnant of the authority once exercised. The Roman lawyers called the seas common property by nature, and they were so considered in the earliest times of which history keeps the record. They were free in that they were universally open to depredation. The early Grecian seas were the roving-places of pirates. Navigation was free in waters over which nobody claimed control. But in time the protection of commerce required the control and possession of the seas, and by the middle of the sixteenth century they were generally parceled out

among the maritime nations. Thus, modern international law commenced with a system of *mare clausum*. The Portuguese assumed to interdict navigation in the seas of Guinea and the East Indies. The Dutch, as usual, in the language of Canning, "giving too little and asking too much," wished to close the passage around the Cape of Good Hope. The Spanish claimed exclusive jurisdiction over the Pacific Ocean. Great Britain modestly claimed property in all seas which washed her coasts up to the shores of the neighboring states and north to the Arctic Ocean. Queen Elizabeth seized some Hanseatic vessels lying at anchor off Lisbon harbor, because they had sailed through the North Sea without her permission. A ship that did not "strike or veil its bonnet at the commandment of the lieutenant of the king" received a cannon-shot. Philip II. of Spain, when coming to England to wed Queen Mary, was fired upon by an English ship for flying his flag in the narrow seas. Later, the claim was restricted to an exclusive right of fishing and requiring the homage of a salute from all foreign vessels.

The enlightened founders of modern international law gave their adherence to a system of freedom. In 1609, Grotius published his immortal work on the *Mare Liberum*, devoted to proving the freedom of the seas in general. Charles I. of England was so incensed at this work that he instructed his ambassador to complain to the States-General of the Dutch Provinces of the audacity of the jurist, and to demand that he be punished.

In 1635, the great English lawyer and statesman, Seldon, attempted to answer Grotius. In his *Mare Clausum*, Seldon attempted to maintain two positions: (1) that the sea might be property; (2) that the seas which washed the shores of Great Britain were her property. But the spirit of the age was opposed to him, and the doctrine of the

freedom of the seas was finally established.

Great Britain gradually abandoned her extravagant pretensions, until now little remains but the marine belt and a claim to the "King's Chamber."

"At this day," says Ortolan, "the discussions upon the domain and empire of the seas are relegated to the province of pure history. There is no writer, there is no government, which dares, at our day, to revive these pretensions of another epoch."

Certain large bodies of water entirely within the territory of a country, with a moderate width of entrance, are still admitted to be controlled by the country they indent; but these are well defined, and title to them has been acquired and perfected by long occupation and universal acquiescence. In all such cases, the necessity and reasonableness are admitted. But a mere desire to benefit by the products of the waters creates no such case of necessity or reasonableness.

If the sea is incapable of dominion, it matters not that Russia was the first civilized power to hold the shores of Behring Sea. Rights incapable of being acquired cannot be transferred. If Behring Sea had been, what it was not, a gulf entirely inclosed by Russian territory, with an entrance which could have been defended from the shores, its status as a closed sea could possibly have been transferred to the United States, although its shores, after such transfer, would be held by different nations. But, on the north, Behring Sea is connected with the Arctic Ocean by Behring Strait, which is thirty-six miles wide, and through which commerce has been carried on by the United States for half a century. On the south, there are innumerable passes through the Aleutian Islands almost equal in width to Behring Strait. Between these Islands and the Commander group, on the shores of Asia, there is a gap of water where half the navies of the world might ride abreast,

and be out of sight of land and of each other.

That the seal fisheries are in danger of destruction by pirates and marauders, reckless of the future, is no justification for the revival of the claim of *mare clausum*. That it is the duty of the government to do all in its power to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of the fur seals is admitted; but this should be done by international arrangement, as proposed by Mr. Bayard. The proposition seems to have met with the general approval of the nations most interested, and it is to be hoped that it will be persisted in until Behring Sea is patrolled by a police of the nations.

In order to justify the seizure of the Black Diamond, the United States government must advocate rules of international law inconsistent with those urged in connection with the northeastern fishery dispute, and opposed to the position assumed by it in every case which has arisen in the last hundred years. On the east shore it is justly and honestly urging a liberal and enlightened policy in consonance with the spirit of the age. It cannot afford to support an illiberal policy of restriction on the northwest shore.

Our difficulties with Canada should be treated as a whole, and in a liberal and enlightened spirit. The commercial and personal relations between the two countries are too intimate, their present and future interests are too closely entwined, to admit of a narrow and intolerant policy. Questions of commercial policy and interest should not be permitted to blind a people to those principles of universal right and justice which are acquiesced in by all civilized nations, simply because they are right. Commercial relations, tariffs, and reciprocity treaties are for statesmen, to be disposed

of as the present interests of the whole country dictate. Questions of international law should be for jurists and courts, and selfish interests should not enter into their decision. The failure to appreciate this distinction is one of the causes of these dangerous contentions growing out of the conflicting views of fishery rights. If the questions of law were once solved, negotiations could proceed with some prospect of a reasonably satisfactory issue. But so long as the negotiators start with directly contrary views of the law of the case, there is no chance of an issue which one party will not consider an absolute surrender. It would be an easy matter for the United States and Great Britain to agree upon a case in which the issues of law involved in the northeastern and northwestern fishery disputes could be stated. It is reasonable to suppose that the nations which could submit to arbitration such burning questions as the Alabama claims and the fishery trouble in 1871 could agree to submit these purely legal questions to an international tribunal, composed of three or five of the great judges of the world; for instance, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Lord Chief Justice of England, and a third, equally eminent and learned. The decision of such a tribunal, pronounced after a full hearing, would be received with respect and acquiescence. With these questions settled, there would be something tangible, some point of departure for negotiation. It is not to the credit of the two great English-speaking nations of the world that these irritating disputes have extended over almost the entire history of the United States. Many questions of greater and less importance have been disposed of, but these fishery disputes still remain as fruitful sources of irritation and bitterness.

Charles B. Elliott.

AN OUTLINE OF THE JAPANESE CONSTITUTION.

ABOUT a hundred years after the framing of the American Constitution, an ancient Asiatic nation, one that had little in common with Western peoples, and was undisturbed by the rapid strides which Western civilization had made in the sphere of constitutionalism, suddenly awoke from her political lethargy, and promulgated a constitution admirably careful in form and unique in its distribution of governmental powers. That nation is the Empire of Japan.

It seems strange that Japan, a country that can trace her line of emperors to a period beyond the Christian era, should rise to the occasion as she did in February, 1889; but if we follow closely the history of Japan during the last thirty-seven years, we note the insight of Japanese intellect striving to work out her political problem. Japan, after opening her ports to foreigners, had been for some time endeavoring to give her people their share in the management of national affairs and to establish a constitutional form of government; so she took careful note of the examples which Europe and America afforded her, of the merits and demerits of other systems of government, and finally brought about a most excellent result in the solution of constitutional questions. No force of arms, no political or national catastrophe, was brought to bear upon either monarch or subject; for the common sense of both discerned that a change was necessary.

The Japanese Constitution is divided into seven chapters, comprehending seventy-six articles.

Chapter I. relates to the Emperor; Chapter II. to the Rights and Duties of the Subjects; Chapter III. to the Imperial Parliament; Chapter IV. to the Minister of State and Privy Council; Chapter V. to the Judicature; Chapter

VI. to the Finance; Chapter VII. to the Supplementary Rules.

The general principles of the Constitution are very similar to the unwritten laws of the English Constitution; but on many points Germany, Austria, America, France, and other countries have been referred to. To a European or American reader, some points may seem quite an innovation to the constitutional jurisprudence, but they are certainly the result of a careful study of the constitutions of other countries, and might be considered, to a certain extent, an improvement on the theory of constitutionalism.

The primary idea embodied in the Constitution is that the document should contain and enumerate only the fundamental principles of constitutional government, and disregard all minor details. For instance, the three great divisions, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, are marked out, in order that the governing as well as the governed may understand the relation of the three powers; but the various points under these heads are not touched upon. No attention is paid to the details of government machinery that must change with the progress of national affairs, and in this way a very considerable improvement on the form of constitution is effected. A diligent study of political and constitutional philosophy has convinced the Japanese jurist that the rigid Constitution of America, and not the flexible Constitution of England, will be the most suitable form in Japan, for Japan has her governmental principles, fundamental and essential; and since these will hold good for all ages, it is well that they should remain by themselves, separate and immovable. Were Japan to frame her Constitution with a mixture of principles and details like that of Great Britain, it would be

impossible for her to retain a rigid Constitution.

Chapter I. relates to the imperial sovereignty. The present Emperor of Japan is the direct descendant of the first Emperor Gimmou, who, after having conquered all the tribes, became the sole ruler of the nation in the year 660 B. C. During a period of more than twenty-five centuries, one unbroken line of emperors has succeeded to the imperial power, a unique exception in the history of monarchies. This fact was strongly emphasized in Article 1 by stating that "the Empire of Japan shall be reigned over and governed by a line of emperors unbroken for ages eternal."

Under this chapter the royal prerogatives are summarized as concisely as possible in a few articles, yet conceding all the ancient rights and powers of the Emperor which had been so long in the hands of the Japanese sovereign. In regard to the royal prerogative, European countries have enumerated in their constitutions all the rights and powers of the sovereign so fully that they have greatly handicapped the royal will; but the Emperor of Japan, so long as he does not interfere with the Constitution, can exercise his ancient right to the full. According to the Constitution, the three powers of state, the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, are invested in the person of the Emperor, who is the life and centre of the whole political mechanism. Japan, by the method she pursues in connection with her sovereign, gets rid of the idea once prevalent in the eighteenth century, that legislative, executive, and judicial powers should be independent of one another.

Chapter II. deals with the rights and duties of the Japanese subject in conformity with European systems.

When feudalism held sway in Japan, the people were divided into four distinct classes: the military, the farming, the artisan, and the merchant. Civil and political rights were enjoyed only

by the military, but at the imperial restoration, in 1868, class distinction in politics was abolished; and by the new Constitution civil preference has likewise been put aside. Each Japanese subject, therefore, in his political and civil rights, is now on an equal footing with his neighbor. Moreover, he has acquired the freedom of speech and writing together with that of publication, and the privilege of holding and attending public meetings and forming associations; liberty to choose a place of residence; and, finally, he is granted the freedom of religious belief and worship. Nor can a Japanese be arrested, detained, tried, or punished except according to law; nor can a dwelling be entered or searched without a magistrate's warrant. The right of property and the privacy of correspondence are considered inviolable except by a provision of law. Each subject has an equal eligibility for civil or military appointments, and for any other public offices; and no preference is given to family or order. The right of petition, which in an early period of their constitutionalism was so much sought after by the Anglo-Saxons, and won at last after fierce opposition, was granted to the Japanese subjects as a free gift of the Emperor.

Freedom of religious belief, which during the early period of Japanese feudalism did not exist, is one of the best fruits of modern civilization. However graciously these freedoms be granted to his subjects, it is the will of the Emperor that these freedoms should not be carried to such an extent as is insisted upon by modern socialists, but should be exercised within due restrictions of law; therefore, the Constitution has carefully provided that these shall be bounded by the law.

In Chapter III. the organization of Parliament is divided into, first, the House of Peers, and, second, the House of Representatives. The organization of the two Houses is not mentioned in the

Constitution, but is left to ordinary laws, in order to meet the requirements of time, and to be modified accordingly. Qualification and the electorate, too, must vary with social and political progress; but the Constitution itself ought not to be changed as easily as ordinary laws.

The parliamentary organization greatly resembles that of England, but its power is more limited. If we compare the Japanese Parliament with that of England and the Congress of the United States, we see a greater resemblance to the American Congress than to the English Parliament; for the latter has almost the sole right of sovereignty and can well-nigh act as it pleases, and even change the Constitution itself; while the former must obey the provisions of the Constitution, and can do nothing outside of the power already sanctioned thereby. Furthermore, there is a striking difference between the Japanese and the American; for in the United States the Constitution proceeds from the people, whereas in Japan from the Emperor. Therefore the Japanese Parliament may be styled a non-sovereign, legistro-financial assembly; for it is convened by the Emperor to deliberate upon questions of law and the national budget. If we compare the constitutions of three countries, namely, England, the United States, and Japan, we have a marked dissimilarity: in England the sovereign power rests with the Parliament; in the United States with the people; and in Japan with the Emperor. Here we have an excellent specimen of three constitutional forms of government. The first we may call a constitutional parliamentary government, the second a constitutional democracy, and the third a constitutional monarchy.

The Japanese Parliament has many powers, which are enumerated in the Constitution, but if we take the more important ones they are four in number. The first is to deliberate upon and dis-

cuss points of law brought either by government or by its own members; the second, to examine and vote upon the national budget; the third, to receive petitions from the people, and to question the government upon any matter relating thereto; and the fourth, to present an address to the Emperor upon grave questions of national affairs, or to report to him upon the condition of ministerial confidence.

With regard to the impeachment of a minister, the Japanese Constitution says nothing; and it is better that this should be so. In England there has been no impeachment since 1805. The Japanese Constitution has substituted the power of address for that of impeachment. If a minister should in any way abuse the confidence reposed in him, an address from either or both of the Houses of Parliament is presented to the Emperor; and if he considers the charges brought against that official are proved, then the minister is dismissed from office.

Chapter IV. relates to the ministers of state and privy councilors. There is, possibly, no question of constitutional law further from solution than that dealing with the responsibility of ministers, — to what extent their responsibility reaches, and to whom the ministers are really responsible.

In almost every country governed by a constitution, it is acknowledged by custom or usage that the ministers are responsible to the Parliament for the management of national affairs, and by this means the Parliament has already gained the whole power of sovereignty, or is endeavoring to gain it at the expense of ministerial stability. The German people were rather surprised to hear Prince Bismarck say in one of his speeches, "I am responsible neither to the people nor to the Parliament, but to the Emperor alone." In this respect the Japanese Constitution has taken the same view as the German Chancellor, by stating in Article 55 that "the respective

ministers of state give their advice to the Emperor and are responsible for it."

From this article we infer that the Japanese ministers are responsible only to the Emperor — not to the Parliament — for the management of national affairs; and ministerial responsibility arises simply from the advice they have given to their sovereign as counselors. But when we examine their position towards the Parliament from a practical point of view, we find the minister with a twofold responsibility, — one direct, to the Emperor, and the other indirect, to the Parliament. Notwithstanding the fact that the ministers of state are appointed by the sovereign personally, and their official position is entirely dependent upon the royal pleasure, Parliament, as has already been stated in connection with impeachment by means of an address, controls the conduct of ministers in regard to national politics. This indirect responsibility comes from the position of the ministers towards the Parliament in relation to questions of law and the national budget.

The Privy Council is the supreme deliberative body attached to the sovereign, whom it advises whenever it is consulted upon important questions of national policy. Its function is, first, to decide disputes arising from the interpretation of the Constitution or the quasi-constitutional laws, such as the law of the Houses, the election law, the law of finance, and the like, or disputes in regard to the budget or other financial measures; and, secondly, to deliberate upon amendments to the Constitution, or amendments to the quasi-constitutional laws. Thus the Constitution creates the two media in the system of government through which the national affairs are managed: the one, the ministers of state, which guides the national policy and transacts all the administrations of government; and the other, the Privy Council, which advises

the sovereign whenever he consults with that body.

We now come to Chapter V. According to the system which prevailed in Japan during the time of feudalism, the department of justice was under the control of the state, and judges were dependent upon the minister of justice. But as the influence of the military class under the feudal system increased, all the political powers passed into their hands, and consequently judicial power was under the guidance of the chief of police, and so continued till the time of the imperial restoration, in 1868. Immediately after, however, the judicial authority was centred in the Emperor. Thus the Japanese fully recognized the legal maxim that the sovereign is the fountain of justice, and that all judgments should be pronounced in his name; and this recognition is clearly stated in Article 57 of the Constitution, which says that "the judicature shall be exercised by the courts of law, according to law, in the name of the Emperor."

The judicial organization of Japan is much the same as that of the Western nations, for the court is divided into the following classes, namely: first, the district court; second, the original court; third, the appellate court; and fourth, the court of cassation. The judges are appointed by the Emperor; but he can select only those who possess the proper qualifications according to the provisions of law. In order that a trial may be conducted with justice and impartiality, the judges are appointed for life, independent of dismissal either by the Emperor or by the Parliament, and they can be discharged from their office only by a sentence passed by the criminal court, or upon the disciplinary trial, whose rules and proceedings are to be decided by law.

Chapter VI. deals with finance. The Constitution attaches a great importance to financial affairs, for it has made many improvements on European sys-

tems which have been the result of the keen observation of the most practical financiers. For instance, the national budget is first presented, to the House of Representatives in a form similar to that of most constitutional countries in Europe; but the House of Peers has the same right to examine it and vote upon it as the Lower House; and by these means, while giving the Upper House more power than a mere adoption or rejection of the budget *in banc*, it restricts the absolute power of the House of Representatives over the annual budget. In this respect the Japanese Constitution more resembles that of the United States than that of Great Britain. A careful investigation of the English parliamentary control over the national budget has shown that there was a time when that Constitution allowed the same right to the House of Lords as the House of Commons; but in the course of years the latter gradually gained a full sway over the question of national finance. Yet since the peers pay as heavy taxes to the treasury as the commons, they should not be deprived of the right to vote on this question. This is one of those anomalies of the English Constitution which can be explained only by its peculiar history and tradition. Therefore it is unnecessary to follow the example of Great Britain in a new country like Japan, as she has her peculiar history and a different condition of national finance.

Another instance of divergence is that of the expenditure, which, according to the Constitution, is divided into two classes, the immovable and the movable. In regard to the immovable, Article 76 states that "those already fixed expenditures, based by the Constitution upon the powers appertaining to the Emperor, and such expenditures as may have arisen by the effect of law, or that appertain to the legal obligations of the government, shall be neither rejected nor reduced by the imperial Parliament

without the concurrence of the government." Under this head are included the civil list, ordinary expenses required by the organization of different branches of the administration and by that of the army and navy, the salaries of all civil and military officers, and outlays that may be required in consequence of treaties concluded with foreign countries; the expenses of the Houses of Parliament, annual and other miscellaneous allowances to the members, government pensions and annuities, the interest on the national debt, redemption of the same, and other outlays of a like nature. These expenditures are fixed by the Constitution, which, being the highest and the fundamental law of the country, cannot be changed by any process of ordinary legislation. Thus all those expenditures which are necessary for the existence and continuance of the national government are secured from reduction or rejection by either House. This provision may be compared with those regulations relating to the English Consolidated Fund; and a similar protective clause has been recently made in several German states, namely, Brunswick, Oldenburg, Hanover, and Saxe-Meiningen.

Count Ito, president of the Privy Council, states in his Commentary that "in regard to new expenditures or to the increase of existing ones, though based upon the sovereign power of the Emperor, the Parliament may have the power freely to deliberate upon them. Even those already fixed and based by the Constitution upon the sovereign power of the Emperor may, with the consent of the government, be rejected, or reduced in amount, or otherwise modified."

The movable expenditures, consisting of all those items exclusive of the immovable expenditures which are either casual or temporary in their nature, are annually brought before the Parliament for discussion and approval.

Our last chapter is devoted to the sup-

plementary rules, and has special reference to the amendment of the Constitution, which can be made only by the Emperor. Here the Japanese Constitution resembles that of Prussia, for in the Prussian Constitution Article 118 states that, "should changes in the present Constitution be rendered necessary by the German Federal Constitution drawn up on the basis of the draft of 26th May, 1849, such alteration will be decreed by the king; and the ordinances to this effect should be laid before the Chamber, at their first meeting."

There is another special point to be mentioned under this chapter. In carrying out the Constitution, the Japanese government has taken into consideration that all laws, regulations, and decrees, by whatever names they may have been previously proclaimed, shall stand as the law of the land and shall have legal force, irrespective of the period before or after the promulgation of the Constitution, without being brought before the

Parliament for approval; for if it were to be brought before that assembly for the purpose of being approved, it would produce nothing short of a revolution in both laws and politics. Therefore the Constitution, in regard to the former laws, regulations, and decrees, as it is to be understood, shall be prospective, and not retrospective.

Before we close this article it may not be out of place to state that it is the earnest desire of all Japanese subjects to fulfill the will of the Emperor in carrying the Constitution into effect; and to this end, the government as well as the people are making a great preparation for the opening of the Parliament next year. If we carry the Constitution into effect as smoothly as did the Americans during the last hundred years after the adoption of the Constitution, we shall show to the world that the Japanese, one of the Oriental races, can be governed by the same principles of constitutionalism.

K. Kaneko.

SAPPHO.

As a wan weaver in an attic dim,
 Hopeless yet patient, so he may be fed
 With scanty store of sorrow-seasoned bread,
 Heareth a blithe bird carol over him,

And sees no longer walls and rafters grim,
 But rural lanes where little feet are led
 Through springing flowers, fields with clover spread,
 Clouds, swan-like, that o'er depths of azure swim —

So when upon our earth-dulled ear new breaks
 Some fragment, Sappho, of thy skyey song,
 A noble wonder in our souls awakes;

The deathless Beautiful draws strangely nigh,
 And we look up, and marvel how so long
 We were content to drudge for sordid joys that die.

Florence Earle Coates.

THE BEGUM'S DAUGHTER.

XXX.

LANDING at the dock from the ketch which had brought him over from Breuckelen, Steenie for the first time be-thought him that cousin Lysbeth might wonder at his sudden disappearance; accordingly he flung the boatman an extra string of seawant, and bade him send back at the first opportunity a word of explanation to Vrouw Wickoff.

Watching the clumsy little boat until it reached midstream, he turned, with a deep sigh, and sauntered listlessly homeward. It was after sundown and he was late for supper, but he took no note of the hour. Time and place had become barren names to him; he wandered as the straggler from a caravan in mid-desert, aimless and hopeless among the drifting sands.

As, in this mood, he dragged with heavy-footed pace across the bridge, he suddenly felt himself clapped upon the shoulder and a hearty voice sounded in his ear.

"Where away now, Mynheer?"

Looking up, he recognized a young Englishman whom he dimly remembered to have met latterly at the governor's house, at church, and at divers routs and frolics among the foremost people in the town. The fact that he could not recall the man's name showed the extent of their acquaintance.

"Fie, now, Mynheer Van Cortlandt! you are surely never going to affect not to know me? We have met more than once. Egad, with so many friends in common, we have very good warrant to consider ourselves old acquaintance: the quicker to bring about such a result, what say you now to going home with me to pot-luck?"

Taken aback at this unexpected offer of hospitality, Steenie began to stammer

some pretext for declining, but the watchful stranger gave him no chance.

"See you there, now, what labor you have to find an excuse, the surest of all signs that you have none at all. One may see by your air, moreover, you have no errand on hand."

In his state of limp irresolution, the junker needed nothing so much at the moment as somebody to think and act for him. The stranger may have seen this, for, taking his arm with the license of an intimate, he marched him away, saying laughingly, —

"Come, Mynheer, you may invent as many excuses for declining as pleases you, on the way, so long as you end by accepting. Never fear, too, but I will make your peace at home; for know you I have grown into great favor with your worshipful father while you were away voyaging."

Expressing no surprise or curiosity, Steenie suffered himself to be led away like a docile child, without so much as demanding the name of the new friend who had taken so masterful a control of him.

As it turned out, they had not far to go, for the stranger lived not a stone's-throw away, in a fair brick house in Liberty Street. Entering, Steenie had a confused sense of unusual luxury in the furnishing, and his notice was especially drawn to the floor by the odd sensation of walking upon a carpet, the first he had ever in his life beheld. A rustling and pattering of small feet was heard presently in the hall, and in bounded a pretty child of ten years, who leaped into her father's arms, while a quiet, gentle-looking woman, dressed with much richness, stood smiling a welcome in the background.

The lady was introduced as Mrs. Kidd, whereupon Steenie directly recognized in

his friend one Captain William Kidd, who had lately been sent over by the government on some special service requiring boldness and skill. Thereupon he regarded his host with more attention and momentarily growing interest. His charm lay not so much in his handsome person, elegant dress, or engaging manners,—it is doubtful if, in his pre-occupation, Steenie noted these historical traits,—but in something back of these: a characteristic of temperament, shown in the abounding vitality, the high-hearted hope and reckless gayety, which caught and fixed the visitor's desponding gaze and drew him like a loadstone.

Feeling himself, as he afterwards described his state to the dominie, like a disused harp flung unstrung upon the wayside, he welcomed this strange minstrel, who, rescuing him from the rubbish, had attuned him to a new and stirring measure. The minstrel indeed seemed able to sound what chord he would, and the harp lapsed back into its tuneless state when his inspiring hand quitted the strings. This was apparent when, after convivial sessions with his new friend, the guest took his homeward way at the heels of a lantern-swinging slave, and straightway fell again a victim to his old enemy, lurking for him in midnight ambush.

Captain Kidd, however, showed no disposition of leaving his new friend a prey to megrims. He sought him out at his home, dragged him forth to the sunlight and bustle of every-day life, made him by degrees a familiar guest at the luxurious little fireside in Liberty Street, and led him, as historical gossips whisper, into an occasional carousal, which, whatever it may be accounted now, was held no very heinous offense at the time.

Let it not be thought from anything foregoing that Kidd was an idler. On the contrary, he was the busiest man in town; so busy, in fact, that his less busy neighbors grew very curious as to his

movements. What meant his frequent flying visits to distant points on the seaboard? What meant his constant communication with Hartford and the Massachusetts by couriers who came on blown and jaded horses, demanding entrance at the Landpoort at unheard-of hours of night? What meant the long and whispered confabs with rough and sinister-looking men seen hanging around the dock?

In the sanctity of confidence, the secret of all this was let slip to the wondering Steenie. It came at first in the shape of insinuations, innuendoes, and dark hints of changes in the air, of a thunder-bolt hanging over the unsuspecting province. With growing trust in the junker's discretion, many things were presently made clearer. There need be no fear now of betraying the captain's secret in the matter of a hoary old bit of history. "The lords of trade," he explained in an impressive whisper, "are at last aroused to action. The king himself has taken a hand in the matter. War, a bloody war of extermination, is to be waged against the pirates. The colonists are looked to for aid. That they may act more efficiently they are to be thrown together into one body politic; one governor is to be set over all,—a new man, a strong one, a man chosen for this end (not a whisper of all this, mind you, Van Cortlandt, or I am ruined!), a friend of my own, as it seems!" added the speaker, with a wink. "See, here are his initials, R. C., signed to a memorial to their lordships recommending that the command of the fleet and chief conduct of the enterprise be committed to—whom think you? Why, no other than one Captain William Kidd, as a person well fitted for the post, 'by his great skill as a mariner, his bold and adventurous disposition, his long experience, and, by no means last or least, his ardent and proven zeal in their Majesties' service.' What think you now, eh?

Will there not be a whirlwind rattling the loose bricks from these Dutchmen's chimneys, presently?"

A few days later, the incautious mariner handed over to Steenie a letter from his powerful friend in court, commending the management of some business committed to his hands. Of more interest to the junker than the contents was a glimpse which he caught of an earl's coronet on the seal and the name "Richard Coote" signed at the foot of the page.

Once having made a confidant of Steenie, thereafter the captain's talk was of nothing but of chases, of captures, of hair-breadth escapes, of bold adventures, of bloody combats, of honor, of glory, of endless booty, until the junker went home at night with his head swimming and his heart aflame.

Although no definite agreement had been made, it somehow came to be understood between the two that Steenie was to join the expedition under his new friend in whatsoever capacity was best suited to him.

Meantime, Madam Van Cortlandt had not been blind to the new intimacy formed by her son. There had been much of late in the junker's behavior to fix her attention, perhaps to modify her views. It is not impossible that riper reflection may have shaken her confidence in the lasting efficacy of sea-air as a nepenthe. Here was a surprising tonic found in mere human companionship, for the bracing influence on her son of the stranger's society was only too apparent.

Idle curiosity as to the secret of their sudden intimacy doubtless first moved madam to study the stranger, but Steenie's guarded answers as to the man's character and profession must have whetted the spirit of inquiry, for one day, having a good opportunity, — she chanced to be sitting on the stoop when he came to ask for Steenie, — she made bold to engage Kidd in conversation.

It was with the weather and divers such humdrum topics they began. The captain's intelligent talk and well-bred air plainly scored a point in his favor.

"My son seems to find much content in your company, captain," said the lady presently, coming to closer quarters.

"No more, I dare swear, than I do in his, madam."

"He is not used to take up so readily with new acquaintances," continued madam, studying the details of the stranger's fine person with observant eye, "nor carry the matter in so short time to such a pitch."

"Indeed!" said the imperturbable captain; "then must I esteem it a higher compliment that he has honored me out of the common."

Madam controlled a movement of uneasiness as one checks a sneeze, and cast a quick look at the speaker's face, as though she had detected a subtle edge of mockery in his last speech.

"I fear me he may obstruct your affairs by his frequent comings and long tarryings."

"Never a bit; I go about my business as if he were not there, and give him only such attention as my leisure warrants."

Madam's cough had a baffled expression, but she held none the less to her purpose.

"Your sojourn in New York is for some time yet?"

"It is in doubt."

"Surely it is not out of curiosity or pleasure-seeking you choose such an out-of-the-way corner of the world?"

"You divine excellently well."

The answer was accompanied by a low bow, and a smile lurked about the corners of the speaker's clean-cut mouth, at which a person less perfectly poised than the hearer might have been disturbed. It is due to the lady, however, to say that no sign of discomfiture troubled her composed face. With one definite point to make in the interview,

she suddenly by a vigorous, straightforward thrust achieved it.

"T is our wish," she said, with what now seems like a touch of intuition, "to get our son settled to some useful course of life fitted to his station and to the newness of affairs in this province. We are concerned," she continued, fixing a steady and quite significant look upon her caller, "that he should not be led astray by projects unsuited to one of his training and sober prospects."

"Such views are most natural, I am sure," returned the stranger, with demure unconcern, "and it is safe to predict that your son will do you honor in whatsoever course of life he may enter upon."

Further talk was put an end to by Steenie's appearance. From her bench on the stoop madam followed the two with an inscrutable look, as they went sauntering down the street.

But the gallant captain and his designs were not destined to serve much longer as mysteries. One fine morning, all his pretty secrets took wing and flew out of the window like a flock of birds. And a prodigious flutter they caused. The whole province was thrown into a ferment, from the red-faced governor down in the fort, digesting in indignation the official announcement of his removal, to the widow Leisler and her rejoicing friends in their retirement at Albany, — even to Tryntie, interrupted in her task of plucking geese at the bowerie by tidings that Rip had enlisted under the great Captain Kidd to go fight the pirates.

It was her husband who carried home the news to Madam Van Cortlandt. He was even more deliberate than usual in unfolding it, and it was only as an incidental and quite trivial detail that he mentioned the circumstance of a commission under the great seal being granted to Captain Kidd to make war upon the pirates. He did not remark madam's startled look at the announcement. He was much too absorbed with

the greater news of the change in the administration. Here, indeed, was food for thought; dark whispers had flown across the Atlantic about Lord Bellomont's views on the late revolution, and was it not common talk that Cobus Leisler and Abram Gouverneur were frequent and favored guests at his lordship's house in London?

"He is then held to be a man of weight and character?" asked madam abruptly, after a long silence.

"Yes, and rank and fortune to boot! What of that? Think of the mischief he will make here by" —

"Tut, tut! I speak not of Bellomont."

"Who then?"

"This Kidd."

"He? Surely. The king had a hand in his appointment. Divers other big lords support him besides Bellomont; he is held to be a man of honor, withal, and well fitted for the enterprise."

The worshipful ex-mayor, having dismissed the incident, returned to the main theme; he seemed not at all to note his wife's inattention, as he maundered on in gloomy forebodings as to the effect of this new change of the administration.

Madam, meantime, was busy with forebodings of her own, the result of which duly appeared.

Next morning, at breakfast, her attention was fixed upon Steenie; she cast frequent looks askance at his grave and preoccupied face in a way that made it clear he was the object of her thoughts. It presently came out that she had been making up her mind as to her course of action with regard to him. It was as straightforward and as lacking in finesse as usual.

"So the mystery is cleared up at last," she said suddenly, addressing him. Steenie looked up inquiringly.

"Your friend the captain's momentous business, which has been kept so close. He is set to catch the pirates, it seems."

The junker flushed rather at the tone than at the words.

"'Tis no great office, that of a thief-catcher," continued madam, in a tone of cold depreciation. "One would think a man of honor and spirit loath to undertake it."

"'Tis a work of great hardship and danger, which few would dare undertake, and which only a man of great courage and skill could hope to accomplish," answered Steenie, with warmth.

"Poh!" retorted madam, with over-emphasized contempt, "these wretches are like other vermin; one has but to turn upon them. The vulgar skipper of a fishing-ketch is hero enough for this business, give him but money and countenance."

Steenie made no answer; experience had not been wasted upon him. Silence, moreover, was a policy peculiarly trying to his mother; it was her own especial weapon, which she well knew how to use with varied and formidable effect.

Madam, however, having taken her part with advisement, pursued it with energy. She continued upon every occasion to belittle the captain and his undertaking, underrate the potential fruits of his success, magnify its perils, and deny that glory or profit could be a possible outcome of the enterprise.

Her son's continued and ominous silence at last warned the anxious mother that she might be making a mistake, whereupon she abruptly changed her tactics. Early one morning, she went over and laid the whole matter before Dominie Selyns, who had seen Steenie grow up, and had in a way some influence with him.

Long and intimate acquaintance with Madam Van Cortlandt may have led the shrewd old dominie to take her very positive statements with regard to Captain Kidd with a sly pinch of salt; but he knew too that she was afflicted with neither sentiment nor imagination, that she was shrewd and observing, and when she said that Steenie was in a desperate state of mind on account of some fresh

quarrel with "that worthless hussy who for years had made such a fool of him," he recognized the extreme probability of the rest of the story, — that the disappointed swain was preparing to run away to sea with Captain Kidd, and that they were keeping secret the hour of their departure in order to prevent any interference on the part of family or friends.

The dominie comforted his visitor by promising to take the matter in hand at once. And so he did. Fortunately, he met Steenie on the street in the captain's company, and made that fact the excuse for a long talk with the junker, in which, having in vain sought to make him confess his engagement with the bold sailor, he plumply taxed him with it.

Steenie was too truthful to deny the charge, but he obstinately kept silent during the dominie's long homily, and parted from the good man without having bound himself by any promise.

The dominie, however, was too deeply interested to desist from his purpose. Moreover, chance acquainted him with the very fact he most wanted to know. The night following his talk with Steenie, the door of his study was rudely burst open, and a bareheaded little figure, in great excitement, appeared upon the threshold.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, moord! Go ye to him, dominie! Go! go ye! he'll not heed me — ugh! ugh! he had the door shut in my face! Go, dominie, dear man! Go and stop him!"

"What, is it you, Tryntie, making such an outcry? Shame, shame! Hush! Sit you down and take your breath! So — there! Now what is it ails you?"

"He — ugh! ugh! he will take my Rip off to fight the pirates!"

"Who will do this?"

"Yonder man they — call captain."

"When did he this?"

"They found him at — at Annetje Litschoe's pot-house — ugh! ugh! He was filled with the brandewyn and knew

no better — ugh! — and so bound himself to go.”

“Poh! dry your eyes, good woman; when he gets his senses, he may say ’t was all a mistake.”

“That will he not; he must needs go, he says, being bound; he will hear no reason.”

“Where is he now?”

“I locked him in the barn; but he breaks down the door, lets all the cattle to run wild, and follows me till he turns off to Vrouw Litschoe’s, where he is safe enough till they want him, never fear! Oh, dominie, go ye to yonder man and bid him leave my Rip behind. ’Tis but a drunken sot, as ye know, and no good to fight pirates. Go, good dominie, tell him this! ’Tis the last chance, for they’re away this very night at the turn of the tide!”

“What say you, woman, — to-night?” exclaimed the dominie, starting to his feet.

“This very night, I say!”

Without a word the good man opened a clothes-press behind him, and began fumbling among the pegs for his hat and cloak.

“Ye will go?”

“Yes.”

“The blessed Lord above go with ye!”

Calling a slave to bring a lantern, the dominie turned upon the threshold for a last word.

“Get you down to Vrouw Litschoe’s and hold fast to your man, and I will do what I can with yonder captain.”

As good as his word, the dominie lost no time in making his way to the little house in Liberty Street.

Having been shown in, he found the household in a state of confusion which tended to confirm Tryntie’s statement.

Kidd, although very busy, received with politeness his visitor, who, on his side, lost not a moment in coming to the point and making a most earnest plea on behalf of both his petitioners.

The captain listened with attention, but seemed not much impressed with the urgency of either case.

“How then is his Majesty’s work to be done, if everybody is excused upon so slight a pretext?”

“The ties of family, at least, should be respected.”

“What think you becomes of the expedition if I give ear to this plea? There is my own dear wife above, crying her eyes out this moment, and my innocent babe asleep in her crib, never dreaming her father is going to run away in the night.”

The dominie, although somewhat staggered by this personal argument, renewed his appeal, however, and with such eloquence and persistence that Kidd at last very reluctantly gave his promise to leave both men behind.

“’Tis easy enough in the case of Rip, but you will find young Van Cortlandt hard to manage,” said the dominie warningly, as he rose to go.

The captain smiled, and said only, —

“You have my promise.”

“It is enough.”

Coming out together into the hall, the two found poor Mrs. Kidd sobbing at the foot of the stairs.

“Look you here, dominie,” said the husband, putting his arm tenderly about the little woman, “turn-about, as you know, is fair play: if aught of ill befalls me on this business, here is one will stand in need of a friend and a comforter.”

“And that she shall find in me so long as I live,” answered the dominie heartily. “And so good-by to you. Remember to temper justice with mercy in dealing with those rogues, and may God further and bless you in every good undertaking!”

The grateful fervor with which this qualified blessing was received came back to the dominie with startling vividness in the light of after-events.

As the person in greatest distress at

the moment, the dominie, on leaving Kidd's door, bethought him first of Tryntie. Accordingly, he went straight to Vrouw Litschoe's, where he found husband and wife seated at a little table in the tap-room. Rip, greatly flattered by his wife's extreme and unexpected agitation at the prospect of losing him, was holding forth grandiloquently between his cups, while the little huysvrouw's reddened eyes were fixed so steadfastly upon her spouse that she failed to see her pastor.

"Zoo! zoo! Never ye cry, my treasure! I may come back, after all — though — hic — they say 't is an awful, aw-hic-ful business, going to fight pirates — they — they're bloody-minded wretches, that sort! One falling into their clutches may r-roast — hic — alive, or boil in oil, or — or — hic — be cut into bait for fishes. Zoo! zoo! Never cry, I say! Annetje, good vrouw, see ye not my mug is empty? I may come back to ye without arms — who knows? — or w-walking on one leg" —

"Never! I should die to see ye like that!" sobbed the little woman. "Oh, Rip — Rip, I say, ye will not have the heart to go and leave me!"

"His Maj-majesty sends for me — he will none but me — there is — hic — need of my arm to put down these villains!"

"No — no — no, man, I'll not hear of it. Ye must not go. Would ye leave me to live alone? Stay by me, Rip — stay, my man! I cannot part with ye; 't will break my" —

The impassioned appeal was cut short by a sight of the dominie standing at her elbow. Starting up, she cried with frantic eagerness, —

"Wel zoo?"

"Your wish is granted."

"The captain — he will leave him to me — he will not take my Rip?"

Before he could frame a word in reply, the delighted woman had read

the answer in his eyes, and, seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses, pouring forth upon him the while an eloquent but incoherent medley of thanks and blessings. In the midst of it all, as it chanced, up came Vrouw Litschoe with a smoking glass of grog. To the amazement of the good dominie, Tryntie snatched it from the hands of the stout landlady and flung it violently to the floor, crying, —

"Get ye gone with your stuff! Get ye gone, or I'll give ye a taste of my nails! Hold! do ye hear?" she continued, turning sharply upon her husband.

"Ei!" grunted Rip, stupefied at the sudden change in tone and manner.

"Do ye hear, I say? Ye'll get no more to drink to-night, and ye'll go home with me!"

"Zoo?"

"Come!"

"Ei?"

"Heard ye not what the dominie says? Ye are left behind. They'll not take ye to fight pirates."

"Umph!"

"Get ye home, I say! Will ye wait to be haled forth?"

"M-my treasure" —

"If ye go not upon the minute, so true as I live, I tear the roof down upon your head."

Overawed and bewildered, the new recruit suffered himself to be half led, half propelled, from the house by his energetic helpmeet, who, having once more fervently thanked the dominie for his kindness, started homeward with her lumbering spouse in tow.

Later, the same evening, Steenie, awaiting at home a private message which was to warn him of the sailing of the ship, received in its stead the following note: —

MY DEAR VAN CORTLANDT, — Never pass judgment on a man's action till you know whereof you judge; nor ever be

quite sure of anything in this world save what comes through your five senses. All of which is but preface to saying that I have gone away and left you in the lurch; and though you may never know the reason why I do this, be sure I am not such a fool as to do it without one.

So now vent all your spleen upon me! Rave! Curse! Exhaust billingsgate! Consign me and the expedition to the devil, if you will! But, when all is over, and your blood is cooled, call up some tender thought of me, and consider that this scurvy trick I am playing you — and much against my will, I swear — may prove the one act in our short and sweet acquaintance which will some day earn for me your eternal gratitude.

Your obedient servant and loving friend,

WILLIAM KIDD.

XXXI.

From the sweeping confiscation of her husband's estate Vrouw Leisler succeeded in saving certain valuable chattels, — a part of her own dowry, — and upon the modest income thence derived she was still able to live in comparative comfort.

While on a visit to Albany with her youngest daughter, she was offered by some well-to-do kinsfolk there the use of a small house, rent free, and gratefully caught at the chance of calling together again her scattered family. Accordingly, Mary, now a widow and destitute, was straightway summoned from New York, and Hester from her prolonged visit at New Utrecht.

The two sisters set forth to make the long journey together in a ketch loaded with household stuff for their new home. What with their heavy cargo and contrary winds, however, they made such slow progress that, upon arriving at Esopus, they were fain to quit the vessel and make the last fifty miles on horseback.

Having as their only attendant an old family chattel named Congo, — a part of the above-named dowry, — they accepted with gratitude an offer of escort from an honest citizen of Esopus, going up to Albany to trade with the Indians.

To Mary, whose experience in traveling had thus far been limited to occasional trips to Seawanacky, the journey was full of interest. Much of the way lay through the virgin forest, where the primal charm of spring-time still lurked in the air and ambushed in woody recesses, and everything seemed bursting into riotous life. Knowing well her sister's delight in all this, Vrouw Milborne noted with much perplexity that Hester soon lapsed from her first mood of enthusiasm into long silences and fits of abstraction, in which she was constantly falling behind to escape the talk of her companions. On encamping for the night, moreover, when Mary, awakened in the small hours by some forest sound, started from her bed of fragrant hemlock boughs, she discovered Hester sitting with her back against a big pine, staring absently at the camp-fire. The care-taking instinct aroused in the young matron, she studied Hester more carefully next day; but having once satisfied herself that her sister's health was not in danger, she paid no heed to so sentimental a matter as the state of her spirits.

At the end of the second day, the party arrived at Albany. The sisters gazed with natural curiosity at this notable little town, of which all their lives they had heard so much, recalling with new interest the tales told by their grandfather, of Rensselaerwyck and the Indian wars. It was Rensselaerwyck no more, although the patroon still held feudal sway over the town and miles of fertile country round about.

Their first feeling was one of disappointment in its size, as, upon issuing from the woods, it rose unexpectedly before them. Truly, it was a very bit of

a town. Bound around so trim and snug with its high stockade, it looked at a distance not unlike a clumsy top with its point in the air. Upon a high hill to the westward stood the fort, inclosing the first rude Stadthuys, and commanding a view of the whole surrounding region, while adown the gentle declivity the town itself, consisting of two or three hundred buildings, more or less, sloped to the river's edge.

The suppaen-bell was just ringing as the tired travelers passed through the southern gate nearest the river. Within, the town looked even smaller than without, and more droll, yet had, withal, an attractive air of homeliness. Most of the small story-and-a-half houses, with their scalloped gables, like a modern beauty's crimps, turned towards the highway, fronted upon blooming gardens and grateful patches of green, in which already the tulips were beginning to flaunt their gaudy pennons. There seemed to be but three streets of any size, and at the crossing of the two larger of these, Jonkers and Handelaer, plump, as it were, in the midst of the highway, stood Dominie Dellius's church, a square stone structure, with its peaked roof ending in a bell-tower.

Here taking leave of their companion with many thanks, the sisters inquired the way, and soon found out the little nook where Vrouw Leisler and her youngest daughter were already busy setting up their household gods. They were received with open arms; the good vrouw, indeed, moved by divers natural recollections, fairly wept at seeing her long-scattered family gathered once more about the little supper-table.

Within a day or two the ketch arrived with the furniture, and thereupon nothing was thought of but getting the house to rights. In a Dutch household this involved an endless deal of scouring, scrubbing, and polishing, in which, with the others, Hester lent an active hand. Her attention thus constantly

taken up by petty cares, she had no time for wandering thoughts, the rather that at night so much good honest toil demanded its wage of sound sleep.

The bustle was soon over; things were arranged to give, so far as might be, a suggestion of the old home in the Strand, and the little household was ordered upon a scale suitable to its modest resources. The routine once established, the work was an easy matter; it was shared, as a matter of course, between Mary and her mother,—both born housewives,—aided by old Congo, a most accomplished factotum.

Thus, for the early part of the day, Hester was left to her own resources. They proved to be meagre. She passed the time wandering, chance-led, about the town, roaming for miles along the river-side, or pacing her own chamber under the ridge-pole. Her face was tense with calculation, like that of one busied with a momentous problem.

At the long afternoon sessions of sewing, spinning, or mat-weaving, however, she made one of the home circle, where the widowed mother and daughter, in strophe and antistrophe, reviewing every smallest detail of their common tragedy, exalted the virtues of their lost spouses to a pitch which might well have caused the rank and file of the saints' calendar to look to their halos.

This talk, in which she rarely joined save to correct some date or matter of detail, had nevertheless a marked effect upon Hester. She listened with unwearyed attention, and always with an air of conviction. At times her face cleared, as if something said had afforded her a present solace, and once or twice she started up and paced the floor with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

The coming to town of so notable a person as Leisler's widow made a stir. The deep aversion in which her husband had been held by the majority of the townsfolk told strongly against his

family, who were received for the most part with cold civility. Dominie Dellius, despite some wrangling with the commander during his life, failed not in the Christian duty of waiting upon his family, which he did in due time, tendering them the hospitality of his church. Vrouw Leisler accepted the courtesy with gratitude, and on the following Lord's Day took Hester with her to the morning service.

The interior of the building reminded them of their own church at home, with its octagon pulpit fetched over from Holland, its stoves perched upon stilts, its narrow, straight-backed pews, and its bell-rope dangling in the middle aisle. Two features combined to give it an air of cheerfulness, wanting to the rather gloomy sanctuary of Dominie Selyns: the bright blue paint which tinted the ceiling and gallery, and the memorial window of the Van Rensselaers, which illuminated the northeast corner.

Seated in a wall-pew, their strange faces were an object of easy scrutiny to most of the congregation. Schooled, however, by severe experience to composure under public notice, they took refuge in rapt attention to the service.

But human nerves and muscles are rebellious; it must be a strict guard they will not run; and so it chanced that Hester, opening her eyes, calm, with devout attention, at the end of the long prayer, turned them unconsciously upon a striking personage sitting near at hand across the aisle. She started, and barely stifled an outcry. Despite every effort at self-control, her agitation showed clearly in her face. Her first look of startled astonishment quickly gave place to one of painful and guilty confusion under the cold, searching glance her incautious movement had brought upon her.

Nothing was more natural than that Madam Van Cortlandt, born Gertryd Schuyler, should be visiting her old home. To Hester, knowing nothing of the

cause, and profoundly occupied with a certain problem not yet definitely settled, the lady's sudden apparition seemed of special and threatening significance.

The long service passed in a series of sounds and movements signifying nothing. Not until, freed from the homeward-thronging congregation, Hester found herself answering at random her mother's strictures upon the sermon, did she quite recover her composure.

This little incident, thrown in but as a straw to show the current, had a result out of all proportion to its seeming importance. It is curiously significant of Hester's mental state that this simple appearance of Steenie's mother should have had the effect of quite unsettling her; of violently turning her aside from the comfortable conviction towards which she had been fast gravitating, and setting her again at work upon the old problem.

As, however, driven by a restless feeling, she went roaming again to get space to think in, as she listened daily to her mother's and Mary's reminiscences, insensibly the old influences did their work, and slowly, gradually, brought back her routed peace.

Meantime, the dead monotony of life in the frontier town, which had long since showed its effect upon her younger sister's spirits, began to tell upon her own. Cut off from Catalina's affectionate companionship, far from the bustling metropolis, out of reach of friends with whom, all her life, she had been in daily communication, ostracized by the community in which they lived, social life seemed reduced well-nigh to its lowest terms.

The one great distraction was reading Cobus's letters. The days on which they came were marked by a feverish excitement. Filled as they were with the bustle and stir of London life, with glimpses of court splendor, with accounts of the plots, machinations, or open hostility of their enemies, and with evi-

dences of the slow but certain progress of their great cause, what wonder that they were read with breathless interest, that they were re-read and read again, and discussed point by point for weeks afterwards in family conclave!

But for these, one day was as like as possible to another. It was almost a relief, one morning, when old Congo came in and asked for leave to go to the Pingster feast. Hester and Francina exhausted their ingenuity in tricking the old man out, and he went off with a fine strut, fluttering his ribbons, and charging them not to fail to join the crowd of lookers-on at Pingster Hill.

In Congo's absence, Hester went, that afternoon, to answer a knock at the door. "You!"

She stepped back into the shadow of the doorway to hide the blush caused by her own joyous outcry, while Barent's beaming gratification at this unexpected welcome was somewhat dampened by the look of chill demureness with which, the next moment, she bade him come in.

By the rest of the family he was received in the heartiest way. Aside from the fact that he was Cobus's friend and a special favorite of her late husband, he was endeared to Vrouw Leisler by many kindly offices during the dark days of her affliction. He was doubly welcome now as the bearer of funds collected by Dr. Staats on her account, of household goodies from her daughter Walters, and, more than all, of cheering news regarding their prospects abroad.

More than once, in the telling of all this, the visitor cast a furtive eye at Hester, sitting with grave face over her work; but he was wise enough to show no consciousness of her growing interest in the rapid cross-fire of question and answer, until at last, quite forgetting herself, she was led on to take an active part in it.

He went home to his own family for the night, and they parted quite in the old way, without consciousness on her

part. Next morning, when he appeared, she was about setting forth with Francina to visit the Pingster feast. He joined them as a matter of course, explaining, as they went along, his own great delight in the festival when a child, and his intimate knowledge of the vicinity and its ceremonies.

It was the second and most important day of the festival, which usually lasted a week. All along the way the air was filled with the holiday clamor of groups of children, both white and black, under the care of some gray-haired old aunty or buxom young wench, all alike bedizened with cheap jewelry and gay streamers, and decked out with branches of lilac and cherry blossoms.

Arrived at the hill, now long since swept away by the leveling spirit of a later day, they found the grounds laid out in the form of an oblong square, surrounded on three sides by rude booths and tents, and open only at the eastern end for entrance and exit. Here, given over to the frolic spirit of the hour, swarmed the whole slave population of the town, together with a plentiful sprinkling of Indians, feathered and blanketed, otherwise easily to be distinguished by their stolid gravity amid the effervescent jollity of the negroes, like notes of discord in music artfully put in to accentuate the harmony.

Pausing before the entrance to the grounds, Barent, with a sly twinkle in his eye, said they must by no means go in until they had exhausted the outlying features of the spectacle. Whereupon he led them around to the rear of the booths, where were several side-shows in active operation. Before one tent, a negro, beating a drum loudly, advertised the tricks of a conjurer; in the next a dancing-bear was performing to a tune ground out by a monkey on a hurdy-gurdy; while in a third a two-headed pig was exhibited as the greatest living attraction of the age.

Their cicerone's evident delight in

these wonders showed that he had by no means outgrown his boyish tastes. Indeed, the girls might have had hard work to drag him away but for a sudden shout which arose from the grounds, proclaiming something of interest in that direction.

"Haste! haste!" he exclaimed eagerly. "T is the king, — the Pingster king!"

By dint of running they arrived at the entrance just in time to witness the approach of his majesty. No Roman conqueror in triumphal car ever bore himself with loftier port. Few, indeed, among mere conquerors and potentates have been so blessed by kindly nature, or furnished forth in greater pomp of awe-striking haberdashery, withal, than was the Pingster king.

A gold-laced cocked hat was perched upon his snow-white head; his tall, spare figure was draped in a scarlet coat, which hung to his very heels, while his buckskin breeches, blue stockings, and silver-buckled shoes flashed in and out as his wide-flapping coat-skirts yielded to his stately tread.

Loud cries rent the air; his loyal subjects, indeed, nearly shouted themselves hoarse in salvos of welcome, as the king strode on and took his place at the upper end of the square.

Motioning to his aids, he gave orders for the revels to begin. Amidst a hush of expectation a solitary musician came forward and stationed himself near the royal seat. He was furnished with a grotesque instrument called an eel-pot, which looked like a big hollow wooden cask covered by a tightly drawn sheepskin. Although not at all an impressive-looking instrument, the eel-pot, in the hands of its skilled performer, speedily showed orchestral resources quite adequate to the occasion.

At a sign from the king, the musician, an agile young negro, leaped astride his instrument, and, beating with his naked hands upon the sounding sheepskin, sang in cadences, now dolefully prolonged like

the wind sighing in the tree-tops, now tense, sharp, and ringing like a dithyrambic chorus, the uncouth refrain, — "Hi-a bomba bomba."

Old eyes glistened and dusky bosoms swelled again with remembrances of the wild rhythm of youthful dances on Guinean plain or Loango shore. A drumming of feet, a waving of hands, a nodding of the head, and a swaying of the whole body were the early symptoms of a purely physical intoxication, a nerve delirium, which this strange music speedily produced in these susceptible tropical organizations.

Suddenly, the king, seizing a buxom wench in his arms, set off in a swift course about the open space which had been cleared for dancing. Directly a score of waiting couples followed suit. With long, dizzying whirl they went, with high skip and jump, with picked and fantastic steps, each and every movement seeming to adapt itself without difficulty to the resounding "Hi-a-bomba bomba." Round and round, up and down, back and forth, to and fro, in swift and swifter course the dancers flew, filled by the pursuing "Hi-a bomba bomba" with a supernal vigor, with a wild abandon rising by degrees to true bacchanalian frenzy, and culminating in utter physical exhaustion.

The spectacle was not new to any of them; and Hester, after a little, growing weary, turned to go, but Francina, glad of any diversion in their humdrum life, wanted to stay. Accordingly, she was left in charge of Congo, while Hester and Barent sauntered away towards home.

Passing the fort, they loitered along Jonkers Street to the corner of Pearl. There, looking down the quiet little byway, they caught a glimpse of the smiling outer world through the open city gate at the end of the street.

The junker stopped, and with a wistful look at Hester expressed a wish to visit some of his old boyish haunts in

the woods and fields. To his unbounded surprise she quietly assented.

He studied her askance as they walked along, and any undue elation he may have felt presently abated. With the new tone of kindness and easy-going companionship she had adopted there appeared again the old trait of unconsciousness, the habit of talking to him as if thinking aloud. His look of humble appreciation even for this cavalier treatment had a touch of pathos, and despite her wandering attention he went on patiently recounting his homely tales of boyish pranks and gambols connected with well-known spots, as they passed them by.

After a long walk they came to the river, and upon a high bank overlooking the windings of the noble stream sat down to take breath. Here the fancy seized Hester to ask about her friends in New York and talk about their old life there, whereupon by and by it came out that Barent had no thought of going back.

With a languid word of surprise very significant of her interest in the matter, she asked the reason.

"Things are no longer as they were, yonder," he answered simply; "there is little chance there nowadays for one like me."

"How like you?"

"With no fortune or hope of inheritance."

"Industry may supply the lack."

"And no gifts of nature."

"Men make shift oftentimes to get on without them," she answered, letting the self-accusation pass unchallenged in a way so pointed that nothing but the junker's triple-plated armor of modesty saved him from mortification.

"One must have strong friends there, and I have none."

"How then made you such good advance as it seemed at first?"

"Because of your father."

She started at the unexpected answer.

"T was he pushed me on. He was ever a good friend to me."

Oddly enough, her face grew troubled while listening to this generous tribute.

"But if he had lived he would have found me out. He held me at more than I am worth. Ah," sighing, "far more he did, and treated me as he might a son."

A flush crept over the listener's face, and the gathering cloud deepened and settled there. After some minutes of silence she stole a look at her companion; he was absorbed in his reminiscences. Whatever emotions had been awakened by his words, it was plain he had spoken them in all simplicity.

For a long time they sat thus, he talking on in his quiet fashion, and she studying, as it seemed, with a new interest every detail of his ugly face and graceless figure.

"But what better hope have you of doing something in this out-of-the-world corner?" she asked, breaking the silence at last with a blunt question.

"I can go on here with my father's handicraft; I am well skilled in it now. He is old and much broken, and has need of help."

"So!"

"I can be of comfort, too, to my mother and the young ones whiles they are in need of guidance; 't is all I am like to be good for."

The calm patience of the speaker's tone and his air of unconscious resignation seemed in some way to touch his hearer. She looked afflicted, and, rising, she demanded to be conducted home.

If heretofore Barent had been puzzled in his relations with Hester, he was thrown into perfect bewilderment by her later demeanor. For many days after their walk, she treated him with an attention and consideration approaching tenderness. The astonished junker rubbed his eyes. His own attitude had been steadfastly maintained, — a simple kindness, a familiarity without presump-

tion. Evidently he had accepted as final that answer spoken long ago in the graveyard, and no word or look had since escaped him showing any hope of its amendment; but now as day by day he was accorded a more cordial welcome, was greeted with a smile instead of the old grave or indifferent salutation, as he was even at times chided for absence or tardiness when he failed to appear daily and regularly, long-choked-up sources of emotions showed signs of freshening life. There were evidences of a deep stir within him. His aspect of patient resignation gave place to a wistful look, — a look of hoping and fearing, a look of trembling anticipation.

In this mood, no word or movement of Hester's but seemed to him of significance; after every interview he puzzled in his plodding way over her speeches and her silences, not always with success. He was destined to further mystification before enlightenment.

One day, at his request, she went for a sail on the river, Francina accompanying them. Whether exhilarated by the unwonted exercise, by the cool bracing air, or the beauty of the scene, Hester showed herself unusually light-hearted.

Barent, seated at the helm, watched her with undisguised delight. In the flood-tide of her hilarity she went the length of rallying him.

"It is clear to me now why you would forsake New York and come to make your home here in the wilderness."

"How is that?"

"See him, Francina! See the rogue! How innocent he is, is not he? Well, well!"

"Out with it, — come!"

"Would one now ever suspect him? Ah, how oft and often have I stood in need of such assurance! Mark it, Francina! You may never see the like again!"

"Come, now, I say," pleaded the helmsman, with a foolish look, "I cry for mercy. I feel like a very villain, and

am pricking all over with a sense of guiltiness, set upon with such sharp looks. What is it you have found out? What are you at?"

"'T is no wonder, sure, you feel guilty."

"I reddened only that I am treated like a rogue; as I live, I can think of nothing done to be ashamed of."

"I said not you should be ashamed."

"So!"

"Oh, no, that will you not, I'll be bound, for all you have been so sly."

"I follow you only as one gropes in the dark."

"There is light enough for others to see, never fear."

"Will you out with it or no?"

"Francina, what think *you* would make a man come away from New York to live in the wilderness?"

"I cannot think of anything," returned Francina simply, and with only a half-interest in the talk, "unless it be a sweetheart."

"There, there! it was not I that said it; 't is noted of all the world, you see!"

The junker blushed crimson, but the beaming, flattered look he cast upon Hester showed how much more the fact of the accusation than the substance of it had to do with his confusion.

In this merry mood the party brought up to the dock at the foot of Handelslaer Street, and, filing through the gate, found the town in a tumult.

The bell in the little church was ringing with might and main, guns were thundering from the fort, while Jonkers Street was thronged with citizens hurrying to the Stadthuys.

Inquiring the meaning of the commotion, they learned that an express had just arrived with great news from New York.

Following in the wake of the crowd, they climbed the hill, and soon found themselves wedged in among a mass of excited people who filled the narrow space within the fort. The secret was

soon out : Lord Bellomont, the new governor, had arrived some weeks before in New York, and his long-delayed commission was being read from the Stadthuys steps.

However much the general public may have been startled at this news, the Leislars and their friends, long before forewarned, had awaited it with ill-disguised impatience.

Naturally, Barent, who knew well how much this event imported to the family, broke forth into congratulations, under his breath, to the sisters as soon as they got clear of the crowd.

" 'Tis great news, — great news. 'Tis the beginning of the end. At last we

shall have justice. At last there is good hope you will get your rights again."

In the midst of his speech they arrived at the corner of the little side-street which led to his father's house.

"I pray you," said Hester, breaking in abruptly upon his eloquence, "do not give yourself the trouble of going with us any further. We are greatly obliged for the favor of the sail, and shall hope to find some means of giving you a like pleasure."

Her face was pale, her tone almost hard, her manner constrained to the last degree. The old bovine look crept into the junker's face as he listened, and he looked as if benumbed by a sudden blow.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

TAORMINA.

GARDENS of olive, gardens of almond, gardens of lemon, down to the shore,
Terrace on terrace, lost in the hollow ravines where the stony torrents pour ;
Spurs of the mountain-side thrusting above them rocky capes in the quiet air,
Silvery-green with thorned vegetation, sprawling lobes of the prickly pear ;
High up, the eagle-nest, small Mola's ruin, clinging and hanging over the fall ;
Nobly the lofty, castle-cragged hilltop, famed Taormina, looketh o'er all.
Southward the purple Mediterranean rounds the far-shimmering, long-fingered
capes ;

Twenty sea-leagues has the light traveled ere out of azure yon headland it
shapes ;

Purple the distance, deep indigo under, save by the beach the emerald floor,
Save just below where, ever emerging, lakes of mother-of-pearl drift o'er ;
Deep purple northward, over the Straits, as far as the long Calabrian blue, —
Front more majestic of sea-mountains nowhere is there uplifted the whole
earth through.

Seaward, so vast the prospect envelops one half the broad world, wave and sky ;
Landward, the ribbon of hill-slanted orchards blossoming down from the moun-
tains high ;

Beautiful, mighty ; — yet ever I leave it, lose and forget it in yon awful clime,
Ætna, out of the sea-floor raising slowly its long-skied ridge sublime ;
Heavily snow-capped, girdled with forests, Ætna, the bosom of frost and fire ;
Roughened by lava-floods, bossed and sculptured, massive, immense, alone, en-
tire ;

Clear are the hundred white-coped craters sunk in the wrinkled winter there ;
Smoke from the summit cloud-like trailing lessens and swells and drags on the
air ;

Ætna, the snow, the fire, the forest, lightning and flood and ashy gale;
 Terrible out of thy caverns flowing, the burning heaven, the dark hot hail!
 Ætna, the garden-sweet mother of vineyard, corn-tilth, and fruits that hang from
 the sky;
 Bee-pastured Ætna; it charms me, it holds me, it fills me, than life is it more
 nigh;
 Till into darkness withdrawn, dense darkness; and far below from the deep-set
 shore
 Glimmers the long white surf, and arises the ancient far-resounding roar.
G. E. Woodberry.

THE TRAGIC MUSE.

XLII.

NICK DORMER had, for the hour, quite taken up his abode at his studio, where Biddy usually arrived after breakfast to give him news of the state of affairs in Calcutta Gardens and where many letters and telegrams were now addressed to him. Among such mis-sives, on the morning of the Saturday on which Peter Sherringham had promised to dine at the other house, was a note from Miriam Rooth, informing Nick that if he should not telegraph to put her off she would turn up about half past eleven, probably with her mother, for just one more sitting. She added that it was a nervous day for her and that she couldn't keep still, so that it would really be very kind to let her come to him as a refuge. She wished to stay away from the theatre, where everything was now settled (or so much the worse for the others if it was n't), till the evening, but if she were left to herself should be sure to go there. It would keep her quiet and soothe her to sit—he could keep her quiet (he was such a blessing that way!) at any time. Therefore she would give him two or three hours—or rather she would ask him for them—if he did n't positively turn her from the door.

It had not been definite to Nick that

he wanted another sitting at all for the slight work, as he held it to be, that Miriam had already helped him to achieve. He regarded this work essentially as a sketch; he had made what he could of it and would have been at a loss to see how he could make more. If it was not finished, it was because it was not finishable; at any rate he had said all he had to say in that particular phrase. Nick Dormer, as it happened, was not just now in the highest spirits; his imagination had, within two or three days, become conscious of a check which he tried to explain by the idea of a natural reaction. Any important change, any new selection, in one's life was exciting, and exaggerate that importance, and one's own, as little as one would, there was an inevitable strong emotion in renouncing, in the face of considerable opposition, one sort of responsibility for another sort. That made life not perhaps necessarily joyous, but decidedly thrilling, for the hour; and it was all very well till the thrill abated. When this occurred, as it inevitably would, the romance and the poetry of the thing would be exchanged for the flatness and the prose. It was to these latter elements that Nick Dormer had waked up pretty wide on this particular morning; and the prospect was not appreciably more reassuring from the fact that he

had warned himself of it in advance. He had known it would come, and here it was, and he would inevitably have plenty of leisure and opportunity to consider it. A reaction was a reaction, but it was not after all a catastrophe. A part of its privilege would be to make him ask himself if he had not committed a great mistake; that privilege would doubtless even remain within the limits of its nature in leading him to reply to this question in the affirmative. But he would live to withdraw that reply — this was the first thing to bear in mind.

He was occupied, even while he dressed, in the effort to get ahead, mentally, with some such retraction, when, by the first post, Miriam's note arrived. At first it did little to help him in his effort, for it made him contrast her eagerness with his own want of alacrity, and ask himself what the deuce he should do with her. Ambition, with her, was always on the charge, and she was not a person to conceive that others might, in bad moments, listen for the trumpet in vain. It would never have occurred to her that, only the day before, he had spent a portion of the afternoon quite at the bottom of the hill. He had in fact turned into the National Gallery and had wandered about there for more than one hour, and it was just while he did so that the immitigable recoil had begun perversely to set in. And the perversity was all the greater from the circumstance that if the experience was depressing, it was not because he had been discouraged beyond measure by the sight of the grand things that had been done — things so much grander than any that would ever bear his signature. That variation he was duly acquainted with and should taste in abundance again. What had happened to him, as he passed on this occasion from Titian to Rubens and from Gainsborough to Rembrandt, was that he found himself calling the whole art literally into question. What

was it, after all, at the best, and why had people given it so high a place? Its weakness, its narrowness, appeared to him; he looked at several world-famous performances with a lustreless eye, tacitly blaspheming. That is, he blasphemed if it were blasphemy to say to himself that, with all respect, they were a poor business, only well enough in their small way. The force that produced them was not one of the greatest forces in human affairs; their place was inferior and their connection with the life of man casual and slight. They represented so inadequately the idea, and it was the idea that won the race — that, in the long run, came in first. He had incontestably been in much closer relation to the idea a few months before than he was to-day: it made up a great deal for the bad side of politics that they were, after all, a clever system for applying and propagating the idea. The love of it had really been, at certain hours, at the bottom of his disposition to follow them up; though this had not been what he used to talk of most with his political comrades or even with Julia. Certainly, political as Julia was, he had not conferred with her much about the idea. However, this might have been his own fault quite as much as hers, and she probably took such an enthusiasm for granted — she took such a tremendous lot of things for granted. On the other hand he had put this enthusiasm forward frequently in his many discussions with Gabriel Nash, with the effect, it is true, of making that worthy scoff transcendently at what he was pleased to term his hypocrisy. Gabriel maintained precisely that there were more ideas, more of those that man lived by, in a single room of the National Gallery than in all the statutes of Parliament. Nick had replied to this, more than once, that the determination of what man did live by was required; to which Nash had retorted (and it was very rarely that he quoted Scripture)

that it was at any rate not by bread and butter alone. The statutes of Parliament gave him bread and butter *tout au plus*.

Nick Dormer, at present, had no pretension of trying this question over again: he reminded himself that his ambiguity was subjective, as the philosophers said; the result of a mood which in due course would be at the mercy of another mood. It made him curse, and cursing was dull, as an ultimate stage; so he would throw out a platform beyond it. The time far beyond others to do one's work was when it didn't seem worth doing, for then one gave it a brilliant chance, that of resisting the stiffest test of all—the test of striking one as very bad. To do the most when there would be the least to be got by it was to be most in the true spirit of production. One thing, at any rate, was very certain, Nick reflected: nothing on earth would induce him to change back again; not even if this twilight of the soul should last for the rest of his days. He hardened himself in his posture with a good conscience, which, had they had a glimpse of it, would have made him still more diverting to those who already thought him so; but now, by good fortune, Miriam suddenly put into form the little bridge that was wanted to carry him over to more elastic ground. If he had made his sketch it was a proof that he had done her, and that he had done her flashed upon him as a sign that she would be still more feasible. He found his platform, as I have called it, and for a moment, in his relief, he danced upon it. He sent out a telegram to Balaklava Place requesting his beautiful sitter by no manner of means to fail him. When his servant came back, it was to usher into the studio Peter Sherringham, whom the man had apparently found at the door.

The hour was so early for social intercourse that Nick immediately guessed

his visitor had come on some rare errand; but this inference was instantly followed by the reflection that Peter might after all only wish to make up by present zeal for not having been near him before. He forgot that, as he had subsequently learned from Biddy, their foreign, or all but foreign, cousin had spent an hour in Rosedale Road, missing him there but pulling out Miriam's portrait, the day of his own hurried visit to Beauchere. These young men were not on a ceremonious footing, and it was not in Nick's nature to keep a record of civilities rendered or omitted; nevertheless he had been vaguely conscious that during a stay in London, on Peter's part, which apparently was stretching itself out, he and his kinsman had foregathered less than of yore. It was indeed an absorbing moment in the career of each, but at the same time that he recognized this truth Nick remembered that it was not impossible Peter might have taken upon himself to resent some supposititious failure of consideration for Julia; though this would have been stupid, and the newly appointed minister (to he had forgotten where) was not stupid. Nick held that as he had treated Julia with studious generosity she had nothing whatever to reproach him with; so her brother had therefore still less. It was at any rate none of her brother's business. There were only two things that would have made Nick lukewarm about disposing in a few frank words of all this: one of them his general hatred of talking of his private affairs (a reluctance in which he and Peter were well matched); and the other a particular sentiment which would have involved more of a confession and which could not be otherwise described than as a perception that the most definite and even pleasant consequence of the collapse of his engagement was, as it happened, an extreme consciousness of freedom. Nick Dormer's observation was of a different sort from his cousin's;

he noted much less the signs of the hour and kept altogether a looser register of life; nevertheless, just as one of our young men had during these days in London found the air peopled with personal influences, the concussion of human atoms, so the other, though only asking to live without too many questions and work without too many disasters, to be glad and sorry, in short, on easy terms, had become aware of a certain social tightness, of the fact that life is crowded and passion is restless, accident frequent and community inevitable. Everybody with whom one had relations had other relations too, and even optimism was a mixture and peace an embroilment. The only chance was to let everything be embroiled but one's temper and everything spoiled but one's work. It must be added that Nick sometimes took precautions against irritation which were in excess of the danger, as departing travelers, about to whiz through foreign countries, study phrase-books for combinations of words they will never use. He was at home in the brightness of things — his longest excursions across the border were short. He had a dim sense that Peter considered that he made him uncomfortable, and might have come now to tell him so; in which case he should be sorry for Peter in various ways. But as soon as his visitor began to speak Nick felt suspicion fade into old friendliness, and this in spite of the fact that Peter's speech had a slightly exaggerated promptitude, like the promptitude of business, which might have denoted self-consciousness. To Nick it quickly appeared better to be glad than to be sorry: this simple argument was more than sufficient to make him glad Peter was there.

"My dear Nick, it's an unpardonable hour, isn't it? I was n't even sure you'd be up, and yet I had to risk it because my hours, verily, are numbered. I'm going away to-morrow," Peter went on; "I've got a thousand things to do.

I've had no talk with you this time such as we used to have of old (it's disgusting, but it's your fault, you know), and as I've got to rush about all day I thought I'd just catch you before any one else does."

"Some one has already caught me, but there's plenty of time," Nick returned.

Peter stared a moment, as if he were going to ask a question; then he thought better of this and said, "I see, I see; I'm sorry to say I've only a few minutes at best."

"Man of crushing responsibilities, you've come to humiliate me!" Nick exclaimed. "I know all about it."

"It's more than I do, then. That's not what I've come for, but I shall be delighted if I humiliate you a little by the way. I've two things in mind, and I'll mention the most difficult first. I came here the other day — the day after my arrival in town."

"Ah, yes, so you did; it was very good of you," Nick interrupted, as if he remembered. "I ought to have returned your visit, or left a card, or written my name, or something, in Great Stanhope Street, ought n't I? You had n't got this new thing then, or I would have done so."

Peter eyed him a moment. "I say, what's the matter with you? Am I really unforgivable for having taken that liberty?"

"What liberty?" Nick looked now as if there were nothing whatever the matter with him, and indeed his visitor's allusion was not clear to him. He was thinking only, for the instant, of Biddy, of whom and whose secret inclinations Grace had insisted on talking to him. They were none of his business, and if he would not for the world have let the girl herself suspect that he had violent lights on what was most screened and curtained in her, much less would he have made Peter a clumsy present of this knowledge. Grace had a queer

theory that Peter treated Biddy badly — treated them all, somehow, badly; but Grace's zeal (she had plenty of it, though she affected all sorts of fine indifference) almost always took the form of being wrong. Nick wanted to do only what Biddy would thank him for, and he knew very well what she wouldn't. She wished him and Peter to be great friends, and the only obstacle to this was that Peter was too much of a diplomatist. Peter made him, for an instant, think of her and of the hour they had lately spent together in the studio in his absence — an hour of which Biddy had given him a history full of detail and of omissions; and this in turn brought Nick's imagination back to his visitor's own side of the matter. That complexity of things of which the sense had lately increased with him, and to which it was owing that any thread one might take hold of would probably lead one to something uncomfortable, was illustrated by the fact that while poor Biddy was thinking of Peter it was ten to one that poor Peter was thinking of Miriam Rooth. All this danced before Nick's intellectual vision for a space briefer than that of my too numerous words.

"I pitched into your treasures — I rummaged among your canvases," Peter said. "Biddy had nothing whatever to do with it — she maintained an attitude of irreproachable reserve. It has been on my conscience all these days, and I ought to have done penance before. I have been putting it off partly because I am so ashamed of my indiscretion. *Que voulez-vous*, my dear Nick? My provocation was great. I heard you had been painting Miss Rooth, so that I could n't restrain my curiosity. I simply went into that corner and struck out there a trifle wildly, no doubt. I dragged the young lady to the light — your sister turned pale as she saw me. It was a good deal like breaking open one of your letters, wasn't it? However, I assure you it's all right, for I

congratulate you both on your style and on your correspondent."

"You're as clever, as witty, as humorous, as ever, Peter," Nick rejoined, going himself into the corner designated by his companion and laying his hands on the same canvas. "Your curiosity is the highest possible tribute to my little attempt, and your sympathy sets me right with myself. There is she again," Nick went on, thrusting the picture into an empty frame; "you shall see her whether you wish to or not."

"Right with yourself? You don't mean to say you've been wrong!" Sherringham returned, standing opposite the portrait.

"Oh, I don't know; I've been kicking up such a row; anything is better than a row."

"She's awfully good — she's awfully true," said Sherringham. "You've done more to it, since the other day; you've put in several things."

"Yes, but I've worked distractedly. I've not altogether conformed to the celebrated recommendation about being off with the old love."

"With the old love?" Sherringham repeated, looking hard at the picture.

"Before you are on with the new." Nick had no sooner uttered these words than he colored; it occurred to him that Peter would probably think he was alluding to Julia. He therefore added quickly: "It isn't so easy to cease to represent an appreciative constituency. Really, most of my time for a fortnight has been given up to letter-writing. They've all been unexpectedly charming. I should have thought they would have loathed and despised me. But not a bit of it; they cling to me fondly — they struggle with me tenderly. I've been down to talk with them about it, and we've passed the most sociable, delightful hours. I've designated my successor; I've felt a good deal like the Emperor Charles the Fifth when about to retire to the monastery of Yuste. The

more I've seen of them, in this way, the more I've liked them, and they declare it has been the same with themselves as regards me. We spend our time in assuring each other that we have n't begun to know each other till now. In short, it's all wonderfully jolly, but it is n't business. *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

"They are not so charming as they might be if they don't offer to keep you and let you paint."

"They do, almost; it's fantastic," said Nick. "Remember they have n't seen any of my painting yet."

"Well, I'm sorry for you; we live in too enlightened an age," Peter declared. "You can't suffer for art. Your experience is interesting; it seems to show that, at the tremendous pitch of civilization we've reached, you can't suffer from anything but hunger."

"I shall doubtless do that in abundance."

"Never, never, when you paint as well as this."

"Oh, come, you're too good to be true," Nick replied. "But where did you learn that one's stomach is full in proportion as one's work is fine?"

Peter gave him no satisfaction on this curious point — he only continued to look at the picture; after which, in a moment, he said, "I'll give you your price for it on the spot."

"Dear boy, you're so magnanimous that you shall have it for nothing!" Nick exclaimed, passing his arm into his companion's.

Peter was silent at first. "Why do you call me magnanimous?"

"Oh, bless my soul, it's hers — I forget!" laughed Nick, failing in his turn to answer the other's inquiry. "But you shall have another."

"Another? Are you going to do another?"

"This very morning. That is, I shall begin it. I've heard from her; she's coming to sit — a short time hence."

Peter turned away a little at this, releasing himself, and, as if the movement had been an effect of Nick's words, looked at his watch earnestly, to dissipate that appearance. He fell back, to consider the picture from further off. "The more you do her, the better; she has all the qualities of a great model. From that point of view it's a pity she has another trade: she might make so good a thing of this one. But how shall you do her again?" Sherringham continued ingenuously.

"Oh, I can scarcely say; we'll arrange something; we'll talk it over. It's extraordinary how well she enters into what one wants; she knows more than one does one's self. She is n't the first comer. However, you know all about that, since you invented her, did n't you? That's what she says; she's awfully sweet on you," Nick pursued. "What I ought to do is to try something as different as possible from that thing; not the sibyl, the muse, the tremendous creature, but the charming woman, the person one knows, in different gear, as she appears *en ville*, as she calls it. I'll do something really serious, and send it to you out there with my respects. It will remind you of home, and perhaps a little even of me. If she knows it's for you she'll throw herself into it in the right spirit. Leave it to us, my dear fellow; we'll turn out something good."

"It's delightful to hear you; but I shall send you a check," said Peter.

"I suppose it's all right in your position, but you're too proud," his kinsman answered.

"What do you mean by my position?"

"Your exaltation, your high connection with the country, your treating with sovereign powers as the representative of a sovereign power. Is n't that what they call 'em?"

Sherringham, who had turned again towards his companion, listened to this with his eyes fixed on Nick's face, while

at the same time he once more drew forth his watch. "Brute!" he exclaimed familiarly, at the same time dropping his eyes on the watch. "At what time did you say you expected your sitter?"

"Oh, we've plenty of time; don't be afraid of letting me see you agitated by her presence."

"Brute!" Sherringham again ejaculated.

This friendly personal note cleared the air, made the communication between the two men closer. "Stay with me and talk to me," said Nick; "I dare say it's good for me. Heaven knows when I shall see you, so independently, again."

"Have you got something more to show me, then—some other work?" Sherringham asked.

"Must I bribe you by putting things in a row before you? You know what I've done; by which I mean of course you know what I haven't done. My work, as you are so good as to call it, has hitherto been horrible rot. I've had no time, no opportunity, no continuity. I must go and sit down in a corner and learn my alphabet. That thing isn't good; what I shall do for you won't be good. Don't protest, my dear fellow; nothing will be fit to look at for a long time. And think of my ridiculous age. As the populace say (or don't they say it?) it's a rum go. It won't be amusing."

"Oh, you're so clever you'll get on fast," Sherringham replied, trying to think how he could most directly disobey his companion's injunction not to protest.

"I mean it won't be amusing for others," said Nick, unperturbed by this violation. "They want results, and small blame to them."

"Well, whatever you do, don't talk like Mr. Gabriel Nash," Peter went on. "Sometimes I think you are just going to."

Nick stared a moment. "Why, he

never would have said that. 'They want results, the damned fools'—that would have been more in his key."

"It's the difference of a *nuance*. And are you *very* happy?" Peter added, as Nick now obliged him by arranging half a dozen canvases so that he could look at them.

"Not so much so, doubtless, as the artistic life ought to make one; because all one's people are not so infatuated as one's electors. But little by little I'm learning the beauty of obstinacy."

"Your mother's very bad; I lunched with her the day before yesterday."

"Yes, I know—I know," said Nick hastily; "but it's too late—it's too late. I must just peg away here and not mind. I have after all a very great source of happiness."

Sherringham hesitated. "And that would be—?"

"Oh, I mean knowing what I want to do; that's everything, you know."

"It's an advantage, however, that you've only just come in for, is n't it?"

"Yes, but having waited only makes me prize it the more. I've got it now; and it makes up, for the present, for the absence of some other things."

Again Sherringham was silent awhile. "That sounds a little dull," he remarked at last.

"It depends upon what you compare it with. It's a bit livelier than the House of Commons."

"Oh, I never thought I should like that."

There was another pause, during which Nick moved about the room, turning up old sketches to see if he had anything more to show his visitor, and Sherringham continued to look at the unfinished and, in some cases, as it seemed to him, unpromising productions already submitted to his attention. They were much less interesting than the portrait of Miriam Rooth and, it would have appeared, much less significant of ability. For that particular effort Nick's talent

had taken an unprecedented spring. This was the reflection that Peter made, as he had made it, intensely, before; but the words he presently uttered had no visible connection with it. They only consisted of the abrupt inquiry, "Have you heard anything from Julia?"

"Not a syllable. Have you?"

"Dear, no; she never writes to me."

"But won't she on the occasion of your promotion?"

"I dare say not," said Peter: and this was the only reference to Mrs. Dallo that passed between her brother and her late intended. It left a slight agitation of the atmosphere, which Sherringham proceeded to allay by an allusion comparatively speaking more relevant. He expressed disappointment that Biddy should not have come in; having had an idea that she was always in Rosedale Road of a morning. That was the other half of his present errand, — the wish to see her and give her a message for Lady Agnes, upon whom, at so early an hour, he had not presumed to intrude in Calcutta Gardens. Nick replied that Biddy did in point of fact almost always turn up, and for the most part early; she came to wish him good-morning and start him for the day. She was a devoted Electra laying a cool, healing hand on a distracted Orestes. He reminded Peter, however, that he would have a chance of seeing her that evening, and of seeing Lady Agnes; for was n't he to do them the honor of dining in Calcutta Gardens? Biddy, the day before, had arrived full of that news. Peter explained that this was exactly the sad subject of his actual *démarche*: the project of the dinner in Calcutta Gardens had, to his exceeding regret, fallen to pieces. The fact was (did n't Nick know it?) the night had been suddenly and perversely fixed for Miss Rooth's *première*, and he was under a definite engagement with her not to stay away from it. To add to the bore of the thing, he was obliged to return to Paris

the very next morning. He was really most sorry, for he had promised Lady Agnes: he did n't understand then about Miriam's affair, in regard to which he had given a previous pledge. He was more sorry than he could say, but he could never fail Miss Rooth: he had professed, from the first, an interest in her which he must live up to a little more. This was his last chance — he had n't been near her at the trying time she first produced herself. And the second night of the play would n't do — it must be the first or nothing. Besides, he could n't wait over till Monday.

While Peter enumerated these complications his companion was occupied in polishing with a cloth a palette that he had just been scraping. "I see what you mean — I'm very sorry too," said Nick. "I'm sorry you can't give my mother this joy — I give her so little."

"My dear fellow, you might give her a little more. It's rather too much to expect *me* to make up for your omissions!"

Nick looked at Peter with a moment's fixedness while he rubbed his palette; and for that moment he felt the temptation to reply, "There's a way you could do that, to a considerable extent — I think you guess it! — which would n't be intrinsically disagreeable." But the impulse passed, without expressing itself in speech, and he simply answered, "You can make this all clear to Biddy when she comes, and she'll make it clear to my mother."

"Poor little Biddy!" Sherringham mentally exclaimed, thinking of the girl in the discharge of such a task; but what he articulated was that this was exactly why he had come to the studio. He had inflicted his company on Lady Agnes on Thursday, and had partaken of a meal with her, but he had not seen Biddy, though he had waited for her, hoping she would come in. Now he would wait for her again — she was worth it.

"Patience, patience, you have always me," said Nick; to which he subjoined, "If it's a question of going to the play I scarcely see why you should n't dine at my mother's all the same. People go to the play after dinner."

"Yes, but it wouldn't be fair, it wouldn't be decent: it's a case when I must be in my seat from the rise of the curtain. I should force your mother to dine an hour earlier than usual, and then, in return for this courtesy, go off to my entertainment at eight o'clock, leaving her and Grace and Biddy planted there. I wish I had proposed, in time, that they should go with me," Peter continued, not very ingenuously.

"You might do that still," Nick suggested.

"Oh, at this time of day it would be impossible to get a box."

"I'll speak to Miss Rooth about it, if you like, when she comes," smiled Nick.

"No, it wouldn't do," said Peter, turning away and looking once more at his watch. He made tacitly the addition that, still less than asking Lady Agnes, for his convenience, to dine early, would *this* be decent, would it be fair. His taking Biddy the night he dined with her and with Miss Tressilian had been something very like a violation of those proprieties. He could n't say this to Nick, who remarked in a moment that it was all right, for Peter's action left him his freedom.

"Your freedom?" Peter echoed interrogatively, turning round.

"Why, you see now I can go to the theatre myself."

"Certainly; I had n't thought of that. You would have been going."

"I gave it up for the prospect of your company."

"Upon my word, you're too good — I don't deserve such sacrifices," said Sherringham, who saw from Nick's face that this was not a figure of speech but the absolute truth. "Did n't it, however, occur to you that, as it would turn out,

I might — that I even naturally would — myself be going?" he added.

Nick broke into a laugh. "It would have occurred to me if I understood a little better" — And he paused, still laughing.

"If you understood a little better what?" Peter demanded.

"Your situation, simply."

Peter looked at him a moment. "Dine with me to-night, independently; we'll go to the theatre together, and then you'll understand it."

"With pleasure, with pleasure: we'll have a jolly evening," said Nick.

"Call it jolly if you like. When did you say she was coming?" Peter asked.

"Biddy? Oh, probably, as I tell you, at any moment."

"I mean Miss Rooth," Peter replied.

"Miss Rooth, if she's punctual, will be here in about forty minutes."

"And will she be likely to find your sister?"

"My dear fellow, that will depend on whether my sister remains to see her."

"Exactly; but the point is whether you will allow her to remain, is n't it?"

Nick looked slightly mystified. "Why should n't she do as she likes?"

"In that case she'll probably go."

"Yes, unless she stays."

"Don't let her," Peter dropped; "send her away." And to explain this he added, "It does n't seem exactly the right sort of thing, young girls meeting actresses." His explanation, in turn, struck him as requiring another clause; so he went on: "At least it is n't thought the right sort of thing abroad, and even in England my foreign ideas stick to me."

Even with this amplification, however, his proposition evidently still appeared to his companion to have a flaw; which, after he had considered it a moment, Nick exposed in the simple words — "Why, you originally introduced them, in Paris — Biddy and Miss Rooth. Didn't they meet at your rooms and

fraternize, and was n't that much more abroad than this?"

"So they did, but she did n't like it," Peter answered, suspecting that, for a diplomatist, he looked foolish.

"Miss Rooth did n't like it?" Nick persisted.

"That I confess I have forgotten. Besides, she was not an actress then. What I remember is that Biddy was n't particularly pleased with her."

"Why, she thought her wonderful — praised her to the skies. I remember too."

"She did n't like her as a woman; she praised her as an actress."

"I thought you said she was n't an actress then," Nick rejoined.

Peter hesitated. "Oh, Biddy thought so. She has seen her since, moreover. I took her the other night, and her curiosity is satisfied."

"It's not of any consequence, and if there's a reason for it I'll bundle her off directly. But Miss Rooth seems such a nice, good woman."

"So she is, charming — charming," said Peter, looking hard at Nick.

"Here comes Biddy now," this young man went on. "I hear her at the door; you can warn her yourself."

"It is n't a question of 'warning' — that's not in the least my idea. But I'll take Biddy away," said Peter.

"That will be still more energetic."

"Oh, it's simply selfish — I like her company." Peter had turned, as if to go to the door to meet the girl; but he quickly checked himself, lingering in the middle of the room; and the next instant Biddy had come in. When she saw him there she also stopped.

XLIII.

"Arrive, arrive, my child," said Nick. "Peter's weary of waiting for you."

"Ah, he's come to say he won't dine with us to-night!" Biddy stood with her hand on the latch.

"I leave town to-morrow; I've everything to do; I'm broken-hearted; it's impossible," Peter pleaded. "Please make my peace with your mother; I'm ashamed of not having written to her last night."

Biddy closed the door and came in, while her brother said to her, "How in the world did you guess it?"

"I saw it in the *Morning Post*," Biddy answered, looking at Peter.

"In the *Morning Post*?" her cousin repeated.

"I saw there is to be a first night at that theatre, the one you took us to. So I said, 'Oh, he'll go there.'"

"Yes, I've got to do that too," Peter admitted.

"She's going to sit to me again this morning, the wonderful actress of that theatre — she has made an appointment: so you see I'm getting on," Nick announced to Biddy.

"Oh, I'm so glad — she's so splendid!" The girl looked away from Peter now, but not, though it seemed to fill the place, at the triumphant portrait of Miriam Rooth.

"I'm delighted you've come in. I *have* waited for you," Peter hastened to declare to Biddy, though he was conscious that this was, under the circumstances, meagre.

"Are n't you coming to see us again?"

"I'm in despair, but I shall really not have time. Therefore it's charming not to have missed you here."

"I'm very glad," said Biddy. Then she added, "And you're going to America — to stay a long time?"

"Till I'm sent to some better place."

"And will that better place be as far away?"

"Oh, Biddy, it would n't be better then," said Peter.

"Do you mean they'll give you something to do at home?"

"Hardly that. But I've got a tremendous lot to do at home to-day."

For the twentieth time Peter referred to his watch.

Biddy turned to her brother, who murmured to her, "You might bid me good-morning." She kissed him, and he asked what the news might be in Calcutta Gardens; to which she replied —

"The only news is, of course, that, poor dears! they are making great preparations for Peter. Mamma thinks you must have had such a nasty dinner the other day," the girl continued, to the guest of that romantic occasion.

"Faithless Peter!" said Nick, beginning to whistle and to arrange a canvas in anticipation of Miriam's arrival.

"Dear Biddy, thank your stars you are not in my horrid profession," protested the personage thus designated. "One is bowled about like a cricket-ball, unable to answer for one's freedom or one's comfort from one moment to another."

"Oh, ours is the true profession — Biddy's and mine," Nick broke out, setting up his canvas; "the career of liberty and peace, of charming long mornings, spent in a still north light, in the contemplation, and I may even say in the company, of the amiable and the beautiful."

"That certainly is the case when Biddy comes to see you," Peter returned.

Biddy smiled at him. "I come every day. *Anch'io son pittore!* I encourage Nick awfully."

"It's a pity I'm not a martyr; she would bravely perish with me," Nick said.

"You are — you are a martyr — when people say such odious things!" the girl cried. "They do say them. I've heard many more than I've repeated to you."

"It's you yourself, then, indignant and sympathetic, that are the martyr," observed Peter, who wanted greatly to be kind to her.

"Oh, I don't care!" she answered, coloring in response to this; and she continued, to Peter: "Don't you think

one can do as much good by painting great works of art as by — as by what papa used to do? Don't you think art is necessary to the happiness, to the greatness, of a people? Don't you think it's manly and honorable? Do you think a passion for it is a thing to be ashamed of? Don't you think the artist — the conscientious, the serious one — is as distinguished a member of society as any one else?"

Peter and Nick looked at each other and laughed, and Nick asked his visitor if she did not express it all in perfection. "I delight, in general, in artists, but I delight still more in their defenders," Peter jested, to Biddy.

"Ah, don't attack me, if you're wise," Nick said.

"One is tempted to, when it makes Biddy so fine."

"Well, that's the way she encourages me; it's meat and drink to me," Nick went on. "At the same time I am bound to say there is a little whistling in the dark in it."

"In the dark?" his sister demanded.

"The obscurity, my dear child, of your own aspirations, your mysterious ambitions and plastic visions. Are not there some heavyish shadows there?"

"Why, I never cared for politics."

"No, but you cared for life, you cared for society, and you have chosen the path of solitude and concentration."

"You horrid boy!" said Biddy.

"Give it up, that arduous steep — give it up and come out with me," Peter interposed.

"Come out with you?"

"Let us walk a little, or even drive a little. Let us at any rate talk a little."

"I thought you had so much to do," Biddy candidly objected.

"So I have, but why should not you do a part of it with me? Would there be any harm? I'm going to some tiresome shops — you'll cheer the prosaic hour."

The girl hesitated; then she turned

to Nick. "Would there be any harm?"

"Oh, it's none of *his* business!" Peter protested.

"He had better take you home to your mother."

"I'm going home — I sha'n't stay here to-day," said Biddy. Then, to Peter, "I came in a hansom, but I shall walk back. Come that way with me."

"With singular pleasure. But I shall not be able to go in," Sherringham added.

"Oh, that's no matter," said Biddy. "Good-by, Nick."

"You understand, then, that we dine together — at seven sharp. Would n't a club be best?" Peter, before going, inquired of Nick. He suggested, further, which club it should be; and his words led Biddy, who had directed her steps toward the door, to turn a moment, as if she were on the point of asking reproachfully whether it was for this Peter had given up Calcutta Gardens. But this impulse, if impulse it was, had no sequel except so far as it was a sequel that Peter spontaneously explained to her, after Nick had assented to his conditions, that her brother too had a desire to go to Miss Rooth's first night and had already promised to accompany him.

"Oh, that's perfect; it will be so good for him — won't it? — if he's going to paint her again," Biddy responded.

"I think there's nothing so good for him as that he happens to have such a sister as you," Peter observed, as they went out. As he spoke he heard, outside, the sound of a carriage stopping; and before Biddy, who was in front of him, opened the door of the house he had time to say to himself, "What a bore — there's Miriam!" The opened door showed him that he was right — this young lady was in the act of alighting from the brougham provided by Basil Dashwood's thrifty zeal. Her mother

followed her, and both the new visitors exclaimed and rejoiced, in their demonstrative way, as their eyes fell upon their valued friend. The door had closed behind Peter, but he instantly and violently rang, so that they should be admitted with as little delay as possible, while he remained slightly disconcerted by the prompt occurrence of an encounter he had sought to avert. It ministered, moreover, a little to this particular sensation that Miriam appeared to have come somewhat before her time. The incident promised, however, to pass off in the happiest way. Before he knew it both the ladies had taken possession of Biddy, who looked at them with comparative coldness, tempered indeed by a faint glow of apprehension, and Miriam had broken out —

"We know you, we know you; we saw you in Paris, and you came to my theatre a short time ago with Mr. Sherringham."

"We know your mother, Lady Agnes Dormer. I hope her ladyship is very well," said Mrs. Rooth, who had never struck Sherringham as a more objectionable old woman.

"You offered to do a head of me, or something or other: did n't you tell me you work in clay? I dare say you have forgotten all about it, but I should be delighted," Miriam pursued, with the richest urbanity.

Peter was not concerned with her mother's vulgarity, though he did n't like Biddy to see even that; but he hoped his companion would take the overcharged benevolence of the young actress in the spirit in which, rather to his surprise, it evidently was offered.

"I've sat to your clever brother many times," said Miriam; "I'm going to sit again. I dare say you've seen what we've done — he's too delightful. *Si vous saviez comme cela me repose!*" she added, turning for a moment to Sherringham. Then she continued, smiling, to Biddy: "Only he ought n't

to have thrown up such prospects, you know. I have an idea I was n't nice to you that day in Paris — I was nervous and scared and perverse. I remember perfectly; I was odious. But I'm better now — you'd see if you were to know me. I'm not a bad girl — really I'm not. But you must have your own friends. Happy they — you look so charming! Immensely like Mr. Dormer, especially about the eyes; is n't she, mamma?"

"She comes of a beautiful Norman race — the finest, purest strain," the old woman simpered. "Mr. Dormer is sometimes so good as to come and see us — we are always at home on Sunday; and if some day you were so venturesome as to come with him, you might perhaps find it pleasant, though very different, of course, from the circle in which you habitually move."

Biddy murmured a vague recognition of these wonderful civilities, and Miriam commented, "Different, yes; but we're all right, you know. Do come," she added. Then turning to Sherringham, "Remember what I told you — I don't expect you to-night."

"Oh, I understand; I shall come," Peter answered, growing red.

"It will be idiotic. Keep him, keep him away — don't let him," Miriam went on, to Biddy; with which, as Nick's portals now were gaping, she drew her mother away.

Peter, at this, walked off briskly with Biddy, dropping, as he did so, "She's too fantastic!"

"Yes, but so tremendously good-looking. I shall ask Nick to take me there," the girl continued, after a moment.

"Well, she'll do you no harm. It's the world of art — you were standing up so for art, just now."

"Oh, I was n't thinking so much of that kind," said Biddy.

"There's only one kind — it's all the same thing. If one sort is good, the other is."

Biddy walked along a moment. "Is she serious? Is she conscientious?"

"Oh, she has the makings of a great artist," said Peter.

"I'm glad to hear you think a woman can be one."

"In that line there has never been any doubt about it."

"And only in that line?"

"I mean on the stage in general, dramatic or lyric. It's as the actress that the woman achieves the most complete and satisfactory artistic results."

"And only as the actress?"

"Yes, there's another art in which she's not bad."

"Which one do you mean?" asked Biddy.

"That of being charming and good, and indispensable to man."

"Oh, that is n't an art."

"Then you leave her only the stage. Take it, if you like, in the widest sense."

Biddy appeared to reflect a moment, as if to see in what sense this might be. But she found none that was wide enough, for she cried the next minute, "Do you mean to say there's nothing for a woman but to be an actress?"

"Never in my life. I only say that that's the best thing for a woman to be who finds herself irresistibly carried into the practice of the arts; for there her capacity for them has most application and her incapacity for them least. But at the same time I strongly recommend her not to be an artist if she can possibly help it. It's a devil of a life."

"Oh, I know; men want women not to be anything."

"It's a poor little refuge they try to take from the overwhelming consciousness that you are, in fact, everything."

"Everything? That's the kind of thing you say to keep us quiet."

"Dear Biddy, you see how well we succeed!" laughed Sherringham; to which the girl responded by inquiring irrelevantly —

"Why is it so necessary for you to go to the theatre to-night, if Miss Rooth does n't want you to?"

"My dear child, she does. But that has nothing to do with it."

"Why then did she say that she does n't?"

"Oh, because she meant just the contrary."

"Is she so false, then — is she so vulgar?"

"She speaks a special language; practically it is n't false, because it renders her thought, and those who know her understand it."

"But she does n't use it only to those who know her, since she asked me, who have so little the honor of her acquaintance, to keep you away to-night. How am I to know that she meant by that that I'm to urge you on to go?"

Sherringham was on the point of replying, "Because you have my word for it;" but he shrank, in fact, from giving his word — he had some fine scruples — and endeavored to get out of his embarrassment by a general tribute. "Dear Biddy, you're delightfully acute: you're quite as clever as Miss Rooth." He felt, however, that this was scarcely adequate, and he continued: "The truth is, its being important for me to go is a matter quite independent of that young lady's wishing it or not wishing it. There happens to be a definite, intrinsic propriety in it which determines the matter, and which it would take long for me to explain."

"I see. But fancy your 'explaining' to me: you make me feel so indiscreet!" the girl cried quickly — an exclamation which touched him because he was not aware that, quick as it had been, Biddy had still had time to be struck first (though she would n't for the world have expressed it) with the oddity of such a duty at such a time. In fact, that oddity, during a silence of some minutes, came back to Peter himself: his profession had been incongruous; it sounded

almost ignobly frivolous, for a man on the eve of proceeding to a high diplomatic post. The effect of this, however, was not to make him break out with, "Hang it, I *will* keep my engagement to your mother!" but to fill him with the wish that he could shorten his actual excursion by taking Biddy the rest of the way in a cab. He was uncomfortable, and there were hansoms about which he looked at wistfully. While he was so occupied his companion took up the talk by an abrupt interrogation.

"Why did she say that Nick ought n't to have resigned his seat?"

"Oh, I don't know; it struck her so. It does n't matter much."

"If she's an artist herself, why does n't she like people to go in for art, especially when Nick has given his time to painting her so beautifully? Why does she come there so often, if she disapproves of what he has done?"

"Oh, Miriam's disapproval — it does n't count; it's a manner of speaking."

"Of speaking untruths, do you mean? Does she think just the reverse — is that the way she talks about everything?"

"We always admire most what we can do least," Peter replied; "and Miriam, of course, is n't political. She ranks painters more or less with her own profession, about which, already, new as she is to it, she has no illusions. They are all artists; it's the same general sort of thing. She prefers men of the world — men of action."

"Is that the reason she likes you?" Biddy mocked.

"Ah, she does n't like me — could n't you see it?"

Biddy said nothing for a moment; then she asked, "Is that why she lets you call her 'Miriam'?"

"Oh, I don't, to her face."

"Ah, only to mine!" laughed Biddy.

"One says that as one says 'Rachel' of her great predecessor."

"Except that she is n't so great, quite yet, is she?"

"Certainly not; she's the freshest of novices — she has scarcely been four months on the stage. But she'll go very fast, and I dare say that before long she'll be magnificent."

"What a pity you'll not see that!" Biddy remarked, after a short interval.

"Not see it?"

"If you are thousands of miles away."

"It is a pity," Peter said; "and since you mention it, I don't mind frankly telling you — throwing myself on your mercy, as it were — that that's why I make such a point of a rare occasion like to-night. I have a weakness for the drama that, as you perhaps know, I've never concealed, and this impression will probably have to last me, in some barren spot, for many, many years."

"I understand — I understand. I hope, therefore, it will be charming." And Biddy walked faster.

"Just as some other charming impressions will have to last," Peter added, conscious of a certain effort that he was obliged to make to keep up with her. She seemed almost to be running away from him, a circumstance which led him to suggest, after they had proceeded a little further without more words, that if she were in a hurry they had perhaps better take a cab. Her face was strange and touching to him as she turned it to reply quickly —

"Oh, I'm not in the least in a hurry, and I think, really, I had better walk."

"We'll walk, then, by all means!" Peter declared, with slightly exaggerated gayety; in pursuance of which they went on a hundred yards. Biddy kept the same pace; yet it was scarcely a surprise to Sherringham that she should suddenly stop, with the exclamation —

"After all, though I'm not in a hurry, I'm tired! I had better have a cab; please call that one," she added, looking about her.

They were in a straight, blank, ugly

street, where the small, cheap, gray-faced houses had no expression save that of a rueful, inconsolable consciousness of its want of identity. They would have constituted a "terrace" if they could, but they had given it up. Even aansom which loitered across the end of the vista turned a skeptical back upon it, so that Sherringham had to lift his voice in a loud appeal. He stood with Biddy watching the cab approach them. "This is one of the charming things you'll remember," she said, turning her eyes to the general dreariness, from the particular figure of the vehicle, which was antiquated and clumsy. Before he could reply she had lightly stepped into the cab; but as he answered, "Most assuredly it is," and prepared to follow her, she quickly closed the apron.

"I must go alone; you've lots of things to do — it's all right;" and, through the aperture in the roof, she gave the driver her address. She had spoken with decision, and Peter recognized that she wished to get away from him. Her eyes betrayed it, as well as her voice, in a look — not a hard one, however — which, as he stood there with his hand on the cab, he had time to take from her. "Good-by, Peter," she smiled; and as the cab began to rumble away he uttered the same tepid, ridiculous farewell.

XLIV.

When Miriam and her mother went into the studio Nick Dormer had stopped whistling, but he was still gay enough to receive them with every demonstration of sociability. He thought his studio a poor place, ungarnished, untapestried, a bare, almost grim workshop, with all its revelations and honors still to come. But both his visitors smiled upon it a good deal in the same way in which they had smiled on Bridget Dormer when they met her at the door: Mrs. Rooth because vague, prudent approba-

tion was the habit of her foolish little face — it was ever the least danger; and Miriam because, apparently, she was genuinely glad to find herself within the walls which she spoke of now as her asylum. She broke out in this strain to her host almost as soon as she had crossed the threshold, commending his circumstances, his conditions of work, as infinitely happier than her own. He was quiet, independent, absolute, free to do what he liked as he liked it, shut up in his little temple with his altar and his divinity; not hustled about in a mob of people, having to posture and grin to pit and gallery, to square himself at every step with insufferable conventions and with the ignorance and vanity of others. He was blissfully alone.

"Mercy, how you do abuse your fine profession! I'm sure I never urged you to adopt it!" Mrs. Rooth cried, in real bewilderment, to her daughter.

"She was abusing mine still more, the other day," joked Nick — "telling me I ought to be ashamed of it and of myself."

"Oh, I never know from one moment to the other — I live with my heart in my mouth," sighed the old woman.

"Aren't you quiet about the great thing — about my behavior?" Miriam smiled. "My only extravagances are intellectual."

"I don't know what you call your behavior."

"You would very soon, if it were not what it is."

"And I don't know what you call intellectual," grumbled Mrs. Rooth.

"Yes, but I don't see very well how I could make you understand that. At any rate," Miriam went on, looking at Nick, "I retract what I said the other day about Mr. Dormer. I have no wish to quarrel with him about the way he has determined to dispose of his life, because, after all, it does suit me very well. It rests me, this little devoted corner; oh, it rests me. It's out of the

tussle and the heat, it's deliciously still, and they can't get at me. Ah, when art's like this, *à la bonne heure!*" And she looked round on such a presentment of "art" with a splendid air that made Nick burst out laughing at its contrast with the humble fact. Miriam smiled at him as if she liked to be the cause of his mirth, and went on appealing to him: "You'll always let me come here for an hour, won't you, to take breath — to let the whirlwind pass? You need n't trouble yourself about me; I don't mean to impose on you in the least the necessity of painting me, though if that's a manner of helping you to get on you may be sure it will always be open to you. Do what you like with me in that respect; only let me sit here on a high stool, keeping well out of your way, and see what you happen to be doing. I'll tell you my own adventures when you want to hear them."

"The fewer adventures you have to tell, the better, my dear," said Mrs. Rooth; "and if Mr. Dormer keeps you quiet he will add ten years to my life."

"This is an interesting comment on Mr. Dormer's own quietus, on his independence and sweet solitude," Nick observed. "Miss Rooth has to work with others, which is, after all, only what Mr. Dormer has to do when he works with Miss Rooth. What do you make of the inevitable sitter?"

"Oh," answered Miriam, "you can say to the sitter, 'Hold your tongue, you brute!'"

"Is n't it a good deal in that manner that I've heard you address your comrades at the theatre?" asked Mrs. Rooth. "That's why my heart's in my mouth."

"Yes, but they hit me back; they reply to me — *comme de raison* — as I should never think of replying to Mr. Dormer. It's a great advantage to him that when he's peremptory with his model it only makes her better, adds to her expression of gloomy grandeur."

"We did the gloomy grandeur in the other picture; suppose, therefore, we try something different in this," suggested Nick.

"It *is* serious, it *is* grand," murmured Mrs. Rooth, who had taken up a rapt attitude before the portrait of her daughter. "It makes one wonder what she's thinking of. Noble, commendable things — that's what it seems to say."

"What can I be thinking of but the tremendous wisdom of my mother?" Miriam inquired. "I brought her this morning to see that thing — she had only seen it in its earliest stage — and not to presume to advise you about anything else you may be so good as to embark on. She wanted, or she professed that she wanted, terribly to know what you had finally arrived at. She was too impatient to wait till you should send it home."

"Ah, send it home — send it home; let us have it always with us!" Mrs. Rooth urged. "It will hold us up; it will keep us on the heights, near the stars — be always, for us, a symbol and a reminder!"

"You see I was right," Miriam went on; "for she appreciates thoroughly, in her own way, and understands. But if she worries or distracts you I'll send her directly home — I've kept the carriage there on purpose. I must add that I don't feel quite safe to-day in letting her out of my sight. She is liable to make dashes at the theatre and play unconscionable tricks there. I shall never again accuse mamma of a want of interest in my profession. Her interest to-day exceeds even my own. She is all over the place, and she has ideas; ah, but ideas! She is capable of turning up at the theatre at five o'clock this after-

noon and demanding that the scenery of the third act be repainted. For myself, I've not a word more to say on the subject — I've accepted the situation. Everything is no doubt wrong; but nothing can possibly be right. Let us eat and drink, for to-night we die. If you like, mamma shall go and sit in the carriage, and as there is no means of fastening the doors (is there?) your servant shall keep guard over her."

"Just as you are now — be so good as to remain so; sitting just that way — leaning back, with a smile in your eyes and one hand on the sofa beside you, supporting you a little. I shall stick a flower into the other hand — let it lie in your lap, just as it is. Keep that thing on your head — it's admirably uncovered: do you call the construction a bonnet? — and let your head fall back a little. There it is — it's found. This time I shall really do something, and it will be as different as you like from that crazy job. *Pazienza!*" It was in these irrelevant but earnest words that Nick responded to his sitter's uttered vagaries, of which her charming tone and countenance diminished the superficial acerbity. He held up his hands a moment, to fix her in her limits, and a few minutes afterwards had a happy sense of having begun to work.

"The smile in her eyes — don't forget the smile in her eyes!" Mrs. Rooth exclaimed softly, turning away and creeping about the room. "That will make it so different from the other picture and show the two sides of her genius, with the wonderful range between them. It will be a magnificent pendant; and though I dare say I shall strike you as greedy, you must let me hope you will send it home too."

Henry James.

ONE OF THE UNRECONSTRUCTED.

OUT of the literary darkness of Mississippi, seldom illumined by any ray from the pen of a writer, there comes to us the unexpected boon of a remarkable book. *Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians*, by Reuben Davis (who has, but uses not, the right to grace his name with both civil and military insignia), is not only exceedingly amusing and interesting, but is of great and enduring value historically. As a sketch of a bygone society, its only rivals in English literature are the famous *Diary of Pepys* and the less known and almost inaccessible *Sewall Diary*. With scant regard for established theories concerning the old slave-state society, this picture shows a population apparently not much more distinctly divided horizontally than is now the case at the North, encountering the labor and peril of a still young community with a fine industry and endurance, and manifesting an enterprise, activity, and competition sufficiently genuine and lively, albeit different from the development of like qualities in commercial and industrial neighborhoods.

If Mr. Davis appeared in the rôle of the protesting Southerner, holding a brief for his State, he would probably leave our previous convictions unshaken; but the worth of his work lies not in argument, but in its unconscious simplicity. Carried forward by the most naive ardor, he tells us with graphic faithfulness about the people and the scenes of the only society he has known; ever so little garrulous in the fond recalling of old friends and stories, not so much ignoring as utterly ignorant of any point of view save his own, amusingly unaware of the impressions he is conveying, he furnishes a series of pictures as vividly characteristic of men, manners, and habits as ever Teniers painted. There is no pos-

sibility of doubting his accuracy; that which he sets before us may attract or repel, may accord or clash with preconceived notions, but in either case must be accepted as true. Apart from such internal evidence, the striking features with which the stern old gentleman boldly looks out upon his readers from the beginning of the volume defy doubt and overawe the skeptic. It would be dangerous for those eyes to flash near a powder magazine; that firm set mouth is closed like the lips of a wolf-trap. One so fierce and so courageous cannot help being ingenuous. The force and the fire of the South are in this face, which ought to be sent down to posterity, as the type of a class, by the same gifted hand which painted the wonderful portrait of the virile, fiery old Pope Julius II. at Florence.

It is to be hoped that the South holds not many ex-rebels more unrepentant and unreconstructed than this one. He says, in closing: "With what courage and heroic patience the South took up her changed existence belongs to the story of Mississippi as she is now. The old Mississippian ends his rambling tale here."

This is disappointing, for the views of such a man on the new régime would be interesting. If his intelligence and good sense, of which he shows much, though of an antique kind, are reconstructed, his hot old heart is not. How he revels in those olden days, tasting again the good drink, hearing the old songs, hating, loving, admiring, fighting, feasting, as fervidly in memory as ever in the flesh! His sentiment is touching, and his condition in so changed a world is pathetic; it would, perhaps, be an inconsiderate curiosity that would ask him to discuss what he might feel obliged to commend, but could not love. He is

instinctively wise in closing with the close of the "old times."

The fragrance of gunpowder and of abundant mint juleps arises from his pages, and he sniffs it with a delight that he cares not to conceal. Those were indeed the days of red gold and gay ladies! If nearly all whom he mentions have long ago, as he sadly says, fallen beneath the sickle of Death, he, at least, has gifts as a mortuary chronicler. It is well known that in Southern society each man, though by some accident he be not a colonel, must be treated as if he were one, and must everywhere have his personal dignity scrupulously respected; such "chaff" as is over-popular at the North would result in a general extermination of mankind within the limits of the erstwhile Confederacy. In that serious region humor is as dangerous as dynamite; and though this book is full of it, there is, fortunately, no consciousness of its presence on the part of our worthy writer, — with the single exception of the laughable incident of the militia parade, which is very drolly told. Elsewhere Mr. Davis has not only perfect and everlasting gravity and respectfulness of tone, but abounds in expressions of the most ardent and exalted admiration. The luxuriance of his phraseology of praise is remarkable; he seldom repeats himself, avoiding with astonishing skill the bad rhetoric of the *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*; to each is cleverly allotted his peculiar meed of praise. The less discriminating reader, in reminiscence, groups together all these wondrous sons of Mississippi, and is bewildered to find into what a society he has been introduced: men "good and powerful," with "shining qualities," of "cordial and pleasing manners," and of "studied courtesy" (when not excited or out of humor); "good men and true, and loyal"; "kind and generous above measure"; "the good, the great, and the beloved"; the " noblest and best of men"; gentlemen "of

many virtues and no faults," "noble, large-hearted, and generous," of whom no adequate picture can be drawn; "incapable of fear, treachery, or meanness"; "ideal Southerners"; "living in the highest regions of honor and devotion"; men "of cultivated minds and polished manners"; "brilliant speakers"; "scholars of varied attainments"; men of "honor, courage, intellect, and learning"; "irresistible in conversation"; with "wit, anecdote, and ability" so unlimited as to beggar description, — and so on. The lawyers are "grand" in their speeches; "profoundly read"; of "wonderful powers of reason and oratory"; "profound in conception, powerful in argument, and copious in diction"; "weighty and learned"; "embodied intellect"; of "matchless ingenuity"; able "to spin a web of sophistry more like truth than the honest truth itself."

S. S. Prentiss is an inspiring theme. His oratory "was like music and poetry, and flame and fire, and love and hate, and memory and inspiration, all bearing away in one swift torrent the souls given up to its enchantment." Often did Mr. Davis hear him pouring forth table-talk more intoxicating than the unstinted wine. "Ah," he exclaims, "what nights those were! how brave and generous, how gay and jovial! and what wit and humor sparkled with the wine!" They killed poor Prentiss, those ambrosial nights and suppers of the gods, but, fortunately, spared a comrade to make later generations envious at the tale. As for the ladies, gallantry can no further go than Mr. Davis's pen goes; they are all accomplished and charming, all elegant, beautiful, fascinating, and refined. So runs the catalogue from cover to cover of this eloquent book. Nor is it surprising to hear that Mr. Davis's friendships amid such people were "ardent" and "enthusiastic." The galaxy pales all other lands and ages. Though it must be confessed that the ascription

of so much goodness and such varied greatness to so many dead recalls tomb-stone literature, and the cynic may scent the flavor of that adaptation of truth to circumstances, like the tempering of the wind to the shorn lamb, which the best of Christians have always felt it lawful to express in epitaphs. But it is part of the Southern coloring of the book, laid on with unconscious and simple sincerity, and gives much to the value of the picture. Yet Mr. Davis himself is sometimes surprised at his sketch, and deems explanation necessary: "Our general population was largely made up from the best and bravest of old communities." In spite, however, of this good fortune, whereby other States had been skimmed to send their cream to Mississippi, he propounds, and does not answer, the conundrum: why, in the older days, there was "such a marked superiority in mental and moral tone to that which now exists." "The general population of Marshall County," he says, "was made up largely of educated and refined people," and Pontotoc was "much above the average." Each city, too, has its individual and distinctive meed of lofty praise. In a word, here is a mythical age of Mississippi, when it was Valhalla upon earth, the home of very gods, with the addition that refinement, cordiality, and lavish hospitality prevailed to a degree never ascribed to any divine society.

It might smack of uncourteous scoffing to ask why, among so noble a race, it was so often found necessary for one elevated being to slay another. Perhaps it was because each man, while having the "highest sense of what was due to others," incongruously combined with it an even more superlative "sense of what was due to himself." Mr. Davis was much engaged in criminal practice; he defended considerably more than two hundred persons on trial for murder, and he invariably landed his client in safety. The warm heart of the Southern juror

went out in sympathy towards any gentleman who had found it his painful duty to slaughter another. There are a good many affrays in the book, and our gallant writer played his own part occasionally. The first occurred when he was quite a youngster. He tells the simple story in a few words, but his comment is entertaining. He was at a ball, and being, as he says, "engaged in the pleasures of the evening, some question arose as to precedence of claim upon the attention of one of the ladies. To my great surprise, I was grossly insulted by the gentleman whose claims conflicted with mine. Justly outraged, I no sooner withdrew my adversary from the presence of the ladies than I challenged him to defend himself, and assaulted him with my pocket-knife. In this I was sustained by all present. . . . This action I have never regretted, holding that a man has a right to defend his honor whenever and by whomsoever assailed. Had I submitted tamely to this insult, my whole future career would have been blighted by it, and I should have lost all claim to the respect and good opinion of my fellow-citizens."

The most astonishing encounter is that with Judge Howry. One can fancy the caustic sarcasm with which *The Nation* would amuse its readers in narrating this scuffle; but the grave tone of undoubting self-respect with which Mr. Davis tells it outruns any possible irony. Passing by a psychical marvel, which appears to Mr. Davis the really striking feature in the affair, but which is quite aside from what interests us, the story may be thus abbreviated: Mr. Davis was defending in a larceny case. In the empanelment of the jury, the prosecutor, Mr. Rogers, having exhausted his challenges, ostentatiously stated his acceptance of one of the talesmen. To counteract the effect of this, Davis said, "Why do you say that? You are *bound* to accept." Rogers denied the obligation, and was sustained by the court.

Davis read the statute, showing the obligation, and convicting the judge of an error. He was thereupon ordered to sit down, and obeyed. Rogers was next ordered to sit down, but refused, saying that he had a right to stand, and would do so. Thereupon Judge Howry fined Mr. Davis fifty dollars. It is not surprising that this illogical action threw Mr. Davis into a "perfect blaze of sudden fury;" less fiery eyes than his might have blazed. But he was something more than equal to the occasion. He says: "I had in my pocket a very fine knife, with a long, thin blade. As I sprang to my feet I drew out this knife, opened it, and threw it, point foremost, into the bar, looking steadily at the judge all the while. My object was to induce the judge to order me to jail, and then to attack him on the bench. The knife vibrated, and the weight of the handle broke the blade near the middle. General S. J. Gholson and others ran upon the bench beside the judge, ordered the sheriff to adjourn the court, . . . and carried the judge out of the court-room, while a number of persons seized me. The situation was full of peril," for the judge was "a man of unquestioned courage and firmness," and both parties were well befriended. But for Gholson's "prudent and timely action," "the consequences might have been most disastrous." Even as it was, they were yet to be rather bad. A few hours later, Mr. Davis saw the judge approaching along a corridor. "I awaited his approach, . . . and asked him if he had intended, by his fine, to insult me. He said, No. I then said that I had been guilty of no offense to justify such an indignity, and requested some explanation." The judge declined to explain his "official conduct." Davis, with ready presence of mind, slapped him in the face. The judge, no less prompt in emergency, seized a claw-hammer which lay near by, and struck at Davis, "cutting through his hat and

several files of papers to the bone of his head." Davis whipped out what was left of his "fine knife," and with it made a stroke for the judge's jugular. This blow fell upon the judicial jaw, — an important member of a judge's framework, — and then, says Davis, "I seized him with my left hand by the collar of his coat, and pushed my head into his face. He struck again with his hammer, breaking and depressing the outer plate of my skull bone, without, however, invading the inner plate." They were then "pulled apart," but not before the active judge had got in a third blow. Davis went to his room, and sent to the judge a chivalrous but somewhat superfluous warning "not to leave his room unarmed, as I should attack him upon sight." But at this stage the psychological phenomenon intervened, and so affected Mr. Davis that he "gave himself up into the hands of his friends, and allowed them to arrange" the affair for him. It is to the credit of our writer's physique that after his skull had been so rudely battered he was still ready to attend to business. "The court," he tells us, "met again that evening. I had put on a fur cap, with the back part before, to conceal my wounds, and the judge wore his overcoat, with the collar well drawn up, to hide the tokens of combat on his person." Fortunately, during the evening another judge arrived, and took the place of the hero of the scrimmage. Seven years elapsed before the combatants again met. Davis was then on circuit, when one of his friends came into the room where he was sitting and said, "'I suppose, Davis, you care nothing now about that affair between you and Judge Howry?'" I promptly replied that I thought nothing of it; that Howry was a gentleman, and that our difficulty was casual and without malice; although it had been a death struggle, it had been about almost nothing." So the judge came to the room. Davis met him at the door; they

"greeted each other in the most cordial manner," and ever after were the best of friends.

The fifth act of any serious criminal cause, resulting in the acquittal of the accused, seems frequently to have taken the shape of a glorious carouse in a neighboring tavern or in some lawyer's office. Counsel and client, lawyers and judges, mingled somewhat incongruously in the hilarious celebration; and perhaps the alluring prospect of such a glorious night may more than once have softened a juror's heart and alleviated a verdict. As in the novels of Dickens, a sort of festal rill of liquors glides merrily through the pages, and the curse of the Anglo-Saxon race evidently lay heavy on those old Mississippians. Occasionally a glimpse of its deadly work is apparent. There is the story of McClung, a colonel of course, who, in the frenzy of delirium tremens, emptied a restaurant not only of guests but of attendants, and then seated himself in the banquet hall deserted, at the head of one of the long tables, with a bottle, a bowie-knife, and two dueling-pistols in quasi-military array before him. Unaware of this inconvenient status, Mr. Davis, Governor Clark, and Governor Alcorn entered, upon an innocent quest for oysters. A frightful scene ensued, and they narrowly escaped with their lives, and without the oysters. The exciting tale is most dramatically narrated, and it is with extreme regret that we find so racy and stirring an incident too long to be repeated. Certain it is that half a dozen skeletons at a feast would be more welcome than one McClung. It seems that the peril of the occasion was augmented by the memory of an occurrence at a ball-room, where Alcorn had kicked down-stairs a young man who had taken too much wine and was showing undue attention to a lady. McClung thought that the prior right to do this kicking inhered in him, and he never forgave Alcorn for

getting ahead of him. Yet Davis liked McClung; the alcoholized colonel was a candidate for Congress and was defeated, and Davis tenderly says, "Very possibly it is from this defeat, which he took much to heart, that we may date the first symptoms of that deep melancholy which afterwards clouded the noble spirit of McClung, and which culminated in the awful tragedy of his self-inflicted death."

It is astonishing to see our author, who indeed "flatters himself that he is a patient man and disposed to peace," but who evidently never shunned a fight with a foe or shirked a drinking bout with a friend, surviving all these perils, hale and snorting in his old age. How any Southerner of spirit ever lived long amid such risks is a puzzle; whiskey must have been wholesome in the good days of yore! Our jovial old gentleman still chuckles with glee over the spectacle which he saw once a Jackson. In the dead of the night he was "wakened by a confusion of sounds in the street, music predominating." He looked out, and "beheld a long line of well-dressed gentlemen proceeding in single file down the middle of the street, and loudly singing the then popular melody of 'Buffalo Bull came down the meadow.' It was the legislature of Mississippi indulging in an airing, after having spent an evening in the worship of Bacchus. The chorus was given with a will, and the streets fairly resounded with the lively ditty. It was a sight long to be remembered!"

The book, however, is by no means solely a collection of such stories as these. It is written in seriousness, and holds much good thought and observation. Mr. Davis was drawn at times into political life, and his descriptions of canvassing and electioneering at the South are singularly picturesque. The barbecue, — "only those who can remember the old South in its glory can have an adequate idea of a big barbecue

in 1844,"—the personal pitting of candidate against candidate in a tour through all the villages and settlements of the district, the matching of quick wit, the rivalry of fiery oratory on the green, the mad revelry at the tavern afterward, are all vividly portrayed, and constitute a method very different from the ward-room caucuses with which we are familiar. The old Southern customs stand the comparison pretty well; they were boisterous, rough, and crude, but were sufficiently in keeping with the spirit of free institutions and popular suffrage in an agricultural community. Men measured their candidates face to face, and voted for him who seemed the taller man. Mr. Davis admits that the "rigid moralist may be scandalized by the spectacle of whole communities given up to wild days of feasting, speech-making, music, dancing, and drinking, with perhaps rough words now and then, and an honest hand-to-hand fight when debate was angry and the blood hot." But he boasts that there was then "little trickery and no corruption," and "a man who had dared to tamper with a ballot-box, or who had been detected in any fraud by the people, would have been torn in pieces without a moment's hesitation." He thinks that political ways have changed for the worse, and there is too much reason to fear that he is right. What he has to say in this connection deserves to be read and pondered.

The campaign of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" gave rise to royal doings in Mississippi. It was decided to have a grand political caravan traverse the State, with an hundred chosen canvassers, of whom Davis was one. A new wagon was fitted up, with the log cabin, the barrel of hard cider, and the coonskins; six horses drew it, and the band of one hundred rode on horseback, with tents and provisions, music and negroes. Thus they advanced "on a journey that was one long frolic;" making fifteen

miles a day, halting at the cross-roads, collecting the people, dealing out music and speeches, and gathering in from the surrounding country the best liquors and the choicest dainties. All along the route houses were bedecked, and ladies of dazzling beauty appeared, decorated with every ingenious patriotic device. "There were numbers of beautiful women all along that enchanted road. Do wayfarers find that road brilliant with beauty and delight nowadays, I wonder?" Amid such scenes the gallant array drew reluctantly to the journey's end at Nashville, the bright summer days seeming "too few and too short for all the merriment crowded into them." In that town there were grand entertainments, and stirring mass-meetings with ringing harangues by Tom Corwin and Henry Clay; and then at last the fun was over. So picturesque and so vivid were Southern politics in the days gone by.

It is impossible not to be attracted towards Mr. Davis personally, as we read his book; a frank, fearless, generous gentleman, a conscientious and high-minded citizen according to the light of his generation, if ever there was one. He belongs to the past as much as Noah does, but he is a good fellow and an honest man; and doubtless his quarter held many more like him. His childhood dates back to the pioneer days of his State, when life was wild and hard and advantages were few; when "there were no laws, no schools, and no libraries," and "every man did what was right in his own eyes." His father was a clergyman, with a cardinal faith "that lawyers were wholly given up to the devil, even in this world, and that it was impossible for any one of them ever to enter the kingdom of heaven;" and who "also entertained strong doubts as to the final welfare of medical men in general," though admitting "that some few might be saved, provided they used their best endeavors not to kill their patients, and resisted all temptation to prolong ill-

nesses with a view to pecuniary profit." The lad, in boyhood, hunted with Indians, and got scant schooling. He married young and penniless, and the beginning in life of the young couple shows fine mettle in both. He abandoned medicine, which he had studied, for law, which he had hardly studied at all; but his spirit was strong and his brain was good, and in time, by that miraculous process of development witnessed in our pioneer communities, he became not only an able advocate, but a leading man in public affairs both in his State and in Congress, while we now find him in old age writing with considerable literary skill. With all the versatility of a Yankee, if he will pardon a comparison probably little to his taste, he combined war with medicine, law, and politics. He was in command of a regiment in Mexico; and though he happened not to be engaged in any of the great battles, he gave evidence of an executive capacity, energy, and judgment to be afterward much more conspicuously displayed during the rebellion. There are some rare touches in his military experience; subordination came hard to him, and flashes of the fiery Southern temperament occasionally illumine these chapters. Very amusing is the picture of one of the young Southern braves, who, at the battle of Buena Vista, envious of the wound received by Colonel Jefferson Davis, and thirsting for the glorious decoration of a scar, "absolutely heart-broken because a bullet failed to hit him," "charged up and down the line, waving his arms in the air, and exclaiming, 'My God! Can't one bullet hit me!'" And, says Mr. Davis, "it is an actual fact that for the rest of his life his spirit was wounded because his body was whole."

There are pleasant glimpses, too, of the reckless and prodigal quality of Southern generosity. It is a pretty story of the burning of the house of an estimable old gentlewoman in the village.

The fire was over and the crowd dispersing, when a gentleman sprang upon the steps of a neighboring house and harangued the people, headed a subscription list with five hundred dollars, and raised four thousand dollars for the poor lady on the spot. Credit was "universal," and fortunes were quickly made and lost. He who would not risk his own property and the welfare of his family to help a hard-pushed neighbor was no better than a sorry niggard. "To put your name on a friend's paper was as much a matter of course as to sit up with him when he was ill, take care of him when he was merry, or fight for him if he got into a row."

The last part of the book is devoted to the secession period. But it is the scope of this paper to deal rather with the picturesque than the historical traits, and, moreover, it would be difficult to cull amid pages so thickly sown with matter of the greatest interest and value. In the last Congress which sat before the outbreak of the hostilities, Mr. Davis represented his district. He was a man of note and influence, and occupied responsible positions upon committees charged to avert, if possible, the pressing crisis. He tells much that is important about the feelings and expectations, the plans and the plots, of the Southern leaders, and he pauses to sketch Joshua Giddings with a force and vividness most striking; it is a portrait not to be forgotten.

He was a secessionist with regret, but with sincere heartiness. On the other hand, his independent way of thinking, his sound judgment, and indomitable integrity prevented his yielding to the chiefs of the movement that quasi-military obedience which they demanded, and at intervals he angered them and incurred their distrust. He especially crossed them by the frank honesty of his speeches and career in Mississippi. It was their policy to induce the people to believe that disruption would be sub-

stantially peaceable. Too intelligent to be hoodwinked, too honest to join in a scheme of deception, Mr. Davis reiterated to many an audience that "secession would prove to be only another name for bloody revolution." For this embarrassing behavior he was taken sharply to task; but he refused to mend his ways, and told the remonstrants that he "had always found the straightest path the safest," and that he would rather be "accused falsely of alarming the people than deserve the accusation of misleading them." Thus he drew down upon himself the extreme indignation of the chief promoters. But events justified him, and the assistance of one so able and so trustworthy could not be dispensed with; he was therefore retained in important positions of high responsibility. He magnifies Jefferson Davis

with glowing eulogy, and after all his eloquent praise declares his inability to find words adequate to express the glory and greatness of that leader. After the fall of Fort Donelson he took up the cudgels for General Johnston, then seriously discredited, and, foreseeing the disastrous end, he "denounced the whole policy of the war and the stupendous folly of the provisional Congress." Thus he "gave great offense to the administration," and "had afterwards no influence, nor indeed much personal intercourse, with heads of government." He felt that his usefulness was over, and that he was "a mere spectator in the final acts of our tragedy." At this point he drops the curtain, and brings to a close one of the most entertaining books that has been given to the public for a long while.

John T. Morse, Jr.

OVER THE TEACUPS.

III.

AFTER the reading of the paper which was reported in the preceding number of this record, the company fell into talk upon the subject with which it dealt.

The Mistress. "I could have wished you had said more about the religious attitude of old age as such. Surely the thoughts of aged persons must be very much taken up with the question of what is to become of them. I should like to have The Dictator explain himself a little more fully on this point."

My dear madam, I said, it is a delicate matter to talk about. You remember Mr. Calhoun's response to the advances of an over-zealous young clergyman who wished to examine him as to his outfit for the long journey. I think the relations between man and his Maker grow more intimate, more confidential, if I

may say so, with advancing years. The old man is less disposed to argue about special matters of belief, and more ready to sympathize with spiritually minded persons without anxious questioning as to the fold to which they belong. That kindly judgment which he exercises with regard to others he will, naturally enough, apply to himself. The *caressing* tone in which the Emperor Hadrian addresses his soul is very much like that of an old person talking with a grandchild or some other pet:—

*"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis."*

"Dear little, flitting, pleasing sprite,
The body's comrade and its guest."

How like the language of Catullus to Lesbia's sparrow!

More and more the old man finds his pleasures in memory, as the present becomes unreal and dreamlike, and the

vista of his earthly future narrows and closes in upon him. At last, if he live long enough, life comes to be little more than a gentle and peaceful delirium of pleasing recollections. To say, as Dante says, that there is no greater grief than to remember past happiness in the hour of misery is not giving the whole truth. In the midst of the *misery*, as many would call it, of extreme old age, there is often a divine consolation in recalling the happy moments and days and years of times long past. So beautiful are the visions of bygone delight that one could hardly wish them to become real, lest they should lose their ineffable charm. I can almost conceive of a dozing and dreamy centenarian saying to one he loves, "Go, darling, go! Spread your wings and leave me. So shall you enter that world of memory where all is lovely. I shall not hear the sound of your footsteps any more, but you will float before me, an aerial presence. I shall not hear any word from your lips, but I shall have a deeper sense of your nearness to me than speech can give. I shall feel, in my still solitude, as the Ancient Mariner felt when the seraph band gathered before him: —

" 'No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.' "

I said that the lenient way in which the old look at the failings of others naturally leads them to judge themselves more charitably. They find an apology for their short-comings and wrong-doings in another consideration. They know very well that they are not the same persons as the middle-aged individuals, the young men, the boys, the children, that bore their names, and whose lives were continuous with theirs. Here is an old man who can remember the first time he was allowed to go shooting. What a remorseless young destroyer he was, to be sure! Wherever he saw a feather, wherever a poor little squirrel showed his bushy tail, bang! went the old "king's

arm," and the feathers or the fur were set flying like so much chaff. *Now* that same old man — the mortal that was called by his name and has passed for the same person for some scores of years — is looked upon as absurdly sentimental by kind-hearted women, because he opens the fly-trap and sets all its captives free, — out-of-doors, of course, but the dear souls all insisting, meanwhile, that the flies will, every one of them, be back again in the house before the day is over. Do you suppose that venerable sinner expects to be rigorously called to account for the want of feeling he showed in those early years, when the instinct of destruction, derived from his forest-roaming ancestors, led him to acts which he now looks upon with pain and aversion?

"Senex" has seen three generations grow up, the son repeating the virtues and the failings of the father, the grandson showing the same characteristics as the father and grandfather. He knows that if such or such a young fellow had lived to the next stage of life he would very probably have caught up with his mother's virtues, which, like a graft of a late fruit on an early apple or pear tree, do not ripen in her children until late in the season. He has seen the successive ripening of one quality after another on the boughs of his own life, and he finds it hard to condemn himself for faults which only needed time to fall off and be succeeded by better fruitage. I cannot help thinking that the recording angel not only drops a tear upon many a human failing, which blots it out forever, but that he hands many an old record-book to the imp that does his bidding, and orders him to throw that into the fire instead of the sinner for whom the little wretch had kindled it.

"And pitched him in after it, I hope," said Number Seven, who is in some points as much of an optimist as any one among us, in spite of the squint in his brain, — or in virtue of it, if you choose to have it so.

"I like Wordsworth's Matthew," said Number Five, "as well as any picture of old age I remember."

"Can you repeat it to us?" asked one of The Teacups.

"I can recall two verses of it," said Number Five, and she recited the two following ones. Number Five has a very sweet voice. The moment she speaks all the faces turn toward her. I don't know what its secret is, but it is a voice that makes friends of everybody.

"The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs
Of one tired out with fun and madness;
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

"Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
It seemed as if he drank it up,
He felt with spirit so profound."

"This was the way in which Wordsworth paid his tribute to a

"Soul of God's best earthly mould."

The sweet voice left a trance-like silence after it, which may have lasted twenty heart-beats. Then I said, We all thank you for your charming quotation. How much more wholesome a picture of humanity than such stuff as the author of the Night Thoughts has left us:—

"Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself

That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Or the author of Don Juan, telling us to look into

"Man's heart, and view the hell that's there!"

I hope I am quoting correctly, but I am more of a scholar in Wordsworth than in Byron. Was Parson Young's own heart such a hideous spectacle to himself? If it was, he had better have stripped off his surplice. No,—it was nothing but the cant of his calling. In Byron it was a *mood*, and he might have said just the opposite thing the next day, as he did in his two descriptions of the Venus de' Medici. That pic-

ture of old Matthew abides in the memory, and makes one think better of his kind. What nobler tasks has the poet than to exalt the idea of manhood, and to make the world we live in more beautiful?

We have two or three young people with us who stand a fair chance of furnishing us the element without which life and tea-tables alike are wanting in interest. We are all, of course, watching them, and curious to know whether we are to have a romance or not. Here is one of them; others will show themselves presently.

I cannot say just how old the Tutor is, but I do not detect a gray hair in his head. My sight is not so good as it was, however, and he may have turned the sharp corner of thirty, and even have left it a year or two behind him. More probably he is still in the twenties,—say twenty-eight or twenty-nine. He seems young, at any rate, excitable, enthusiastic, imaginative, but at the same time reserved. I am afraid that he is a poet. When I say "I am afraid," you wonder what I mean by the expression. I may take another opportunity to explain and justify it; I will only say now that I consider the Muse the most dangerous of sirens to a young man who has his way to make in the world. Now this young man, the Tutor, has, I believe, a future before him. He was born for a philosopher,—so I read his horoscope,—but he has a great liking for poetry and can write well in verse. We have had a number of poems offered for our entertainment, which I have commonly been requested to read. There has been some little mystery about their authorship, but it is evident that they are not all from the same hand. Poetry is as contagious as measles, and if a single case of it break out in any social circle, or in a school, there are certain to be a number of similar cases, some slight, some serious, and now and

then one so malignant that the subject of it should be put on a spare diet of stationery, say from two to three penfuls of ink and a half sheet of note-paper *per diem*. If any of our poetical contributions are presentable, the reader shall have a chance to see them.

It must be understood that our company is not invariably made up of the same persons. The Mistress, as we call her, is expected to be always in her place. I make it a rule to be present. The Professor is almost as sure to be at the table as I am. We should hardly know what to do without Number Five. It takes a good deal of tact to handle such a little assembly as ours, which is a republic on a small scale, for all that they give one the title of Dictator, and Number Five is a great help in every social emergency. She sees when a discussion tends to become personal, and heads off the threatening antagonists. She knows when a subject has been knocking about long enough, and dexterously shifts the talk to another track. It is true that I am the one most frequently appealed to as the highest tribunal in doubtful cases, but I often care more for Number Five's opinion than I do for my own. Who is this Number Five, so fascinating, so wise, so full of knowledge, and so ready to learn? She is suspected of being the anonymous author of a book which produced a sensation when published, not very long ago, and which those who read are very apt to read a second time, and to leave on their tables for frequent reference. But we have never asked her. I do not think she wants to be famous. How she comes to be unmarried is a mystery to me; it must be that she has found nobody worth caring enough for. I wish she would furnish us with the romance which, as I said, our tea-table needs to make it interesting. Perhaps the new-comer will make love to her, — I should think it possible she might fancy him.

And who is the new-comer? He is a

Counsellor and a Politician. Has a good war record. Is about forty-five years old, I conjecture. Is engaged in a great law case just now. Said to be very eloquent. Has an intellectual head, and the bearing of one who has commanded a regiment or perhaps a brigade. Altogether an attractive person, scholarly, refined; has some accomplishments not so common as they might be in the class we call *gentlemen*, with an accent on the word.

There is also a young Doctor, waiting for his bald spot to come, so that he may get into practice.

We have two young ladies at the table, — the English girl referred to in a former number, and an American girl of about her own age. Both of them are students in one of those institutions — I am not sure whether they call it an "annex" or not, but at any rate one of those schools where they teach the incomprehensible sort of mathematics and other bewildering branches of knowledge above the common level of high-school education. They seem to be good friends, and form a very pleasing pair when they walk in arm in arm; nearly enough alike to seem to belong together, different enough to form an agreeable contrast.

Of course we were bound to have a Musician at our table, and we have one who sings admirably, and accompanies himself, or one or more of our ladies, very frequently.

Such is our company when the table is full. But sometimes only half a dozen, or it may be only three or four, are present. At other times we have a visitor or two, either in the place of one of our habitual number, or in addition to it. We have the elements, we think, of a pleasant social gathering, — different sexes, ages, pursuits, and tastes, — all that is required for a "symphony concert" of conversation. One of the curious questions which might well be asked by those who had been with us on different occasions would be, "How

many poets are there among you?" Nobody can answer this question. It is a point of etiquette with us not to press our inquiries about these anonymous poems too sharply, especially if any of them betray sentiments which would not bear rough handling.

I don't doubt that the different personalities at our table will get mixed up in the reader's mind if he is not particularly clear-headed. That happens very often, much oftener than all would be willing to confess, in reading novels and plays. I am afraid we should get a good deal confused even in reading our Shakespeare if we did not look back now and then at the *dramatis personæ*. I am sure that I am very apt to confound the characters in a moderately interesting novel; indeed, I suspect that the writer is often no better off than the reader in the dreary middle of the story, when his characters have all made their appearance, and before they have reached near enough to the *dénoûment* to have fixed their individuality by the position they have arrived at in the chain of the narrative.

My reader might be a little puzzled when he read that Number Five did or said such or such a thing, and ask, "Whom do you mean by that title? I am not quite sure that I remember." Just associate her with that line of Emerson, —

"Why nature loves the number five," —

and that will remind you that she is the favorite of our table.

You cannot forget who Number Seven is if I inform you that he specially prides himself on being a seventh son of a seventh son. The fact of such a descent is supposed to carry wonderful endowments with it. Number Seven passes for a natural healer. He is looked upon as a kind of wizard, and is lucky in living in the nineteenth century instead of the sixteenth or earlier. How much confidence he feels in himself as the posses-

sor of half-supernatural gifts I cannot say. I think his peculiar birthright gives him a certain confidence in his whims and fancies which but for that he would hardly feel. After this explanation, when I speak of Number Five or Number Seven, you will know to whom I refer.

The company are very frank in their criticisms of each other. "I did not like that expression of yours, *planetary foundlings*," said the Mistress. "It seems to me that is too like atheism for a good Christian like you to use."

Ah, my dear madam, I answered, I was thinking of the elements and the natural forces to which man was born an almost helpless subject in the rudimentary stages of his existence, and from which he has only partially got free after ages upon ages of warfare with their tyranny. Think what hunger forced the cave-man to do! Think of the surly indifference of the storms that swept the forest and the waters, the earthquake chasms that engulfed him, the inundations that drowned him out of his miserable hiding-places, the pestilences that lay in wait for him, the unequal strife with ferocious animals! I need not sum up all the wretchedness that goes to constitute the "martyrdom of man." When our forefathers came to this wilderness as it then was, and found everywhere the bones of the poor natives who had perished in the great plague (which our Doctor there thinks was probably the small-pox), they considered this destructive malady as a special mark of providential favor for them. How about the miserable Indians? Were they anything but planetary foundlings? No! Civilization is a great foundling hospital, and fortunate are all those who get safely into the *crèche* before the frost or the malaria has killed them, the wild beasts or the venomous reptiles worked out their deadly appetites and instincts upon them. The very idea of humanity seems to be that it shall take care of itself and de-

velop its powers in the "struggle for life." Whether we approve it or not, if we can judge by the material record, man was born a foundling, and fought his way as he best might to that kind of existence which we call civilized, — one which a considerable part of the inhabitants of our planet have reached.

If you do not like the expression planetary foundlings, I have no objection to your considering the race as put out to nurse. And what a nurse Nature is! She gives her charge a hole in the rocks to live in, ice for his pillow and snow for his blanket, in one part of the world; the jungle for his bedroom in another, with the tiger for his watch-dog and the cobra as his playfellow.

Well, I said, there may be other parts of the universe where there are no tigers and no cobras. It is not quite certain that such realms of creation are better off, on the whole, than this earthly residence of ours, which has fought its way up to the development of such centres of civilization as Athens and Rome, to such personalities as Socrates, as Washington.

"One of our company has been on an excursion among the celestial bodies of our system, I understand," said the Professor.

Number Five colored. "Nothing but a dream," she said. "The truth is, I had taken ether in the evening for a touch of neuralgia, and it set my imagination at work in a way quite unusual with me. I had been reading a number of books about an ideal condition of society, — Sir Thomas More's Utopia, Lord Bacon's New Atlantis, and another of more recent date. I went to bed with my brain a good deal excited, and fell into a deep slumber, in which I passed through some experiences so singular that, on awaking, I put them down on paper. I don't know that there is anything very original about the experiences I have recorded, but I thought

them worth preserving. Perhaps you would not agree with me in that belief."

"If Number Five will give us a chance to form our own judgment about her dream or vision, I think we shall enjoy it," said the Mistress. "She knows what will please The Teacups in the way of reading as well as I do how many lumps of sugar the Professor wants in his tea and how many I want in mine."

The company was so urgent that Number Five sent up-stairs for her paper.

Number Five reads the story of her dream.

It cost me a great effort to set down the words of the manuscript from which I am reading. My dreams for the most part fade away so soon after their occurrence that I cannot recall them at all. But in this case my ideas held together with remarkable tenacity. By keeping my mind steadily upon the work, I gradually unfolded the narrative which follows, as the famous Italian antiquary opened one of those fragile carbonized manuscripts found in the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii.

The first thing I remember about it is that I was floating upward, without any sense of effort on my part. The feeling was that of flying, which I have often had in dreams, as have many other persons. It was the most natural thing in the world, — a semi-materialized volition, if I may use such an expression. At the first moment of my new consciousness, — for I seemed to have just emerged from a deep slumber, — I was aware that there was a companion at my side. Nothing could be more gracious than the way in which this being accosted me. I will speak of it as *she*, because there was a delicacy, a sweetness, a divine purity, about its aspect that recalled my ideal of the loveliest womanhood.

"I am your companion and your guide," this being made me understand,

as she looked at me. Some faculty of which I had never before been conscious had awakened in me, and I needed no interpreter to explain the unspoken language of my celestial attendant.

"You are not yet outside of space and time," she said, "and I am going with you through some parts of the phenomenal or apparent universe, — what you call the material world. We have plenty of what you call time before us, and we will take our voyage leisurely, looking at such objects of interest as may attract our attention as we pass. The first thing you will naturally wish to look at will be the earth you have just left. This is about the right distance," she said, and we paused in our flight.

The great globe we had left was rolling beneath us. No eye of one in the flesh could see it as I saw or seemed to see it. No ear of any mortal being could hear the sounds that came from it as I heard or seemed to hear them. The broad oceans unrolled themselves before me. I could recognize the calm Pacific and the stormy Atlantic, — the ships that dotted them, the white lines where the waves broke on the shore, — frills on the robes of the continents, — so they looked to my woman's perception; the vast South American forests; the glittering icebergs about the poles; the snowy mountain ranges, here and there a summit sending up fire and smoke; mighty rivers, dividing provinces within sight of each other, and making neighbors of realms thousands of miles apart; cities; light-houses to insure the safety of sea-going vessels, and war-ships to knock them to pieces and sink them. All this, and infinitely more, showed itself to me during a single revolution of the sphere: twenty-four hours it would have been, if reckoned by earthly measurements of time. I have not spoken of the sounds I heard while the earth was revolving under us. The howl of storms, the roar and clash of waves, the crack and crash of the falling thunder-bolt, —

these of course made themselves heard as they do to mortal ears. But there were other sounds which enchained my attention more than these voices of nature. As the skilled leader of an orchestra hears every single sound from each member of the mob of stringed and wind instruments, and above all the screech of the straining soprano, so my sharpened perceptions made what would have been for common mortals a confused murmur audible to me as compounded of innumerable easily distinguished sounds. Above them all arose one continued, unbroken, agonizing cry. It was the voice of suffering womanhood, — a sound that goes up day and night, one long chorus of tortured victims.

"Let us get out of reach of this," I said; and we left our planet, with its blank desolate moon staring at it, as if it had turned pale at the sights and sounds it had to witness.

Presently the gilded dome of the State House, which marked our starting-point, came into view for the second time, and I knew that this side-show was over. I bade farewell to the Common with its Cogswell fountain, and the Garden with its last awe-inspiring monument.

"Oh, if I could sometimes revisit these beloved scenes!" I exclaimed.

"There is nothing to hinder that I know of," said my companion. "Memory and imagination as you know them in the flesh are two winged creatures with strings tied to their legs, and anchored to a bodily weight of a hundred and fifty pounds, more or less. When the string is cut you can *be* where you wish to be, — not merely a part of you, leaving the rest behind, but the whole of you. Why should n't you want to revisit your old home sometimes?"

I was astonished at the *human* way in which my guide conversed with me. It was always on the basis of my earthly habits, experiences, and limitations. "Your solar system," she said, "is a very small part of the universe, but you

naturally feel a curiosity about the bodies which constitute it and about their inhabitants. There is your moon: a bare and desolate-looking place it is, and well it may be, for it has no respirable atmosphere, and no occasion for one. The Lunites do not breathe; they live without waste and without supply. You look as if you do not understand this. Yet your people have, as you well know, what they call incandescent lights everywhere. You would have said there can be no lamp without oil or gas, or other combustible substance, to feed it; and yet you see a filament which sheds a light like that of noon all around it, and does not waste at all. So the Lunites live by influx of divine energy, just as the incandescent lamp glows, — glows, and is not consumed; receiving its life, if we may call it so, from the central power, which wears the unpleasant name of 'dynamo.'"

The Lunites appeared to me as pale phosphorescent figures of ill-defined outline, lost in their own halos, as it were. I could not help thinking of Shelley's

"maiden
With white fire laden."

But as the Lunites were after all but provincials, as are the tenants of all the satellites, I did not care to contemplate them for any great length of time.

I do not remember much about the two planets that came next to our own, except the beautiful rosy atmosphere of one and the huge bulk of the other. Presently, we found ourselves within hailing distance of another celestial body, which I recognized at once, by the rings which girdled it, as the planet Saturn. A dingy, dull-looking sphere it was in its appearance. "We will tie up here for a while," said my attendant. The easy, familiar way in which she spoke surprised and pleased me.

Why, said I, — The Dictator, — what is there to prevent beings of another order from being as cheerful, as social, as

good companions, as the very liveliest of God's creatures whom we have known in the flesh? Is it impossible for an archangel to smile? Is such a phenomenon as a laugh never heard except in our little sinful corner of the universe? Do you suppose that when the disciples heard from the lips of their Master the play of words on the name of Peter, there was no smile of appreciation on the bearded faces of those holy men? From any other lips we should have called this pleasantry a —

Number Five shook her head very slightly, and gave me a look that seemed to say, "Don't frighten the other Teacups. We don't call things by the names that belong to them when we deal with celestial subjects."

We tied up, as my attendant playfully called our resting, so near the planet that I could know — I will not say see and hear, but apprehend — all that was going on in that remote sphere; remote, as we who live in what we have been used to consider the centre of the rational universe regard it. What struck me at once was the deadness of everything I looked upon. Dead, uniform color of surface and surrounding atmosphere. Dead complexion of all the inhabitants. Dead-looking trees, dead-looking grass, no flowers to be seen anywhere.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I said to my guide.

She smiled good-naturedly, and replied, "It is a forlorn home for anything above a lichen or a toadstool; but that is no wonder, when you know what the air is which they breathe. It is pure nitrogen."

The Professor spoke up. "That can't be, madam," he said. "The spectro-scope shows the atmosphere of Saturn to be — no matter, I have forgotten what; but it was not pure nitrogen, at any rate."

Number Five is never disconcerted. "Will you tell me," she said, "where you have found any account of the bands and lines in the spectrum of dream-nitrogen? I should be so pleased to become acquainted with them."

The Professor winced a little, and asked Delilah, the handmaiden, to pass a plate of muffins to him. The dream had carried him away, and he thought for the moment that he was listening to a scientific paper.

Of course, my companion went on to say, the bodily constitution of the Saturnians is wholly different from that of air-breathing, that is oxygen-breathing, human beings. They are the dullest, slowest, most torpid of mortal creatures.

All this is not to be wondered at when you remember the inert characteristics of nitrogen. There are in some localities natural springs which give out slender streams of oxygen. You will learn by and by what use the Saturnians make of this dangerous gas, which, as you recollect, constitutes about one fifth of your own atmosphere. Saturn has large lead mines, but no other metal is found on this planet. The inhabitants have nothing else to make tools of, except stones and shells. The mechanical arts have therefore made no great progress among them. Chopping down a tree with a leaden axe is necessarily a slow process.

So far as the Saturnians can be said to have any pride in anything, it is in the absolute level which characterizes their political and social order. They profess to be the only true republicans in the solar system. The fundamental articles of their Constitution are these:

All men are born equal, live equal, and die equal.

All men are born free, — free, that is, to obey the rules laid down for the regulation of their conduct, pursuits, and opinions, free to be married to the per-

son selected for them by the physiological section of the government, and free to die at such proper period of life as may best suit the convenience and general welfare of the community.

The one great industrial product of Saturn is the bread-root. The Saturnians find this wholesome and palatable enough; and it is well they do, as they have no other vegetable. It is what I should call a most uninteresting kind of eatable, but it serves as food and drink, having juice enough, so that they get along without water. They have a tough, dry grass, which, matted together, furnishes them with clothes sufficiently warm for their cold-blooded constitutions, and more than sufficiently ugly.

A piece of ground large enough to furnish bread-root for ten persons is allotted to each head of a household, allowance being made for the possible increase of families. This, however, is not a very important consideration, as the Saturnians are not a prolific race. The great object of life being the product of the largest possible quantity of bread-roots, and women not being so capable in the fields as the stronger sex, females are considered an undesirable addition to society. The one thing the Saturnians dread and abhor is *inequality*. The whole object of their laws and customs is to maintain the strictest equality in everything, — social relations, property, so far as they can be said to have anything which can be so called, mode of living, dress, and all other matters. It is their boast that nobody ever starved under their government. Nobody goes in rags, for the coarse-fibred grass from which they fabricate their clothes is very durable. (I confess I wondered how a woman could live in Saturn. They have no looking-glasses. There is no such article as a ribbon known among them. All their clothes were of one pattern. I noticed that there were no pockets in any of their garments, and learned that a pocket would be considered *prima*

facie evidence of theft, as no honest person would have use for such a secret receptacle.) Before the revolution which established the great law of absolute and lifelong equality, the inhabitants used to feed at their own private tables. Since the regeneration of society all meals are taken in common. The last relic of barbarism was the use of plates, — one or even more to each individual. This “odious relic of an effete civilization,” as they called it, has long been superseded by oblong hollow receptacles, one of which is allotted to each twelve persons. A great riot took place when an attempt was made by some fastidious and exclusive egotists to introduce *partitions* which should partially divide one portion of these receptacles into individual compartments. The Saturnians boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, none of those fictitious values called money, — all which things, they hear, are known in that small Saturn nearer the sun than the great planet which is their dwelling-place.

“I suppose that now they have levelled everything they are quiet and contented. Have they any of those uneasy people called reformers?”

“Indeed they have,” said my attendant. “There are the Orthobranchians, who declaim against the shameful abuse of the left arm and hand, and insist on restoring their perfect equality with the right. Then there are Isopodic societies, which insist on bringing back the original equality of the upper and lower limbs. If you can believe it, they actually practise going on all fours, — generally in a private way, a few of them together, but hoping to bring the world round to them in the near future.”

Here I had to stop and laugh.

“I should think life might be a little dull in Saturn,” I said.

“It is liable to that accusation,” she answered. “Do you notice how many people you meet with their mouths stretched wide open?”

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“Yes,” I said, “and I do not know what to make of it. I should think every fourth or fifth person had his mouth open in that way.”

“They are suffering from the endemic disease of their planet, prolonged and inveterate gaping or yawning, which has ended in dislocation of the lower jaw. After a time this becomes fixed, and requires a difficult surgical operation to restore it to its place.”

It struck me that, in spite of their boast that they have no paupers, no thieves, no money, they were a melancholy-looking set of beings.

“What are their amusements?” I asked.

“Intoxication and suicide are their chief recreations. They have a way of mixing the oxygen which issues in small jets from certain natural springs with their atmospheric nitrogen in the proportion of about twenty per cent., which makes very nearly the same thing as the air of your planet. But to the Saturnians the mixture is highly intoxicating, and is therefore a relief to the monotony of their every-day life. This mixture is greatly sought after, but hard to obtain, as the sources of oxygen are few and scanty. It shortens the lives of those who have recourse to it; but if it takes too long, they have other ways of escaping from a life which cuts and dries everything for its miserable subjects, defeats all the natural instincts, confounds all individual characteristics, and makes existence such a colossal *bore*, as your worldly people say, that self-destruction becomes a luxury.”

Number Five stopped here.

Your imaginary wholesale Shakerdom is all very fine, said I. Your Utopia, your New Atlantis, and the rest are pretty to look at. But your philosophers are treating the world of living souls as if they were, each of them, playing a game of solitaire, — all the pegs and all the holes alike. Life is a very dif-

ferent sort of game. It is a game of chess, and not of solitaire, nor even of checkers. The men are not all pawns, but you have your knights, bishops, rooks,—yes, your king and queen,—to be provided for. Not with these names, of course, but all looking for their proper places, and having their own laws and modes of action. You can play solitaire with the members of your own family for pegs, if you like, and if none of them rebel. You can play checkers with a little community of meek, like-minded people. But when it comes to the handling of a great state, you will find that nature has emptied a box of chessmen before you, and you must play your game so as to give them their proper moves, or sweep them off the board, and come back to the homely game such as I used to see played with beans and kernels of corn on squares marked upon the back of the kitchen bellows.

It was curious to see how differently Number Five's narrative was received by the different listeners in our circle. Number Five herself said she supposed she ought to be ashamed of its absurdities, but she did not know that it was much sillier than dreams often are, and she thought it might amuse the company. She was herself always interested by these ideal pictures of society. But it seemed to her that life must be dull in any of them, and with that idea in her head her dreaming fancy had drawn these pictures.

The Professor was interested in her conception of the existence of the Lunites without waste, and the death in life of the nitrogen-breathing Saturnians. Dream-chemistry was a new subject to him. Perhaps Number Five would give him some lessons in it.

At this she smiled, and said she was afraid she could not teach him anything, but if he would answer a few questions in matter-of-fact chemistry which had

puzzled her she would be vastly obliged to him.

"You must come to my laboratory," said the Professor.

"I will come to-morrow," said Number Five.

Oh, yes! Much laboratory work they will do! Play of mutual affinities. Amalgamates. No freezing mixtures, I'll warrant!

Why should n't we get a romance out of all this, hey? But Number Five looks as innocent as a lamb, and as brave as a lion. She does not care a copper for the looks that are going round The Teacups.

Our Doctor was curious about those cases of *anchylosis*, as he called it, of the lower jaw. He thought it a quite possible occurrence. Both the young girls thought the dream gave a very hard view of the optimists, who look forward to a reorganization of society which shall rid mankind of the terrible evils of overcrowding and competition.

Number Seven was quite excited about the matter. He had himself drawn up a plan for a new social arrangement. He had shown it to the legal gentleman who has lately joined us. This gentleman thought it well intended, but that it would take one constable to every three inhabitants to enforce its provisions.

I said the dream could do no harm; it was too outrageously improbable to come home to anybody's feelings. Dreams were like broken mosaics,—the separated stones might here and there make parts of pictures. If one found a caricature of himself made out of the pieces which had accidentally come together, he would smile at it, knowing that it was an accidental effect with no malice in it. If any of you really believe in a working Utopia, why not join the Shakers, and convert the world to

this mode of life? Celibacy alone would cure a great many of the evils you complain of.

I thought this suggestion seemed to act rather unfavorably upon the ladies of our circle. The two Annexes looked inquiringly at each other. Number Five looked smilingly at them. She evidently thought it was time to change the subject of conversation, for she turned to me and said, "You promised to read us the poem you read before your old classmates the other evening."

I will fulfil my promise, I said. We felt that this might probably be our last meeting as a Class. The personal reference is to our greatly beloved and honored classmate, James Freeman Clarke.

AFTER THE CURFEW.

The play is over. While the light
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last Good-night
Before the final *Exeunt all*.

We gathered once, a joyous throng:
The jovial toasts went gaily round;
With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,
We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array, —
There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!
Amid our slender group we see;
With him we still remained "The Class," —
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp, —
That tireless hand which knew no rest, —
Loosed from affection's clinging grasp,
Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,
That lent to life a generous glow,
Whose every meaning said "Rejoice,"
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,
And heavier weighs the daily cross
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few
Whom grasping Time so long has spared
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain, —
One hour must rend its links apart,
Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends "The Boys," — a lifelong play.
We too must hear the Prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day:
Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE death of Browning is an event which makes us reflect, almost involuntarily, upon the character of the literature in which our century has left the most permanent record of its spiritual life, and upon the extent and value of his contribution to it. The period in which his own life lay has plainly run its course. The romantic movement, it is true, beginning with the revival of the imagination, at the close of the last cen-

tury, may not yet be at an end; the strong infusion of the realistic spirit at present so noticeable, though it has something of reaction in it, may prove to be only a subsidiary element reinforcing with vigor and body the larger and controlling influence; at least it may be said with entire truth that the romantic movement will fail of perfect achievement unless it shall bring forth a literature of the pure ideal, positive in

matter and beautiful in form beyond the reach of any that has gone before. Browning's death does not necessarily denote the end of a great literary age, but only the conclusion of its middle stage, as Shelley marks the point where its first period ceased. Within the limits of his own time, however, his work has a unity and wholeness of meaning which may be separately considered, and which reflects the temperament and convictions of his contemporaries in a way to give his poetry permanent value in itself, apart from its worth as pure literature. It is this expression of the age through him which his death naturally recalls to mind, and which may be attended to both for our own profit and as a mark of respect to his memory; and such a treatment of his work places it in the light most favorable to his fame.

There are two ways in which a poet may succeed. He may create beauty which affords pleasure by contemplation, or he may embody thought which is prized by the mind in search of truth. In the great poets, those of the first rank, these two ways are made one; in others they may both be used, but one is preferred. Browning depends less upon art than matter; and his individuality seems to be more directly and effectively active because the universal element in art solves personality and merges it in expression as matter does not. Browning's original force suffers no transformation, but is felt in its primitive energy in all his poems. This strong personal accent, this excess of individuality, is a trait of the age. In Carlyle or Ruskin, in the most characteristic prose style of the period generally, it is the distinguishing mark. Cardinal Newman and Tennyson stand almost alone among the great writers in their freedom from eccentricity in manner. But in none has self-assertion gone to the length that is allowed to it in Browning's genius. Usually such independence is a fatal weakness; but Brown-

ing was, fortunately, great enough and sufficiently gifted with wisdom, arrived at by following his own paths, to make his individuality not merely interesting, but really enlightening. He requires us, indeed, to submit to his own dialect and method; but when the concession is made, and the reader capitulates on the poet's terms, he has both charm and value, and he gains besides credit for originality. His art in his own manner is not the best, but it is striking and effective. He expresses himself in it as well as through it, and it is to be accepted with all its defects, or else we are repelled to our loss. One who values his own personal force so much, and insists on differing from the type of clear mind and immediate expression in literature, may be expected to place a disproportionate estimate on individuality in other men. Thence it comes that Browning is not only whimsical, eccentric, and self-asserting himself, but deals in his poetry largely with the exceptional and abnormal in others. The distortions of character which error in life or thought produces have a peculiar attraction for him. He loves the grotesque; he almost patronizes the morally maimed and halt and blind; he assumes the self-justification of the depraved, the deluded, the palterer with right and wrong. Individuality, however brought about, is dear to him, and he knows its efficiency as a source of those picturesque, and intense, and gross sensations of which the modern taste is fond. One finds in him, in its fullness, that dispersion of interest in the concrete variety of human nature which has been so powerfully fostered by the novel. To him, truly, all the world is a stage, and one on which no single drama has imposed even a temporary unity. His art does not present a scene, but a gallery. Any unity it may have belongs not to his figures, but to his thought about them, to his philosophy of life.

He comes in touch with the age, again,

in the general impression which is made by human life as it appears in his pages. He is, it is true, an optimist, like the bulk of his contemporaries; but there has always been a vein of pessimism in human thought, and in our time it runs through all literature, easily to be discerned. In no period, probably, of the world's history has such a multitude of men been engaged in individual and self-directed effort to better themselves; hope has been high in many breasts, and the reaction of experience upon it has been profound, and is expressed in a widespread sense of incomplete results. In men of larger mind and sympathy, too, the spectacle of the people has bred a sensitiveness to the pity and sorrow of life in general, and an understanding that responsibility for it is often but slight in those who suffer from it. The sense of failure in life permeates our literature. It underlies the most elevated and consistent philosophical poem of the age in the *Idylls of the King*. It is felt throughout Browning's work. He depicts the thing and the mood repeatedly, and his mind dwells upon them. In that poem which most perfectly expresses his mature conviction about life, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, he philosophizes upon it; and there he retreats to the ground whither the mass of men retire,—the sense that the soul is more than its work; that the impulse, the aspiration, the noble effort, denote an excellence in men themselves, and afford both consolation and renewed promise which they may vainly seek in anything actually accomplished. This intense consciousness of undeveloped life, obstructed in its manifestations, is the complement in his philosophy to that sense of failure from which neither he nor any true thinker since Judæa and Athens took the helm of man's destiny can ever escape. "All I could never be, that I was worth to God,"—so runs the formula of faith by which the optimist, relying on his own consciousness, defends himself from the

pessimism as inherent in experience as the stain in blood. Browning, in illustrating the failure in other lives, by crime, by ignorance, by circumstance, and in ever-renewed expression of his faith in the soul in spite of all, has taken up into his work elements that lie deep and broad in the minds of his generation.

This naturally suggests another strong bond between the poet and his readers. He has gained hold of their more intimate spiritual life by the simplification he has made of religion. The thought of a church grows by accretion, and in time the body of doctrine becomes in part superfluous, in part burdensome; it exceeds the capacity of its disciples, and disturbs them with a sense of doubt or of incomplete belief; and from time to time some one arises in the church who grows to be the head of a schism or the leader of a revival by merely limiting the range of religious interest and intensifying truth within that range. Especially has this been observable when some one has merely declared the fundamental truth of religion in its simplest form,—of the light that lighteth every one who cometh into the world, and of the inwardness of the kingdom of heaven. Browning has, in effect, been one of these simple believers, and he owes no small part of his real influence and nearness to many lives to this fervent belief in the voice and the light within, the intuition of the soul, the piety of simple reverence and trust, the faith in the "one divine event" of all. Outside of the church this preaching has been a compensation for professed religion, and within it a strengthening and vivifying energy, helping the soul to a real and self-conscious religious life. In fact, Browning himself, living in the midst of the modern age, seems to have clung to his belief with the greater persistence, and to have expressed it the more loudly. He often states it as the one thing which is of most importance. It lies at the very

base of his system; for without it the mystery of the soul's salvation, the issue of its struggle with evil and its frequent defeat, the whole validity of its high impulse and inspired vision, would be left in chaotic and dismaying confusion, the more fearful because of the gleams, seemingly leading to another world, which flash over the field. This religious faith gives law to the struggle of life in his poems, lends them their ethical power, and secures for them that ground of repose necessary to every work of art.

The energy of action in Browning's work has also counted for much in the appeal to his contemporaries. Energy tells at all times, but in a century remarkable for its vigor, in ceaseless unrest, seeking outlets for its life in every direction, excited by its more constant and direct consciousness of its daily life throughout the world and also better acquainted with the history of the past, filled with great popular movements and wide-reaching philanthropy and sympathy, a poet who infuses his work with vitality and seems to prize it for its own sake breathes the air of the times. It is said that the purest artistic pleasure lies in contemplation; in action there is pleasure of another kind, more strenuous. A poet who sets forth the energy of life appeals to this latter sensibility, aroused through sympathy with the doing of a deed, rather than to the former, which involves disinterestedness and disengagement of the mind. Browning himself, in many exculpatory verses, sets forth his claim to the virtue of strength; he is ever praising force for its own sake, in the vein of Carlyle; he likes to exhibit it in others at its highest pitch. Our own age sympathizes with this spirit, and finds it more native to itself than the mood of contemplation, which is the condition of a more ideal art. Browning, however, has reinforced even this powerful attraction by presenting life, not only with great vital force, but

upon the broadest scale. He works in the whole field of history, brings his reading in forgotten books to bear, and crowds the stage with a marvelously diverse gathering of great and obscure men, of artists and musicians, of Jew, Arab, and Greek, of real and imaginary characters; and thus he has satisfied the intelligent curiosity of his readers, playing on the past of the race's history, and seeking to reconstruct it. He has dealt with the life of man in this varied way, in all ages, in all moods of the mind, and has added to his observation a mass of reflection which keeps curiosity itself alive and supports it. He is possibly as much obliged to the intellect of his readers, to their appetite for knowledge, as to their poetical sense, in a large portion of his writings.

These are some of the more obvious grounds upon which Browning may be held to reflect his time. But it is not enough that a poet should be representative. There remains the question as to the mode in which he has expressed himself, the degree of power with which he has wrought his material into poetry. It must be held to be true that he has written no long poem which can be put in the first rank; it would probably be acknowledged by the majority that none of his work on a great scale is likely to retain permanent interest. *The Ring and the Book* may be granted to prove great intellectual power; but it lies in the region of argument and subtlety; poetically it fails, and belongs with the other "leviathans" on the shelves of literature. It lacks, for one thing, a great action; and, secondly, it is deficient in universal human interest, in sympathetic and moral power; it appeals to the intellect, and is great by reason of other qualities than go distinctively with poetical genius. Of the remaining long poems, there is not one that can be seriously brought forward for the suffrage of immortality. They are prolix, or gnarled, or whimsical, and

their fate is to lie unread. The dramas stand in a class by themselves; they are more excellent than the long poems in art, more lucid and smooth, more to the point sought for, and often touched in parts with sentiment and grace, with passion elsewhere, and characterized in general by a poetical handling. Yet as dramas they do not succeed in reaching the mark. They are not great art, nor are they especially interesting in matter. They too must yield precedence to the dramatic lyrics and romances in which Browning's genius achieved most nearly artistic form, and submitted to the laws without which fine construction and free expression are impossible. In the best of them, the success is well-nigh perfect; they captivate at once, and allow no question of their excellence and the right they have to be reckoned with the treasures of English verse. Their variety, too, is marked, and they do not suffer in originality from obeying the requirements of art. Out of the shorter poems, though a considerable proportion are as much flawed and distorted as are the longer ones, many occur to the mind at once to justify the decision already popularly made with regard to Browning's lyrical and dramatic power when exercised within a certain limit.

Criticism beyond this is now superfluous. The qualities of his poetry in detail have been often set forth, and praise and blame bestowed with an equally liberal hand. If we seem to restrict narrowly the amount of his work which will live, we do not forget the impression that must be made upon the future, as upon his own time, by the entire mass of writings. They insure by their mere bulk and the labor they represent the remembrance of him as a genius of high productiveness. They illustrate the great compass of his culture, his scholarship, his varied tastes and interests, and give a knowledge of his life which is not to be gained by acquaintance with only his best. The fecundity and grasp of his

mind, his intelligence as distinguished from his genius, are not to be known except by reading a large portion of what is not valuable on other grounds. His culture was vital, and entered into his life and blended with it. One feels the more, as he becomes familiar with the poet's entire work, that he truly put his own life into it; and this not merely for the pleasure of the world, or from literary ambition, but in order that he might be serviceable to men. He desired that his life and its energy should be felt as an influence in others, and be helpful to them in the most important and difficult portion of their lives. This has aided in winning for him close study of his meaning for other than poetical purposes, and has made him an acknowledged master in spiritual matters. It now swells his fame; but it belongs to contemporaries to make more of the matter of a poet than of his form, and to overvalue his special and close relation to themselves; the new writers displace the old when only matter is at stake; form, and that alone, preserves literature from decay. The poet is at last remembered as one of his time, be it longer or shorter; his volumes are treasured in the history of literature; but his immortality contracts its life within the limits of that perfect work which is for all time.

The prevalent opinion even now is that Browning, notwithstanding the rare intellectual power which enriches much of his inferior work, will suffer very seriously from his defective art. Nevertheless, he must rank as the most powerful realist in the representation of human life who has appeared in England since Shakespeare. He also possessed a lyrical gift which, in its best expression, entitles him to a place only below the first. He had, too, a peculiar felicity in rendering mysticism, in giving form to vague feeling, and in expressing the moods of indefinite suggestion that music awakens. He had an estate in the bor-

derland of thought and feeling, on the confines of our knowledge, in the places that look to the promised land. This faculty yielded to him a few characteristic and original poems, in which there is a kind of exaltation at times, and at times of sorcery. The fascination in these, together with his dramatic realism and his lyrical movement, constitute his power as a poet, apart from all consideration of what he said. They do

not place him among the few supreme poets of his country.

It was fortunate that long life was given him, so that he made the most of his gifts. The romantic movement thus found in him one of its most original and striking products, and gained by his strong sense of reality and his wide-ranging intellect. It completes in him and in Tennyson its second stage of development.

MR. BELLAMY AND THE NEW NATIONALIST PARTY.

EVERY great increase of human power, every marked advance in the material conditions of society, is followed by an access of optimism, in which men, for the time, lose the capacity nicely to measure difficulties, if, indeed, they do not altogether fail to distinguish between what is possible and what is impossible. Most men can keep their heads only when the rate of the social movement is moderate. Let that rate be greatly transcended, there is certain to be generated in the public mind a hopefulness of feeling which takes small account of obstacles to further progress. Let the improvement of social conditions continue at a rapid rate through a considerable period of time, and we shall see society visited by a series of quickly succeeding flushes, under the influence of which almost any illusion can be produced.

Some seven or eight years ago, great popular excitement was caused by Mr. George's crusade against private property in land. Large numbers of intelligent persons were found who were ready to accept Mr. George's promise that in this way he would abolish poverty, and bring back a golden age. Three years ago, the rapid growth of the order of the Knights of Labor

stirred up all the manufacturing regions of the United States. A universal Federation of Labor was to be formed, with a parliament and executive officers. The initiative in production, the control over production, were to be finally transferred from the employing and capitalist classes to the manual labor class. The new league grew, for a while a hundred thousand a month. Consternation was aroused on the part of those who supported the existing order in industry and society. If the Knights of Labor did not form a party by themselves, it was because existing parties vied with each other in groveling before the new power that had arisen in the land. To-day, for the third time in this decade, we find the community — shall I say agitated by a great excitement, or fluttered by a little breeze? created by the appearance of a new book, dealing with the industrial organization of society, but also a novel and a love-story. A party has been formed on the basis of that book: as yet, small and select. That party has not presented candidates for public office, but no one can say how soon it may do so. It is of that book and that party I am to speak.

And, since I shall not have much sympathy to express with the proposi-

tions of the party platform, and may have to speak somewhat less than tenderly of the representations contained in the book, let me say that I have, in truth, no spirit of hostility toward those who are undertaking this propaganda. The more attention is turned upon questions of economic and social organization, the better I like it. So far from thinking that the world is coming to an end because projects which would destroy alike industry and society are, for the moment, a popular craze, I regard the phenomenon with satisfaction. It is the rapid movement of humanity along the lines of social and industrial improvement which makes men, now and then, lose all measure of difficulty and all sense of proportion, in contemplating bright and alluring pictures of approaching social and industrial regeneration. These pictures are all the more bright and alluring because they are invariably painted upon a background of gloom and terror, supposed to represent the actual condition of humanity. Mr. Henry George's rhetoric is employed to the point of strain in depicting industrial society as in the last stages of misery and discontent, while "in the shadow of college and library and museum are gathering the more hideous Huns and fiercer Vandals of whom Macaulay prophesied." The fact is, had the English or the American laborer been a quarter part as miserable as Mr. George described him, he would not have cared the snap of his finger for Mr. George or his rhetoric. Books are not bought, to the tune of hundreds of thousands of copies, by starving Huns; while Vandals are notoriously more given to destroying libraries than to collecting them. What secured for Progress and Poverty its unexampled circulation was the general well-being, inducing a hopefulness which could scarcely bear to take account of difficulties.

The Knights of Labor, again, of course announced that the sufferings of

the down-trodden masses had compelled a revolt against the oppressor. That which gave their ambitious scheme a chance for a very partial and a very temporary success was the fact that the masses were not down-trodden; that the movement originated among the most fortunate part of a laboring population, which, as a whole, was more fortunate than any other the history of mankind had known; and that the initial enterprises of the adventurous Knights were undertaken for raising the wages of the best paid laborers in the country, not for the relief of overworked shop-girls or underpaid sewing-women.

The latest access of optimism among us has been due to the publication of a book, in which the author sets forth his views of the next, now swiftly approaching, "stage in the industrial and social development of humanity." In order to give his sketch verisimilitude, and to present his matter in a manner every way appropriate to it, Mr. Bellamy causes his hero to go to sleep at the hands of a mesmerist, in an underground vault, and to wake, undecayed and in the perfect vigor of youth, after the lapse of more than a century, to find a new heavens and a new earth, and, greatest miracle of all, a new and better Boston. In this regenerated world, pauperism is unknown; crime has almost entirely disappeared, the rare remaining manifestations of evil purpose being treated as instances of atavism, fast vanishing under more wholesome external conditions combined with scientific treatment: wars have gone, and with them fleets and armies; politics have altogether ceased to be, and demagoguery and corruption have become "words having only an historical significance." Not only is squalid poverty unknown, but instead of the *res angusta domi*, which, in our present civilization, presses all the time upon all but the few most favored, even among the so-called wealthy classes, there is, in the case of

every citizen of Mr. Bellamy's world, a greater likelihood¹ that he will not be able to avail himself of all the purchasing power placed in his hands than that he will ever feel the need of anything which he cannot secure. General satiety is, indeed, quite the order of the day, in the new society. Not only has crime substantially disappeared, but with it have gone meanness, arrogance, and unkindness. All men feel themselves truly brothers, and delight in each other's prosperity as in their own.

The first impulse of the reader of this description of the society of 2000 A. D. is to cry out: "How can any man, the most optimistic, assume that such a change in the forces and relations of human life could possibly take place in so brief a term of years! Conceding all that may be claimed as to the possibilities of a distant future, how can any one be so wild, so insane, as to believe that three generations would suffice to transform the world we now see, with its armies, its forts, its jails, its warring nations, its competing classes, its vast inherited load of pauperism, crime, and vicious appetite, into the world which is depicted in *Looking Backward*! What folly to suppose that human nature could so greatly change in so short a time!" But the reader would be in error. Mr. Bellamy would instruct him that human nature has not changed; that there was at no time any reason why human nature should change. Human nature was well enough all the while. This marvelous transformation has been brought about wholly by the introduction of a piece of social machinery so simple that the only wonder is it did not come into use in the time of the Aryan migrations. All that humanity has gone through, of misery and of suffering, has been absolutely useless.

¹ *Looking Backward*, page 89.

² It is to be said that, while the hero of the book goes to sleep in 1887 and wakes in 2000, the new state has at the latter date been in

Mankind have not been undergoing a course of education and training, through hardship inciting to invention, arousing courage, building up nerve and brain. They have simply been waiting for Mr. Bellamy; and very miserable indeed have they been because he kept them waiting so long.

When one thinks of the wretchedness, the shame, and the anguish of the human condition through these uncounted centuries, it is impossible not to feel a little impatience at this gentleman for not turning up earlier. Those who believe that the experiences of mankind, bitter and thrice bitter as they have been, were ordered in mercy by an all-wise Being; those, on the other hand, who look upon the human lot, hard as it was, as affording the essential conditions under which, through the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest, the evolution of man from low to high degrees of power, intelligence, and virtue was to be effected, — both these classes may view, without repining, the pain, the weariness, the ignominy, of thousands of millions of human lives. But the Nationalist who appreciates the astonishing, the prodigious change in the fortunes of mankind to be wrought at once² by a mere piece of political machinery, transforming the earth into a paradise, cannot suppress a little impatience at this unnecessary prolonging of the term of human misery. Confound that Bellamy! — he must say, at least to himself, — why could n't he have attended to this thing earlier? Why did n't he get himself born under the Pharaohs? Then all this pain would have been saved; those partings need not have taken place; Christ need not have died.

What is the political mechanism which is to change the face of the earth

perfect operation for a long time. The great change is spoken of as having taken place instantaneously, through the simple formation of the industrial army.

from universal gloom and terror, as Mr. Bellamy is pleased to describe it, to universal joy and gladness? I answer, All this is to be effected by the organization of the entire body of citizens into an industrial army. All persons between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five are to be mustered in by force of law, women as well as men. This vast body is to be formed into companies, regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps, constituting in its aggregate the grand army of industry. Officers of appropriate rank are to be assigned to the command of the several subdivisions. Every member is required to serve in whatever place and at whatever work may be prescribed,¹ his own peculiar qualifications and the needs of society being taken into account. In order, however, to reduce the element of compulsion to a minimum, that is, to substitute volunteering for conscription, as far as possible, "the administration" will seek to equalize the advantages of the different kinds of service. Thus, if one sort of work is disagreeable or arduous, the hours of labor therein will be diminished to the point where as many persons shall apply for service in that capacity as are required to meet the demand, the number of hours at lighter and pleasanter tasks being increased to whatever point shall be necessary to keep the number of applicants down to the demand. In the same way, the advantages of residence in different regions will be equalized by the administration, through the fixing of longer or shorter hours, or through the appointment of harder or of easier tasks, according as any given region possesses more or less of original attractiveness.

One would be disposed to think that a work like this, in which a mere man should take the place at once of Nature and of Providence, would call for abilities of the highest order, an almost

inconceivable energy, an almost inconceivable prudence. But, again, Mr. Bellamy corrects the first mistaken impression of the uninitiated reader, and assures him that the business is so easy that it could not fail to be successfully administered, and that it is not at all essential that the ablest men should be chosen for the highest positions in the new state. Indeed, he declares the system to be so simple that "nobody but a fool could derange it."

The greatest difficulty which occurs to me in the practical application of this principle would be in equalizing the advantages of country and of city life. Under our present competitive system, the great majority of country people do not go down to the city, simply because they know that if they did they would starve. Even so, the fascinations of congregated life are so great that millions submit to the most squalid and foul conditions, in order that they may live in the glare and noise of great cities. If this attraction of urban life is found so powerful under present conditions, how strong will it be when cities become as beautiful, agreeable, and wholesome as Mr. Bellamy is going to make them, and when every member of the industrial army is entitled to draw his full rations wherever he may live! It seems to me clear that it would be necessary to reduce the hours of labor in agriculture to not exceeding one and a half a day, in order to retain a proper proportion of the population upon the soil. But, since the produce of the soil at present, with its cultivators working an average of twelve hours, only suffices to feed and clothe the inhabitants of the world very poorly and scantily, what would happen if the hours of labor in agriculture were reduced to one and a half?

I confess that at this point I have been obliged to give up the quest, find-
zenship, become employees, to be distributed according to the needs of society."

¹ "When the nation becomes the sole employer, all the citizens, by virtue of their citi-

ing the difficulties of the subject too great for my unenlightened intellect.

In one respect, Mr. Bellamy, who keenly enjoys military terms and images, makes a wide departure from the usage in ordinary armies. In Mr. Bellamy's army, all are to be paid alike and are to enjoy equivalent physical conditions. Officers and privates are to fare in all respects the same, the highest having no preference whatever over the meanest, absolutely no material consideration being awarded to the greatest powers in production or in administration. Now, the rule is very different from this in the real armies of the civilized world, and Mr. Bellamy would do well to be careful lest, in leaving out the principle of graded rewards corresponding to gradations of rank, he should omit a feature which is essential, the lack of which may cause his industrial army to go to pieces.

Such is the mechanism which Mr. Bellamy proposes for carrying on the industry of the nation and providing for its material wants. What are the advantages which, in his view, would result from thus organizing the productive forces of the country? These may be grouped, in a general way, as follows :

(1.) Since no man is to be allowed to enjoy more of good things than others, those who stand at the lower end of the scale of industrial efficiency, moral energy, physical force, and technical skill would obtain a dividend from a body of comforts, luxuries, and necessities of life to the production of which their own force or industry would not be competent. Here, of course, is clearly seen an opportunity to improve the condition of the less fortunate members of the community, as at present constituted, *provided only and provided always* that this ravishing away of the fruits of exceptional intelligence, industry, and skill should not diminish the zeal with which those qualities will be applied in future production. Should the latter prove to be the case, the less fortunate members

of the community would not be better off, but worse off, — indeed, indefinitely worse off, by reason of such a confiscation.

But while Mr. Bellamy's scheme thus offers an opportunity (subject to the important proviso just now indicated) to divide up the superfluity of the rich, the author has to admit that, with so large a divisor as the total number of the people, the addition made thereby to the income of each man, woman, and child would, at the most, be but a few cents a day. Whence, then, is to come that abundance of good things which is depicted in this romance? — an abundance so great of all the comforts, decencies, and wholesome luxuries of life, including the best of wines and cigars and opera twenty-four hours a day, that it is stated to be not unlikely that any man would care to use less than the amount of purchasing power placed at his disposal. In order to provide this abundance, Mr. Bellamy is obliged to leave the distribution of what we now call wealth, and undertake to show that production would be enormously increased under his proposed scheme.

(2.) In meeting this exigency of his argument, the author indulges in an extravagance of exaggeration which is hardly to be equaled in the myths of any people, from Scandinavia to the Indian peninsula. According to his exhibit, only an insignificant portion of the labor and capital power of a thousand million of toilers, the world over, is now really applied to the satisfaction of human wants. His statement of the evil effects of excessive competition and ill-directed enterprise rises into the realm of the marvelous. All this is to be saved and turned to the most beneficent use in his industrial state. There is to be no waste of substance and no duplication of effort. No man or woman is to be obliged to labor after the age of forty-five, with exceptions too inconsiderable to be noticed, and no child

before twenty-one; yet all are to have enough and to spare.

(3.) Having thus shown that much can be added to the good things to be enjoyed by the community, through what he regards as an improved system of production, Mr. Bellamy proceeds to show that, in the consumption of what we now call wealth, a vast saving is to be effected. Property having been virtually abolished, all crimes against property disappear, by the necessity of the case. As no man has anything of which he could be robbed, and as no man has any wants unsatisfied which could lead him to robbery, a very beautiful order of things is immediately instituted. Moreover, in such a happy state, all vicious and malignant instincts and impulses will be so acted upon by general forces, making for intelligence and morality, that crimes against the person and against the community will practically disappear; and society will thus be relieved from the expense of providing policemen, judges, and jails.

Such are the three modes in which Mr. Bellamy proposes to afford the world that abundance of good things which is depicted so appetizingly in his now famous novel, *Looking Backward*.

I do not know that I could give, in a brief space, a better idea of the degree of discretion and moderation with which Mr. Bellamy deals with obstacles to his scheme than by saying that he settles in a single line the greatest of human problems. "We have," says this light and airy human providence, "no wars, and our governments have no war powers." Is it wonderful that a novelist who in one line can dispose of a question which has baffled the power of statesmen, diplomats, and philanthropists through the course of centuries, should in a few chapters put you together a social order from which vice, crime, pauperism, and every form of human selfishness altogether disappear?

Yet, even after such a masterly dispo-

sition of the problems which have taxed the powers of the greatest minds of the race, even after the tremendous assumptions which he permits himself on his mere fancy to make, Mr. Bellamy is well aware that he has still to deal with a difficulty of colossal magnitude. Conceding all he would be disposed to claim for his system, if erected and put into operation, it still remains to be shown how this industrial army shall be officered; how "the administration" which is to set and keep millions of persons at work, each in the place and in the way best suiting his capacity, to order and control this gigantic industrial machine, without friction, without waste, and without loss, shall be chosen, or elected, or otherwise constituted. If the choice of rulers and administrators for governments which exercise but a tenth or a hundredth part of the power and authority that is to be placed in the hands of the officers of the industrial army gives rise to parties and factions which are ready to tear each other asunder, generates intrigues and cabals which threaten the existence of government itself, and creates a large class of professional politicians, what may we expect when "the administration" controls all the activities of life, sets every man of the community at work and in place according to its pleasure, and undertakes to redress the balance of advantages and disadvantages among hundreds of occupations and thousands of considerable communities?

I have said that Mr. Bellamy is aware of this difficulty. He proposes a scheme for the choice of those who are to exercise these tremendous powers, which may safely be claimed by his admirers to be without a parallel in political speculation. This is, in truth, the great original feature of Mr. Bellamy's plan. The analogy of an industrial to a military army has been suggested by other writers; many philosophers have risen to the conception of a comprehensive socialism, in which the state should be all and

in all ; but Mr. Bellamy alone has undertaken to show how seeking and striving for office can be entirely eliminated, and how an "administration," exercising a hundred times the power of an ordinary government, can be secured so purely and so peacefully that demagoguery and corruption shall become words of an historical significance only. Such a discovery constitutes his chief claim to distinction as a social and political philosopher.

Mr. Bellamy's project is unique and grand in its simplicity. It consists solely in bestowing the choice of the officers of the industrial army upon those who have already been discharged from service, at forty-five. The constituency thus composed, being themselves exempted from further service in the industrial army, can have no possible interest other than the selection of the altogether best man for each place of command ; and they will proceed to exercise their function of choice, in this momentous matter, disinterestedly, dispassionately, and with the highest intelligence. Among a body thus constituted intrigues and cabals can, of course, not originate ; the tremendous powers of patronage they are to wield cannot possibly give rise to favoritism or partisanship.

Mr. Bellamy's notion of the composition of an electoral constituency has an interest and a value for us, as citizens deeply concerned in public affairs, even under the present benighted organization of society. We need not wait for the complete realization of the scheme to put this feature of it into operation for the improvement of current politics. The choice of legislators and governors now causes a great deal of trouble : gives rise to office-seeking and offensive partisanship ; provokes intrigues and cabals ; generates demagoguery and corruption. Is it not clear that we need to seek some constituency within the commonwealth whose members are free from

interest in the government and can derive no personal benefit from the choice of officials ? It is in this view that I venture to supplement Mr. Bellamy's suggestions. Is there anywhere in Massachusetts such a constituency, to which might be entrusted the selection of our governors and legislators ? Clearly, there is. We have certain highly populous institutions in which are to be found no inconsiderable number of persons who are definitively relieved from further participation in public affairs. Sequestered for the remainder of their existence, by act of law, from activity and agency within the commonwealth, why should not these persons, familiarly known as Convicts for Life, be entrusted with the choice of magistrates and rulers ? They can have no selfish interest in the matter ; and since Mr. Bellamy assures us that it is not necessary that human nature should be changed, but only a right organization of existing forces secured, why might not such a confidence properly be proposed in the discretion of these gentlemen — and ladies ?

Such is Mr. Bellamy's scheme, as completed by the mechanism he proposes for the choice of officers for his new nation. I am sanguine enough to believe that the simplest statement will answer most of the purposes of a laborious refutation. I will only touch upon a few points.

In the first place, the constituency which Mr. Bellamy would create for the choice of "the administration," under his system, is about the worst which could possibly be devised. A more meddling, mischief-making, and altogether pestilent body of electors was never called into being. It is a mistake to suppose that a man's selfish interest in a service ceases because he has himself retired from it. There was a time, after the war, when it was almost impossible for the Secretary of the Navy to administer his department, on account of the intermeddling of twenty or thirty retired admirals living in Washington. Men

may still have friends and relatives and dependents to promote, leaders and champions to push, not to speak of enemies to punish, long after they have themselves gone upon the retired list.

Equally unreasonable is it to assume that the great mass of ordinary people would be free from selfish, sectional, and partisan impulses in such a system as Mr. Bellamy proposes. Instead of politics being abolished, it would be found that, with five millions of men over forty-five years in the United States, having nothing else to attend to, politics would become the great business of the nation. Parties and factions would be formed under sectional, moral,¹ or personal impulses, and would carry their contests to a pitch of fury impossible to constituencies, most of whose members have a great deal else to do, and that of a very engrossing nature. "Magnetic" leaders would come to the front; "issues" would arise; and all the combativeness and creature-pugnacity of fallen humanity, refused longer occupation in war or in industry, would find full scope in the contests of politics. Doubtless the whole five millions of veteran male electors, being perfectly free to live where they pleased and to draw their rations where they lived, would at once move to Washington, to be as near the source of power as possible. Doubtless, also, the five million female electors would follow them, to take a hand, to the best possible effect, in the choice of the "woman general-in-chief." Under such attractions, and with no practical business remaining in life, the whole voting population would speedily join the throng at the capital, where power and place were to be fought for. With ten millions of discharged industrial soldiers, having no

other business but politics, Washington would become a city in comparison with which, in the fury of its partisanship and factional strife, Rome, under the later Empire, would not deserve to be mentioned.

Secondly, Mr. Bellamy's assumption that, were selfish pecuniary interests to be altogether removed as a motive to action, the sense of duty and the desire of applause would enter fully to take their place, and would inspire all the members of the community to the due exertion of all their powers and faculties for the general good, is utterly gratuitous. Nothing that we read in human history, nothing that we see among existing societies, justifies such a supposition. From the origin of mankind to the present time, the main spur to exertion has been want; and while, with the growth of small-brained into large-brained races, the desire of applause and consideration for the public weal have steadily grown in force as motives to human action, and while, among the higher individuals of the higher races, a delight in labor has even, in a certain degree, come to replace the barbarous indisposition to all kinds of work, it is still, in this age of the world, little short of downright madness to assume that disinterested motives can be altogether trusted to take the place of selfish motives, in human society.

Thirdly, like Mr. George's great work, *Looking Backward* shows, through its whole structure, the perverting effect of a single false notion, having the power to twist out of shape and out of due relation every fact which comes, in any way, at any point, within the field of its influence. It is the notion that military discipline applied to production would

¹ For example, Mr. Bellamy represents his favorite characters as using wine freely. Can any one doubt that within the first few years the industrial army would be convulsed by contests between a prohibition and a license party; and that when this question was set-

tled, if it ever should be, tea, coffee, and tobacco would come in for the passionate attentions of the Miners and Faxon's of that day? Mr. Bellamy's "open theatres" contain all the possibilities of a whole century of active politics.

work miracles, both in gain and in saving, which has led Mr. Bellamy astray. In sooth, Mr. Bellamy did not turn to the military system of organization because he was a socialist. He became a socialist because he had been moon-struck with a fancy for the military organization and discipline itself. So that, in a sense, militarism is, with him, an end rather than a means. A very funny end, one must admit.

It would be difficult to prove what has been thus asserted, were one left to his book alone, though the domination exerted over the author's mind by this "fixed idea" would suggest that it was the passion for militarism which had made the author a socialist. But we are not left to that source of information. In the May (1889) number of *The Nationalist*, Mr. Bellamy has told us "how he [I] came to write *Looking Backward*." He there says that he had, at the outset, "no idea of attempting a serious contribution to the movement of social reform." Indeed, he had never had any affiliations with any class or sect of industrial or social reformers, "nor any particular sympathy with undertakings of the sort." To make the picture he proposed to draw as unreal as possible, "to secure plenty of elbow room for the fancy and prevent awkward collisions between the ideal structure and the hard facts of the real world," he fixed the date of his story in the year A. D. 3000. Starting thus, without any distinct social intention; with "no thought of constructing a house in which practical men might live, but merely of hanging in mid-air, far out of the reach of the sordid and material world of the present, a cloud-palace for an ideal humanity," Mr. Bellamy began *Looking Backward*.

The opening scene, he tells us, was a grand parade of a departmental division of the industrial army, on the occasion

of the annual muster-day, when the young men coming of age that year were mustered into the national service, and those who that year had reached the age of exemption were mustered out. "The solemn pageantry of the great festival of the year; the impressive ceremonial of the oath of duty, taken by the new recruits in the presence of the world-standard; the formal return of the thanks of humanity to the veterans who received their honorable dismissal from service; the review and the march-past of the entire body of the local industrial forces, each battalion with its appropriate insignia; the triumphal arches, the garlanded streets, the banquets, the music, the open theatres and pleasure-gardens, with all the features of a gala-day sacred to the civic virtues and the enthusiasm of humanity, furnished materials for a picture exhilarating at least to the painter." No wonder he was fired with martial ardor at his own conception, and felt at once like running away to enlist.

Observe: this is the real germ of Mr. Bellamy's social scheme. He goes on to tell us that, enraptured by the contemplation of the grand review, he began to dwell more and more on the feasibility of applying the modern military system of Europe to the industrial life of every country, by turns, and finally of the world. More and more, as he dwelt on this theme, the possibilities of the subject expanded before him; the difficulties vanished; the time for such a consummation drew near.¹ Whereas he had at first only thought of utilizing the military system as furnishing "an analogy to lend an effect of feasibility to the fancy sketch he [I] had in hand," he at last, after much working over details, "perceived the full potency of the instrument he [I] was using, and recognized in the modern military system, not merely a rhetorical vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial reorganization."

¹ "Instead of a mere fairy tale of social perfection, it [*Looking Backward*] became the

analogy for a national industrial service, but its prototype, furnishing at once a complete working model for its organization, an arsenal of patriotic and national motives and arguments for its animation, and the unanswerable demonstration of its feasibility drawn from the actual experience of whole nations organized and manœuvred as armies."

Fired, as well he might be, by a discovery so momentous, Mr. Bellamy, like Archimedes, rushed from his bath into the streets, shouting Eureka. The date 3000 was incontinently dropped, and that of 2000 substituted; the details of the new scheme were wrought out, even at the sacrifice, as Mr. Bellamy confesses, with a tinge of regret not unbecoming a professional novelist, of some of the doubts and hopes and fears of the predestinated lovers; and *Looking Backward* was put to press as the koran of a new faith.

I have dwelt thus at length on the genesis of this book, because it is by this path we shall best approach the finished work, for the purposes of examination and criticism. Mr. Bellamy, who is a modest gentleman, does not claim any supernatural powers in thus banishing, at a stroke, poverty and crime, base appetites, sordid ambitions, and mean motives from human society. He does not pose as a wonder-worker; he does not even put on the airs of "a master-mind," as if he had the capability of discovering what was beyond the range of ordinary intellects.¹ On the contrary, he would say that the analogy between a fighting and an industrial army is so manifest that it has often been dwelt upon and used for rhetorical, and even to a certain extent for more serious purposes. What he himself did was simply to press the resemblance further, through almost accidental suggestions of his own mind, until he discovered what

any one else might have seen, that there is a strict parallelism between the two, reaching to the fullest extent of both.

But while Mr. Bellamy is thus modest as to his own deserts as a social philosopher, he is sure that there can be no doubt of the virtue of his scheme. He will admit no question that his political and industrial mechanism (for, be it remembered, he distinctly disavows the introduction of any new forces into human life or any change in human nature) will work indefinitely larger effects for good than all the efforts of men and nations, all the planning and thinking of philosophers and statesmen, through all the centuries of human history. His book finds the world a scene of social confusion, industrial conflict, and moral disorder; the year 2000 is to find the world a paradise, in which men can hardly use the good things provided for them, in which armies and jails are unknown, from which vice and crime have practically disappeared. This system is to do, offhand, what Christ's gospel, with its devoted preachers, exemplars, and ministers, its missionaries and its noble army of martyrs, has only made a beginning of in nineteen centuries. Since all these consequences are assumed to follow the application of the national military system to industry, and this alone, it behooves us to scrutinize somewhat closely the analogy which Mr. Bellamy has drawn between industry and war.

What is the purpose of war? It is to overwhelm and destroy. Such being the purpose of war, what is the problem in war? It is to concentrate, for a time, perhaps a very short time, superior force, at a critical point, for a supreme effort. This is the single object of all strategy, the end of all tactics. For the purpose of securing such concentration of forces, and the capability of supreme efforts in decisive moments, military organization and discipline are introduced. That armies may be promptly marched

¹ "Something in this way it was that, no thanks to myself, I stumbled over the destined corner-stone of the new social order."

and may desperately fight, to the last drop of their blood, through the few fearful hours which are to decide the fate of nations, the soldier must give up his will, his power of choice, his freedom of movement, almost his individuality. Is there anything corresponding to this in industry? I answer, No. The purpose of industry is, not to destroy, but to create. Even in exchange, where competition is accentuated and intensified to the highest point, destructive antagonism is developed in but a slight degree, and then only as the result of ignorance and greed.

And if the purpose of industry differs thus widely from the purpose of war, how does the problem of industry differ from that of war? The problem of war is, as we saw, to secure a momentary concentration of superior force, at a critical point, for a supreme effort. The problem of industry is to occupy a vast number of widely separated points, where labor and capital can be employed, not for a single supreme effort, not for a series of spasmodic efforts, but for quiet, orderly, continuous, progressive work. Such a problem presents conditions very different from those presented to an army, crouched for its deadly spring upon an antagonist. Doubtless industrial forces require to be organized and administered, both firmly and judiciously; but it is not necessary that discipline should be carried so far as to deprive the individual of his initiative, to take from him all freedom of choice, and to subject him to an authority which shall have over him the power of life and death, of honor and disgrace.

We see, then, how utterly fallacious is the analogy which Mr. Bellamy has set up. For the sake of success in war, when war, with all its tremendous consequences, has become inevitable, the men of our race will cheerfully submit to the sternest discipline; but for the conduct of their daily lives, in profound peace, no, thank you! Liberty is too

much the law of our life; the traditions of personal freedom, the aspirations for a still larger freedom, are too dear to be surrendered, even for the acute delights of an annual review, with triumphal arches, garlanded streets, banquets, and music.

Nor, while dismissing thus Mr. Bellamy's scheme, can the social philosopher even admit that the object which that scheme proposes is itself desirable. Were the fantasy of a state in which every one should have enough and to spare, in which the conditions of life should cease to be arduous and stern, from which care and solicitude for the future should be banished, and the necessities, comforts, and wholesome luxuries of life should come easily to all, — were this wild, weak dream shown to be capable of realization, well might the philanthropist exclaim, Alas for mankind! There have been races that have lived without care, without struggle, without pains; but these have never become noble races. Except for care and struggle and pains, men would never have risen above the intellectual and physical stature of Polynesian savages. There are cares that cark and cares that kill; there are struggles that are unavailing; there are pains that depress, and blight, and dwarf. Well may we look forward to a better state, in which much of the harshness of the human condition shall, by man's own efforts, have been removed. But it was no Bellamy who said that in the sweat of their brows should men eat bread; that with agony should they be born into the world; and that in labor always, in disappointment and defeat often, with anxious thought, and with foreboding that ceases only at the grave, should they live their lives through, dying weary of the struggle, yet rejoicing in the hope of a better fortune and more generous terms for those who are to come after.

Quite as little can we approve of the fundamental law of Mr. Bellamy's mili-

tary republic, that there should be no distinction of material condition among its members. Mr. Bellamy tries to place this prescription on high ethical grounds; but all his fine phrases¹ do not disguise the fact that the proposed distribution involves the grossest violation of common honesty, as every plain man understands it. To say that one who produces twice as much as another shall yet have no more is palpable robbery. It is to make that man for half his time a slave, working for others without reward. It is one of the dangers of transcendental reasoning about rights and morals that the finest of sentiments are often found in close proximity to the baldest of rascality.

But the flagrant dishonesty of the proposition to destroy all distinction in the material condition of members of the community is, I make bold to say, the least objection to it. Such a leveling downwards would bring a speedy end of all intellectual and social progress, to be followed, at no late day, by retrogression and relapse. It is only by the distinction of some that the general character of the mass is to be raised. There are plenty of tribes and races among which Mr. Bellamy's great creative principle of absolute equality of conditions is and has immemorially been in full operation. Unfortunately for his case, they are all miserably embruted savages. Even the fact that among some of them the additional principle of the selection of chiefs by the elders of the tribe is of unknown antiquity has not served to lift them in the scale of humanity. They are still poor, squalid

¹ "His title [to credit on the national shopkeepers] is his humanity. The basis of his claim is the fact that he is a man." That claim is recognized by most Christian nations as valid to the extent of necessary subsistence. To carry that claim further is not only to violate equity, but to set in motion the gravest social and economic evils: witness the history of the English Poor Laws.

Again, Mr. Bellamy says, "The amount of the resulting product has nothing to do with

wretches, in spite of the adoption of both these prescriptions for turning the earth into a paradise without any intervening change of human nature.

So much for the book. I should have spoken in a very different tone had the author carried out his original purpose, and presented his industrial army avowedly as an ideal. To offer ideals to the contemplation of mankind is well. Even although recognized as utterly impracticable under present conditions, or conditions likely soon to arise, they may have the effect to make men nobler, braver, sweeter, purer. They often serve to exalt the aims of the loftiest minds, and to inspire the humblest and the poorest with renewed courage for their struggle with the actual and the present. But Mr. Bellamy has not chosen to offer his sketch as an ideal. He insists that it is practicable, and immediately practicable; and that nothing but incomprehensible folly and stupidity stands in the way of its realization. Not only so, but he has chosen to stigmatize the existing order in the most violent terms. No epithet short of "wolfish" will fully satisfy him in application to that state of society in which all of us live, and which most of us cordially support, though always in the hope of steady improvement and progressive amelioration.

It remains to speak, very briefly, of the party to which the book has given rise, calling itself the Nationalist party. The size of this party is altogether unknown. We read one day of a hundred and fifty, and another day of a hundred and eighty Nationalist clubs; but the word club has a highly elastic the question [how much a man shall receive], which is one of desert. Desert is a moral question, the amount of product is a material quantity." It would be better to say that a man's effort constitutes his moral desert, which should have a moral reward, — that is, the approval of his conscience, his fellow-men, and his God; while his achievement constitutes his economic desert, which should have an economic reward, — that is, wages or profits.

meaning. A club may consist, we know, of only president, secretary, and treasurer; and indeed the Nationalist party, thus far, seems to run mainly to officers. While no one objects to women taking their proportional part in this movement for the regeneration of society, there is yet a suspicion that the Nationalist party of the present time comprises an excess of non-combatants. It is also suspected that, while a large amount of intellect has gone into the movement, comparatively little muscle has been enlisted in the service. The number of actual day laborers belonging to the party is believed to be small.

At first, as I understand the matter, the platform of the new party was Mr. Bellamy's book, pure and simple; but, more recently, the organ of the party has set forth certain propositions under the title of a Declaration of Principles, as follows:—

"The principle of the Brotherhood of Humanity is one of the eternal truths that govern the world's progress on lines which distinguish human nature from brute nature.

"The principle of competition is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and the most cunning.

"Therefore, so long as competition continues to be the ruling factor in our industrial system, the highest development of the individual cannot be reached, the loftiest aims of humanity cannot be realized.

"No truth can avail unless practically applied. Therefore, those who seek the welfare of man must endeavor to suppress the system founded on the brute principle of competition, and put in its place another founded on the nobler principle of association.

"But in striving to apply this nobler and wiser principle to the complex conditions of modern life, we advocate no sudden or ill-considered changes; we make no war upon individuals; we do

not censure those who have accumulated immense fortunes simply by carrying to a logical end the false principle upon which business is now based.

"The combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further, and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation, the people organized, the organic unity of the whole people.

"The present industrial system proves itself wrong by the immense wrongs it produces; it proves itself absurd by the immense waste of energy and material which is admitted to be its concomitant. Against this system we raise our protest; for the abolition of the slavery it has wrought and would perpetuate we pledge our best efforts."

Of the seven paragraphs of which this declaration consists, the larger number are devoted to denunciations of the principle of competition, which it is declared to be the purpose of the party to suppress. The small remainder of the "platform" is occupied by declarations in favor of the "nobler principle of association." Even of the space devoted to this part of the declaration, a half is taken up by a disclaimer of any purpose to effect sudden or violent changes, or to attack individuals who have prospered under the existing system. So that all which remains devoted to the constructive purposes of the party is to be found in these lines: "The combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association. We merely seek to push this principle a little further, and have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation, the people organized, the organic unity of the whole people."

Brief as this is, it will be observed that one half, again, is taken up by an argument, or what was intended for

such. The positive part of this declaration of principles is therefore confined within the lines last quoted. Leaving out a considerable part of this as surplusage, we have the purpose of the party expressed in these words: "We seek to have all industries operated in the interest of all by the nation."

It will be observed that there is here no statement of the means by which this is to be accomplished; no details whatever of the system which it is proposed to set up. We must suppose, therefore, either that the party has not reached a consent regarding the details of the scheme and the means through which it is to be brought into operation, or else that Mr. Bellamy's book is regarded as furnishing all that is needed under these two heads. What I have already said regarding *Looking Backward* may perhaps be accepted as the answer of those who uphold the existing order. But, in any event, I should not feel bound to discuss this new socialist programme, even were details enough given to afford a fair opportunity for criticism. I make the choice, which every combatant has the right to make, between offensive and defensive warfare, and elect to defend the principle of competition.

But I cannot proceed to the defense of competition against the attacks of the Nationalists without pausing a moment to call attention to the very absurd character of the sole proof they offer as to the practicability of their scheme. The lamb-like innocence shown in the declaration that "the combinations, trusts, and syndicates of which the people at present complain demonstrate the practicability of our basic principle of association" is, I venture to say, not surpassed in the literature of economics, or even of the comic stage. The essential conditions of a Trust, it ought hardly to be necessary to state, are, first, a small inside ring, to profit by the restriction of production and the raising of price; and secondly, a large outside public, to be

plundered. A half dozen men gather in a New York hotel, and, over their champagne and cigars, agree to raise the price of their product two cents a pound, which sixty millions of people will be obliged to pay, to the full extent of their consumption. For the sake of dividing such a prize, which may amount to millions of dollars, perhaps to millions a year, these men are able to forego their rivalries and jealousies, forget their piques and wrongs, give up their efforts to get ahead of each other, and, for a time, act in concert. To the astute gentlemen who drew the programme I have quoted, the formation of such a trust "demonstrates the practicability of their basic principle of association," upon which industry is to be carried on by all, in the interest of all, without any inside ring to make a selfish profit, and without any outside public to be plundered. In respect to such a proposition, comment must needs be weaker than statement.

I have said that by far the greater part of the declaration of principles set forth by the Nationalist party consists in the denunciation of competition. "The principle of competition," says the Nationalist platform, "is simply the application of the brutal law of the survival of the strongest and the most cunning." In propositions of such weighty import, it is impossible to use words too carefully; and I trust, therefore, I shall not be deemed hypercritical in asking, What is the significance of the word *brutal* as thus used? Inasmuch as it is the law of the survival of the fittest which has developed men from purely animal conditions into the capacity for civilization, it would seem that that principle might more properly be called the human, or anti-brutal, principle. There is an old proverb that says, *Speak well of the bridge that has carried you safely over.* Mr. Bellamy and his friends should be slow to revile the force which has brought it about that their skulls contain more

than thirty ounces of brain-matter, and their foreheads slope backward at an angle of more than forty-five degrees.

It is too often the method of the critics of industrial competition to charge upon that principle all the evils that men suffer under that principle. They neglect to inquire whether these evils are due to the proper force of competition itself, or result from the general hardness of the human lot, the terrible severity with which physical nature presses everywhere upon man; from accidents and disease; from vice and crime; from reckless improvidence in marriage, or wanton waste of opportunities and resources. Do the people of India, where custom and public opinion are almost the sole law, and where competition is scarcely so much as known by name, suffer no hardships? Are they not devoured by crocodiles; drowned in rivers; swept away, in millions, by periodical pestilences; decimated by famine and famine fevers? The fact is, many soft-hearted persons are careless, to the point of absolute dishonesty, in charging upon the existing social organization things which are the proper effects of the constitution of nature on the one hand, or of human willfulness on the other. I should be the last person to deny or seek to disparage the evils which result from the abuse of competition, since the greater part of my economic work has been devoted to the exposition of those evils and to the consideration of means for their cure. But I must deem any man very shallow in his observation of the facts of life, and utterly lacking in the biological sense, who fails to discern in competition the force to which it is mainly due that mankind have risen from stage to stage, in intellectual, moral, and physical power. Where individual and

even, sometimes, wholesale wrong has been done, this has been either as an unavoidable incident of great, perhaps prodigious gains to humanity as a whole (for example, the applications of steam and the invention of machinery), or else it has been because competition was unequal upon the two sides. Generally speaking, where injury is wrought by competition, it is because there has been not too much, but too little of it; because, owing to inherited disease and vice, or to the effects of bad political systems, or to wrongs done by power in the past, or to their own recklessness, improvidence, or viciousness in the present, the working-classes fail, on their part, to respond adequately to the pressure which the employing class, competing actively among themselves, have brought to bear.

The true remedy is to be found, not in having less of competition, but in having more of it. Perfect competition, equally exerted on both sides, like the pressure of the atmosphere, would result in absolute justice. That would be the ideal economic state in which no man should ever fail to sell his goods or his service in the highest market, or to buy the goods and the services he requires in the cheapest market. Mr. Bellamy declares that competition is but the expression of the "devil's maxim, 'Your necessity is my opportunity.'" It may be so, for his Satanic Majesty is reputed a very sensible and sagacious gentleman; but it is God's maxim as well. When I sell my service or my product at the highest attainable price, what does this mean but that I have found the very person, of all the world, who has the greatest need of it, who can make the most out of it, to whom it will bring the largest satisfaction of wants and desires?

Francis A. Walker.

AN AMERICAN HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

THE increasing interest in the study of American history has in the course of the last ten years become quite remarkable, and, so far as one can judge from present indications, that interest is likely to grow still deeper and wider. In all probability it is not a mere transient mood or fashion, but a symptom of the beginning of a new era of awakened national consciousness and historic consciousness. We are beginning the better to understand what our national existence means, as we decipher more clearly the secrets of the past out of which it has emerged. Our increased interest in American history is part of our more intelligent comprehension of the true aims and methods of historical study in general. Since the middle of the present century, the study of history has undergone a change as remarkable and significant as any of the changes which have affected at the same time the study of the physical sciences. A hundred years ago, history was for the most part either dry annals or a collection of anecdotes. In the hands of Gibbon it became a magnificent epic. In the hands of Voltaire it was enriched with wise and witty maxims of general applicability. But of history as the record of an orderly development there was scarcely a suspicion; and the historic perspective of even the greatest writers of that time seems now quite barbaric and grotesque, like the perspective on a Chinese plate.

In the first half of the present century, the conception of history as a record of the evolution of civilization out of barbarism had been reached by some able writers, — perhaps by philosophers sooner than by professional historians. The first shape which this new conception took was that of brilliant and plausible generalizations from some of the more salient facts of history, such as Comte's

"law of the three stages" and other "laws" expounded in the fifth volume of his *Philosophie Positive*. The last considerable work of this superficial period was Buckle's *History of Civilization*, — a book whose gross deficiencies were partially atoned for by its aggressive energy and stimulating suggestiveness. Neglect of sources and origins, disregard of what would have been called "trivial" facts (for example, the old English *frithborh*, or other barbaric customs), marked this period of historical writing. There was a disposition to look upon political constitutions as something fixed, and such differences in political habit as those between Englishmen and Frenchmen were at once disposed of by a glib reference either to "climate" or to "race."

During the past fifty years the study of history has been characterized by: (1) a growing recognition of the fact that the social phenomena of any age are naturally evolved from the social phenomena of the preceding age; (2) a habit of going always to original sources; (3) a respect for all facts, however humble, and a readiness to follow every clue, however seemingly inadequate. In this way we have come to recognize the unity of history, and to learn how to use the comparative method. In the hands of such writers as Sohm, Brunner, and the Maurers, in Germany; Coulanges, in France; Kemble, Freeman, Stubbs, Maine, and Green, in England; and Lewis Morgan in America, historical studies have come at length to yield golden fruit. The course of political development throughout the recorded past, and for some extent back of it, is beginning to be understood. Profound differences between nations are seen to be producible by the cumulative effects of small differences in local institutions.

Facts once deemed trivial are now regarded as of critical importance, just as, for studying certain problems, the botanist may find a despised weed more helpful than the most superb rose.

For these reasons, American history is coming to possess an absorbing interest for those who study it in the modern spirit. It is the history of the transplanting of a vast and complicated mass of ancient political institutions from the Old World to the New. Nothing can be more instructive than to trace the features of their marvelous development under the new conditions. No subject which we can study is more full of practical lessons than American history; but there is also no subject which stands more in need of antiquarian research in order to make it comprehensible. Fifty years ago, the first of these statements would have been complacently accepted by all good Americans; the second would have been received with wondering ridicule. In those days no such book as that of Mr. Hannis Taylor would have been possible.¹

Mr. Taylor's book is concerned primarily with the government and institutions of England; but in his admirable Introduction, of seventy-nine pages, he has undertaken "to emphasize the fact that the constitutional histories of England and the United States constitute a continuous and natural evolution which can only be fully mastered when viewed as one unbroken story." In this preliminary exposition, he shows, from a comparative survey of ancient and modern commonwealths, the distinguishing features of the typical English state, which is the political unit in our federal system. Next comes a brief sketch of the growth of the English kingdom, with especial reference to the firm establish-

ment of representative government in England, so that it survived there, while in the other great countries of Europe it died out, so that when introduced in France and elsewhere since the overturning in 1789 it has been necessary to copy it from England. There follows a very interesting comparative survey of the American colonies, their local institutions, the sources of their theory of colonial rights, and its inevitable divergence from the British theory, until separation of the colonies from Great Britain came as a natural result. The germs of federalism among the American colonies are then described, and the work of the great Federal Convention of 1787 is analyzed. In going over this old and familiar ground, the author shows on every page the fresh suggestiveness which comes from a remarkable breadth of view combined with a minute and accurate knowledge of details.

Of especial interest, among other things, is the way in which he traces the process of thought which resulted in the one institution that may truly be said to be peculiar to the United States, the federal Supreme Court. "It has ever been," says Mr. Taylor, "an elementary principle of American constitutional law that every state legislature is endowed, by its very nature, with the omnipotence of the English Parliament, save so far as that omnipotence is restrained by the express terms of constitutional limitations,—an American invention which rests upon the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people as distinguished from the sovereignty of Parliament." The American reader should here be on his guard, as the author does not sufficiently guard him, against the interpretation that our British cousins differ from us in not recognizing the

¹ *The Origin and Growth of the English Constitution.* An Historical Treatise, in which is drawn out, by the light of the most recent researches, the gradual development of the English constitutional system, and the growth out

of that system of the Federal Republic of the United States. By HANNIS TAYLOR. In two parts. Part I. *The Making of the Constitution.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

sovereignty of the people as over and above Parliament. The final decision of the Wilkes case, in 1774, settled that the rights of constituencies cannot be abridged by the House of Commons; and whenever a vexed question arises, upon which it proves impossible for Prime Minister and Parliament to agree, the dissolution of Parliament, with the ensuing new election, is simply an appeal to the sovereign people to decide the question. The difference between the United States and Great Britain is not in the fundamental doctrine, but in the way in which the doctrine is asserted. In America, as Mr. Taylor says, it is through explicit documentary limitations. "Such limitations naturally arose out of the process of historic development through which American legislatures came into existence. From the very beginning the powers of the colonial assemblies were more or less limited through the terms of the charters by which such assemblies were either created or recognized." In the colonial times, as Mr. Bryce has pointed out, "questions sometimes arose . . . whether the statutes made by these assemblies were in excess of the powers conferred by the charter; and if the statutes were found to be in excess they were held to be invalid by the courts; that is to say, in the first instance, by the colonial courts, or, if the matter was carried to England, by the Privy Council." The colonial legislature established by charter could do everything except "violate the terms and transcend the powers of the instrument to which it owed its existence." During the colonial period, the power whose will was expressed in the charter was the British government. After the separation from Great Britain, that power was the people of the independent American commonwealth. The legislature, never a supreme body, was limited thereafter by a written constitution, as it had before been limited by a written charter. Mr.

Taylor refers to the famous case of *Trevett v. Weeden*, decided in Rhode Island in 1786, as probably "the first case in which a legislative act was declared void by reason of repugnance to the principles of a state constitution." That state constitution itself happened to be the colonial charter of Rhode Island, granted in 1662, and not superseded until 1842. From this peculiarly American system of constitutional limitations upon the legislative power there grew, naturally, the brilliant conception of our federal Supreme Court, which, as Sir Henry Maine says, is "a virtually unique creation of the founders of the Constitution." Mr. Taylor is right in saying that "judicial tribunals have existed as component parts of other federal systems, but the Supreme Court of the United States is the only court in history that has ever possessed the power to finally determine the validity of a national law." Not only has this great court rendered inestimable service in building up the federal power, in checking its undue encroachments upon the States, and in harmonizing the relations of the States with one another, but, moreover, since the jurisprudence by which its proceedings are regulated is English jurisprudence, "it has become a new fountain not only of federal, but of English law."

After his interesting and suggestive Introduction, our author goes on to treat of the Old English Commonwealth, the Norman Conquest, and the Growth and Decline of Parliament, ending the volume at the accession of Henry VII. In this historical survey he follows Stubbs and Freeman quite closely. Perhaps he does not make many points which have not, in one way or another, been mentioned or hinted at by these authors. But, in truth, so far as English history is concerned, Stubbs and Freeman now stand at the head of the stream of investigation and interpretation, just as Spencer and Darwin stand at the head

of the stream in all that concerns biology and evolution. Whatever comes down stream, they must, of course, have had a hand in it. Mr. Taylor's relation to the great masters is by no means that of a servile copyist. He has himself made a careful study of original sources. In his discussions of special points he shows a thoroughly critical spirit, and his extremely lucid arrangement would of itself suffice to make his book one of original value. The only formal defect in it is the occasional detailed repetition of an argument where it comes to be used in a new connection, and where a briefly allusive reference would be quite enough for the intelligent reader. Throughout the book, even where the bearings of the subject upon American history are not explicitly mentioned, there is a certain fresh suggestiveness arising from the very fact that the author is an American, and has in mind illustrations such as would not so readily occur to any but an American.

Especially to be commended are the sections or passages which describe the influence of Christianity in promoting the coalescence of the so-called heptarchic kingdoms into the English nation; the

effects of the Norman Conquest upon central and local organization respectively; the differentiations of the *curia regis*; and the development of the itinerant judicature and of trial by jury. The early forms of taxation, — as hidage, carucage, and talliage, — with the origin of indirect taxation, and the connection between taxation and representation, are also very clearly and judiciously treated. The constitutional history of the period which saw the deadly struggle between York and Lancaster is set forth so lucidly as to make the book a valuable help in a special study of that period. Indeed, this first volume is so well done as to make us impatient to see the second. In the Tudor and Stuart periods, and their relations to the beginnings of American history, in the divergent growths of English institutions in the Old World and the New, and in the origin of our federal system, there is a rich field, in which our author's methods will be sure to work to advantage.

In conclusion we must express our satisfaction that a book so thoughtful and solid should come from Alabama, in illustration of the rapidly growing interest in historical studies in our Southern States.

MR. LOWELL ON IZAAK WALTON.

THIS very beautiful limited edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*¹ clothes in a fit dress one of the unique works of our literature which has made good its title to permanence, and is, indeed, cherished by its lovers with a peculiar affection. Type and page are all that can be desired even in an *édition de luxe*, and there are a great number of illus-

trations appropriate to the text, including several portraits. The work is introduced by an editorial essay by Mr. Lowell, and this makes it most noticeable; for a critical appreciation of Walton from so fine a hand, at once sympathetic and just, is the best good fortune both for the author and his readers, and is the ornament most to be desired in such a book.

¹ *The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton.* With an Introduction by JAMES RUS-

SELL LOWELL. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1889.

Mr. Lowell's essay is biographical in form, such as an editor would naturally write; it contains the facts of the author's life, a discussion of the vexed points in his career and in his literary work, an account by the way of some of his friends, and a personal and critical characterization. The whole is deftly handled: facts alternate with thought, pages of necessary but dry information with other pages of quiet reflection, glimpses of the time and persons with outlooks on the country scene; and so the essay ends with having given rare pleasure.

The one purpose which Mr. Lowell has kept in mind is apparently to render Walton's personality and literary charm. He does this the more effectively by not making too great claims. He does not assert the genius, or the style, or the literary value of his author as grounds of admiration; on the contrary, Walton does not seem to him to be entitled to his fame because of any reason of this sort. He was a delightful character, with many qualities to give pleasure, and he charged his writings with this personality so simply and immediately that in his books we love the man. This is his originality in literature, and by it he lives. Mr. Lowell's brief runs to this effect; and in accordance with it he takes pains to show Walton in his own dress and habits, and to make sensible the charm of his presence. He begins by reminding us of the quietude of Walton's life, a by-path in that time of discord, and of the inwardness of his spirit, wedded as it was to contemplative moods. He follows him through his uneventful days until he withdrew from business into that retirement which was his natural home. He takes notice of his liking for talk and his appreciation of men, of the amiable, mild-mannered friendships for which Walton had a genius, of his simple enjoyment of nature. He touches upon his verses very lightly, only to illustrate the value they

may have had in giving to his prose measure and sweetness of cadence, or to show the sincerity of his regard for Donne evinced in a funeral elegy. So even is the flow of Mr. Lowell's thought and narrative that one hardly feels the successive touches, but is surprised to find Walton almost at once a man already known and familiar. It is not unnatural that he should seem elderly, with a character developed from within so wholly without effort that it appears the mere growth of the qualities with which he was born little affected by the exterior chances of life. Simplicity belongs to such a fortunate temperament, but there is something more than the charm of simplicity in him; and the literary talent which he possessed by nature wins by some quality other than plainness. He enjoyed his life, and his writings convey to us the pleasure he took in it, not as if he had set it forth for us and called attention to it, but as if we had overheard his confidences to himself. Few authors have so entirely succeeded in making their literary utterance at one with their natural speech; one would say that he writes less to please than because he is himself pleased, and feels the wish to express something intimate from his own life. He had great respect or real affection for some men whom he had known, and he writes their lives as one would write a letter on the death of a valued friend, with a familiar touch, a direct and homely detail, a feeling appreciative of excellence in character and mind; or he is delighted with a pleasant morning, with the little sights and sounds of nature, the common things of sun and air and field, and he writes a chapter to express his joy and to thank God for it. This immediacy of life in his literary work is the secret of Walton, the prime trait of his books, looked at from a critical point of view; and the peacefulness, the sincerity, and what Mr. Lowell calls the "innocency" of this life clothe it with charm.

In addition to all this there is the cheerfulness and companionableness of Walton, his rambling genius, his keen observation, his wholesome nature, of which the critic also takes due notice, while reminding us how valuable such comradeship is for those portions of our days, too often only intervals, when we have leisure to attend to the daily beauty of existence and to surrender ourselves to it, and to find in the familiar and habitual that undeparting presence which ennobles and delights us, illuminating without disturbing the spirit. This poetical suggestion is never far off in Walton, but is implicit in his way of taking life. He does not excite the mind, as the poet does, with too intense a feeling of the beautiful, but he soothes it, or, rather, encourages us to hold the tenor of our way with temperate happiness. This mood of his falls in with the taste, and indeed the capacity, of many among those of real poetic susceptibility, yet not of the make that can long suffer the fervors of stronger emotions and intenser thought. It is one secret of his hold on those men whose sympathies move with most pleasure to themselves in this level of feeling. But over

and above all, his out-door quality, his lack of literary pretension, and his habit of looking a man in the face are the strongest influences that keep his books alive for the class to which they specially appeal.

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. Lowell has mingled with the lines of this portrait something of himself, and in drawing it has occasionally stopped to say a word of his own upon a variety of topics naturally arising in connection with the subject. A word here upon the publicity of the present days, remarks upon the character of elegies in general, reflections on style, on what gives permanence to literature, and on other matters, diversify the interest of his essay, and bring the reader into immediate contact with himself. It results from this that the reader not only obtains a truthful and living portrait of Walton, full of intelligence and sympathy with his shy and withdrawn genius and touched with a poet's appreciation of a peculiarly gentle and open nature, but together with this he sees Walton in the light of that criticism which takes proportion and justice from the widest acquaintance with literature in its whole compass.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE.

FIFTY years ago, Emerson wrote, "Our age is retrospective;" to-day we might write with equal truth, Our age is introspective. That habit of self-dissection, which so many persons indulge almost to the point of self-slaughter, has grown to be national in its scope. We speak of the spirit of the age, of the characteristics of this or that people, of the tendency of the human race as a whole; and just as each of us turns his eyes inward to discover the mysterious springs of his temperament, and to fore-

see what should be its development, so we apply our microscope and scalpel to the time in which we live, in order that we may foresee its products. Science has taught us that law is omnipresent, and that all things are perpetually changing—some for the better, some for the worse—in accordance with law. In history, we follow the growth and decay of nations: each link in the chain is so evident that we can affirm, with all the assurance of those who prophesy after the fact, that this result, or that, was

inevitable. In many cases we are astonished that bygone events were not as clear to those who took part in them as they are to us who regard them through this retrospect of history. What could be more certain, for instance, than that the Roman Empire at the beginning of the third century was hastening to decay? Yet the Romans of that time did not perceive this any more than the Venetians of the sixteenth century perceived that Venice was moribund. Napoleon deemed himself mightier in 1812 than in 1804. Metternich, up to the very eve of the Revolution of 1848, imagined that Europe, like a patient mule, would work on indefinitely in the treadmill of despotism where he had put her. Any intelligent school-boy could now correct the Venetians, or Napoleon, or Metternich in their mistaken security, because every school-boy understands the significance of symptoms which they misunderstood.

But, we ask ourselves, cannot we interpret our present conditions correctly, and predict, with a great show of reason, the probable complexion of the age to come? We believe we can, — although the failure of the wisest men in the past should warn us to be modest, — and so we examine all the more eagerly every sign, every symptom, in our national life to-day. And just as to-day is the child of yesterday, so to-morrow will be the child of to-day. It behooves us, therefore, to study most carefully the events of yesterday: in them we shall find the germs of our present disorders, and the preparations for our present achievements. From time long past we can get only general knowledge: the influence of Marathon, or Tours, or Hastings is too remote, and has already been estimated; but the influence of the battles, and especially of the men who fought the battles and shaped the policy

of the generation preceding our own, still affects us. To them we must turn for the key with which to unlock the present. Strange as it may seem, this is the hardest period of history about which to obtain accurate information. Some persons, indeed, deny that there can be any history of events so near: we must have traveled far enough, they say, to be able to look back over a long perspective; and time, which lulls passions and puts prejudices to sleep, time, which winnows with impartial fingers the true from the false, must have been long at work before the historian should begin to write. In this view, an epoch must be stone-dead, a corpse on which the historian-surgeon performs the autopsy. And yet our symptoms to-day are living symptoms, many of which have survived from the past, and to interpret them we must feel that the past was alive. Our chief concern is with what we now are, and with what we are presently becoming, not with phases of human development that are dead and gone forever; nevertheless, owing to the huge mass of material, which makes it all the harder for the historian to sift and condense, and owing to the uncertainty of contemporary verdicts, this information which we all desire cannot be obtained without much labor. Our academies and colleges send out every year students who can tell you all that is known about Hannibal or Hildebrand, but who have only the vaguest knowledge about the recent actions of Gortschakoff or Bismarck.

A book which will aid many to understand the present conditions and tendency of European life is Mr. Murdock's *Reconstruction of Europe*.¹ To say that it is the best work of the kind would be to give it inadequate praise, because works of this kind are few and dry,

¹ *The Reconstruction of Europe. A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe, from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire.* By HAROLD

MURDOCK. With an Introduction by JOHN FISKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

whereas this is interesting, clear, rapid, and symmetrical. Mr. Murdock has not the philosophic depth nor the vivid imagination of historians of the first rank, and he lacks distinction of style; but he has the power of perceiving the really important events, and of describing them consecutively, and these are rare and admirable qualities. Human development, like the flow of a river, is continuous, but for historical purposes we are justified in marking it off into periods; and we should concentrate our attention upon those periods which have the most variety or significance, just as we visit that part of the Niagara River where it breaks into rapids and falls, and not the twenty miles where it flows placidly and monotonously. Mr. Murdock has been wise, therefore, to choose for his subject the period between 1850 and 1870, — the period of the Second French Empire; and although the limits set are arbitrary, it would be hard to point to any other twenty years so complete and self-comprised, so nearly forming a distinct epoch. Doubtless many of the seeds then sown are growing to-day, but, on the other hand, many questions of long growth were then uprooted and dispatched forever.

In looking back over this period, we are struck, first of all, by its distance from the present, — a distance not of time, for many men are still living who sent the despots of Europe into exile in the Revolution of 1848 and 1849, and most of us can remember the days when Solferino, or Sadowa, or Sedan were fresh, but a distance in methods and motives. The régime which prevailed in the fifties seems now almost as far away and ancient as that which prevailed before the French Revolution. We find it hard to realize that the Italians and Austrians and Germans of less than forty years ago had to stake their very lives upon questions which we now regard as political truisms, — upon national independence, freedom of speech,

and representative government; yet so it was.

Two principles have dominated the development of Continental Europe during this century, — the principle of nationality and the principle of popular representation. To one or the other of these can be referred the chief episodes in European progress since Waterloo; and both of them are the direct outcome of the French Revolution. The movement begun in France in 1789 aimed at destroying absolute monarchy, and at substituting constitutional government; but for a while this purpose was obscured, at first by the excesses of the revolutionists, and then by the ambition of Napoleon, who employed the mighty forces thus liberated in establishing an empire not less autocratic, but far more extensive, than the Bourbon monarchy which had been overthrown. The absolute monarchs and privileged classes of Europe combined against him, and after a ten years' struggle they crushed him. In his fall, the principles of the Revolution seemed to have fallen too; the old order was restored, and kings and courts were willing to believe that the Napoleonic episode had no more significance than an earthquake or a hurricane, which wreaks temporary havoc, but will not recur. In reality, however, Napoleon's triumph had been but a magnificent digression; his splendid exploits had blinded the world. The question proclaimed by the Revolution was not, Shall one Frenchman rule over Europe? but, Shall each nation rule itself, and shall each citizen have a share in the government of his nation? The very coalition of the European states against Napoleon intensified the feeling of nationality. When Germany roused herself to shake off his tyranny in 1813, she gave warning that she would submit to no foreign domination; and from this patriotic national resolve in Germany and elsewhere issued the desire for freedom at home. Nevertheless, the old régime was re-

stored, and during thirty years Europe seemed outwardly to have forgotten the principles of 1789.

But in 1848 the Revolution, which had been arrested by the wonderful power of Napoleon and diverted to his selfish ends, and had run underground for a generation, came once more flood-high to the surface, and everywhere swept despotisms before it. In their place, constitutional governments were everywhere established. The victory seemed won; but ere long the partisans of privilege, who had a common interest, united, and one by one they overwhelmed the partisans of liberty, who were isolated. The Second European Revolution failed because it was local and not national. In the history of Europe which Mr. Murdock has written, we see the triumph of the Revolution between 1850 and 1870 through the development of the principle of nationality. Patriotism is the strongest bond which can unite a people; but intelligent and lasting patriotism can flourish only among men who are joined by ties of blood, by a common ancestry, by the sympathies of race and tradition, by the same language and country, and by common interests. In the mediæval world, provinces and kingdoms were parceled out among the heads of a few families: the scheme was dynastic, having no respect for the preferences of the inhabitants of any region. So an Austrian might rule over the Netherlands, or a Spaniard over the Two Sicilies, without having his right to do so questioned. In 1850, this mediæval system still obtained in Italy, which was split up into several political fragments, in which the Austrians, or the Bourbons who were foreigners by descent, held sway; only in Piedmont were Italians governed by a native monarch, for the Pope, though Italian by birth, depended upon foreign support to preserve his temporal power. Germany was likewise made up of nearly two-score states, some no larger than a

single town. No foreign despot tyrannized over these, no foreign army wrung taxes from the unwilling people, but Austrian influence preponderated in all the states except Prussia. The history of these twenty years records the effort of Prussia to counteract this Austrian influence, and, having accomplished this, to secure for herself the leadership of Germany; the unification of Germany into an empire was almost an afterthought. The rise of Prussia and the liberation and unification of Italy are the two great facts in the reconstruction of modern Europe. They were accomplished at the expense of Austria and France; we may say, indeed, that Napoleon III. unwittingly helped both Italy and Prussia to bring about his own ruin. That he was Emperor at all was due to an after-wave of the first Napoleonic tide; and no better evidence could be given of the tremendous force of the First Napoleon than that, nearly forty years after his downfall, the prestige of his name and the memory of his achievements sufficed to keep Louis Napoleon, who was neither a great soldier, nor a great statesman, nor magnetic in his personality, on the throne of France for twenty years.

Many points strike us as we review this period. First of all, we are startled at the number and persistence of mediæval conditions which still survived in 1850. Europe has been struggling for a century to shake herself free from feudalism, yet even now she is not wholly rid of it; even now the privileged classes enjoy an unwarranted social pre-eminence, although their political supremacy has been curtailed. We recognize, further, the unparalleled expansion of militarism. The profession of soldier has become the highest in the state. Millions of men are kept constantly under arms, all their training, all their thoughts, being devoted to war. So war, which should be the supreme emergency, the last resort, of civilized peoples, has

come to be regarded almost as the natural condition, and peace is but a temporary armistice. Barracks and iron-clads consume wealth that should be applied to education. Even the warlike reign of Napoleon I. did not equal in the cost and magnitude of its campaigns the wars between 1850 and 1870, of which here is the list: 1854-55, Crimean War, England, France, Turkey, and Piedmont against Russia; 1859, Italian War, France and Sardinia against Austria; 1864, Schleswig-Holstein War, Prussia and Austria against Denmark; 1866, Seven Weeks' War, Prussia and Italy against Austria; 1870, Franco-Prussian War, France against Prussia. Besides these great conflicts in Europe, there was Garibaldi's conquest of Sicily and Naples, in 1860; the Polish revolt, in 1863; the Spanish revolution, in 1868; and the long-smouldering Cretan insurrection. Outside of Europe, there was the Sepoy mutiny, in 1857; the American Civil War, the longest and bloodiest of all, 1861-65; the Mexican War, 1863-67; and perennial revolutions in Cuba and South America. An amazing list, for an epoch which calls itself civilized! This readiness to resort to arms to settle disputes bears witness to the fact that deep in the heart of mankind there still nestles the conviction that neither reason nor justice, but brute force, is the arbiter of human affairs, — that might is right. And this shows us how far national morals fall below individual morals. If an individual is injured by his neighbor, he does not take the law into his own hand, and demand an eye for an eye, but he seeks satisfaction in a court of law; but if a nation fancies itself insulted, or covets one of its neighbor's provinces, it concocts a pretext for war, and dispatches its armies over the frontier to wreak vengeance on the insulter and to seize the desired territory. In modern Europe, the principles of Christianity have hardly had a perceptible influence in the

conduct of international affairs. Selfish interests and dynastic ambitions have, for the most part, controlled diplomacy; only after cabinets and kings declare war do they sing *Te Deums* and offer prayers to the Lord of Hosts, and discover that they are engaged in a most Christian enterprise.

A complete history of Europe during the Second Empire would chronicle many changes. In warfare, for instance, the introduction of long-range weapons almost put an end to the old-fashioned hand-to-hand combats. The employment of railroads made it possible to mobilize vast bodies of troops and to convey them to the front in a very short time, and enabled an army to advance rapidly without being in want of provisions or ammunition. The telegraph facilitated the quick transmission of orders and reports, and increased the knowledge of a commander-in-chief on the battle-field. The Germans, who were the first to adapt their military system to these larger possibilities, have revolutionized the art of war, until it has become, not an art, but a science, a great game of chess, with army corps for pawns and kingdoms for squares. The telegraph has also done away with the old system of diplomacy, lessening the importance of ambassadors and envoys, and enormously increasing that of the prime minister, who knows every day what is going on in every capital of Europe. More significant still is the gradual social reconstruction: the old régime was feudal, the new régime is commercial; the old privileged class held its title by birth, the new holds its title by wealth. And already we have premonitions that the next great revolution will be fought between wealth, on the one hand, and labor, on the other. The unexampled progress in mechanical inventions has brought material comforts down almost to the lowest social strata, with the effect, temporarily at least, of materializing all classes, so that the standard of public policy is set not

by the best, but by the majority of average men. Quite as important, but more difficult to determine, is the change in religious beliefs, through the natural decay of superstition and the dissemination of scientific and critical theories.

These are some of the considerations awakened by a review of the period dealt with in Mr. Murdock's history. Just at present, when it is the fashion among one school of historical students to disparage the influence of the individual and to exaggerate the influence of the masses, who, they assert, would arrive at a goal whether one man or another led them, it is interesting to observe how the strong personality of a very few men has shaped European affairs in recent times. Two of these men loom above all the others, whether we take for a measure the work they achieved, or the range and vigor of their genius. These two are Cavour and Bismarck. The former had the harder task, for there were opposed to him not only Austrian and Bourbon tyrants, but the far more subtle antagonism of the Pope; he had not only to free his countrymen, but also to teach them the uses of freedom; he had first of all to interest Europe in Italy's behalf, and then to show Europe that Italy could govern herself according to constitutional methods. He was a liberal of the highest English type, but superior in native power to any British statesman of the century. Bismarck, on the other hand, has had no faith in popular government. His aim was first to place Prussia at the head of the states of Germany, and then to place Germany at the head of Europe. He has worked consistently for the aggrandizement of the House of Hohenzollern. Had his ambition been selfish, he might perhaps have played the part of a Cromwell or a Napoleon, whom he resembles in his autocratic nature. Undaunted, unscrupu-

lous, and unsubdued, he has for nearly a quarter of a century held the balance of power in Europe: a huge, Brennus-like conqueror, who throws his sword into the scales, and cries out, *Væ victis!* He has the un-German quality of common sense; he sees clear, and sums up a policy in a sentence. *Ferro et igne; Do ut des; Beati possidentes; La France fait une politique de pourboire:* these phrases and many more like them have the true Bismarckian ring. More fortunate than Cavour, he has lived to see the fulfillment of all his plans; but, we may well ask, will the despotism he has erected endure after his death? The unification of Germany has been the product of that principle of nationality which we have before referred to as one of the chief forces of the century: how long will it be before Germany adopts that other principle of genuine constitutional government? And when she shall have secured that, to what use will she devote it?

Of the Second Empire, with its tinsel grandeur and shoddy Cæsar; of that ridiculous anachronism, the temporal power of the Pope; of England's sanctimonious support of the Sultan and blundering campaign in the Crimea; of Austria's bombastic pretensions and their complete collapse; of the injustice done to Denmark and the cruelty done to Poland, we have no room to speak. The reader will find a lucid account of them in Mr. Murdock's volume, where the main currents of diplomacy are clearly mapped, and where a full description is given of the military campaigns of the period. This history, read intelligently, will interpret many of the political and social conditions amid which Europe now moves, and it may even whisper hints as to the nature of the changes towards which our own age is tending.

RECENT BOOKS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

WORKS on American history are descending upon the country in a flood. Either publishers are doing a very losing business, or our people are rushing into the task of reading about their country and their Constitution with the same wholesale ardor with which they have extirpated Indians, felled forests, built railroads, crushed rebellion, and populated a continent. From modest monographs on town government to elaborate constitutional treatises and voluminous histories of the country and the people, the new list which each month brings is various and crowded. This epidemic has come suddenly. Those of us who are not far advanced in middle life recall the days when American history was eschewed by common consent as the dullest of topics, and when American writers of an historical bent turned their backs on the unalluring prospect presented by their own country and took refuge in the picturesqueness of other lands. Not many years ago, a faithful student of the full curriculum at our best universities could have graduated with honor, yet in ignorance of the fact that the United States had any history. The real reason of this condition was not that American history was in fact intolerably dull, but rather that prior to 1865 no man could feel entirely sure that our republic would not prove merely a fleeting, unsuccessful experiment. It was with the removal of the peril of disintegration and the approach of centenaries — an hundred years implying to the American mind hoary antiquity and aged traditions — that there arose a genuine interest in that past which the war made really remote, without regard to the actual measurement of years. Thereupon, with characteristic readiness, the

host of writers spread themselves over the narrow space which the century presented, and have already betrackd and betrampled it into a sadly dusty condition.

Weariness, however, must not be allowed to prevail until the volumes lately contributed by Mr. Adams¹ have been read, for they contain the work of a diligent student and a trained and profound thinker on historical subjects. The book has to encounter the misfortune of having been overmuch expected, since nearly a score of years must have elapsed since it was first whispered abroad that this work was in process of creation; and when a member of the historic Adams family, presumably steeped in fitness for this especial labor, devotes so long a time to incubation the world has a right to anticipate a great production. The anticipation is very nearly fulfilled; Mr. Adams has given us a history which, if the subsequent volumes maintain an equality of merit with the first two, will be almost great. That he should have added much to the store of facts previously known concerning the period was impossible; but he has shed upon the old facts many new lights, has established for them fresh relationships and hitherto unappreciated proportions, and has illustrated them by comments and reflections of very great value.

The opening chapters contain a sketch of the moral, political, intellectual, social, and industrial condition of the country about the year 1800. Infinite reading and research have gone to the making of this sketch, and probably in its accuracy not a flaw can be detected. Yet in dealing with the New England and Middle Atlantic States, Mr. Adams's point of view is very unfortunate; he

¹ *History of the United States of America, during the First Administration of Thomas Jef-*

erson. By HENRY ADAMS. Vols. I. and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1889.

is too obviously possessed by a carping, critical spirit, which enables him to discern no good whatsoever in a community which can hardly have been altogether devoid of abilities and of serviceable qualities. He seems to like to express the truth through negatives, and he makes his chief object the furnishing antidotes to the somewhat exaggerated praises of which other writers have been undoubtedly over-liberal. He allows himself to be run away with by this disposition, and at the very threshold of his work he shows a certain contradictoriness of temper, which is too often perceptible throughout, as though the truth were now to be told for the first time, and all the blunders of earlier groping and ill-informed writers were to be exposed and swept away. Thus at first false tones are given to a picture whose outlines are probably correct, and our author appears more accurate as a draughtsman than successful as a colorist. If the people were as he depicts them, they were a sorry set of fellows, quite unfit for liberty, and whose recent achievement and subsequent wise use of it are incomprehensible. In describing the Southern States he lapses into gentler paragraphs; and at last, in taking leave of this part of his book, he frees himself for a brief while from his contradictory habit; even his style, which thus far has been dry, labored, and uneasy, suddenly improves; the reader, who has felt himself jolting uncomfortably over a cobblestone road, through scenery very distasteful to him, rolls out on a smoother way and is cheered by a fairer prospect. Perhaps it is a cloudland that now seems ravishing; for Mr. Adams, laying aside the rôle of historian for that of seer and orator, engages in sketching, by dim rhetorical innuendo, the destiny and the mission of the new country, and he does it with a swelling enthusiasm which pleasantly offsets his earlier denying disposition. One only wonders a little

where, in the society which he has been sketching, he finds a basis for this cloudy palace of his imagination.

Through these radiant portals Mr. Jefferson is ushered upon the scene, bringing with him the new American revelation, and assuming to be the wise and good man who is to give to the nation its first powerful impulse along the road of human happiness. Mr. Adams admires Jeffersonianism, and so depicts it that his readers will admire it likewise, at least as an abstraction. But the observant ones among them will separate Jeffersonianism from Jefferson. The doctrine Mr. Adams sets forth attractively, but his position as towards the man is curious. He constantly interrupts his narrative to attribute some fine quality to his hero, yet it is impossible not to remark how widely the Jefferson of his fancy differs from the Jefferson of his facts; for no sooner does he ascribe a trait than he seems to adduce evidence to disprove it. He utters repeatedly the undeniable assertion that Jefferson was a great man, but he wholly fails to set forth how or wherein he was great. In creating and organizing the Democratic party, giving it a policy and leading it to a brilliant victory, Jefferson had shown the highest powers as a politician and no small capacity as a statesman. A brief preliminary sketch, showing us what the man was and what he had done, would have been a valuable introduction. Many students of Jefferson's career think that as chief administrator and head executive of the country his greatness was less apparent than it had previously been. But Mr. Adams does not hint at all this, contenting himself with alleging the greatness at frequent intervals throughout a history in which he shows his hero abandoning every principle he has ever avowed, creating no new policy in place of that which he throws away, yielding to others, failing to carry his own points, drifting along the current of circumstances.

Even if Mr. Adams were Jefferson's detractor instead of his admirer, this would be unfair; and as it is, the reader feels a little irritation at a display falling so far short of the advertisement, and is justly provoked that the showman will not make his monkey perform his boasted tricks.

In other ways more trifling Mr. Adams pursues the same course, impelled apparently by that strange vein of contradictoriness which too often sets him obliquely and very uncomfortably across the stream of received belief and universal opinion. For example, he insists that Jefferson's private life was eminently pure, contrary to accepted traditions. Then by a strange perversity he places upon one page two statements: first, that there was foundation for the story that Jefferson was turned out of a gentleman's house for writing a secret love-letter to the gentleman's wife; and second, that Jefferson's "nature was feminine; he was more refined than many women in the delicacy of his private relations." Many women are pretty bad in their private relations, of course; but this thought hardly saves Mr. Adams's consistency.

Our author reaches the extreme of audacity in his strenuous reiterations of Jefferson's honesty, even his guilelessness and simplicity. Now Jefferson's honesty has been much more seriously impugned than ever were his greatness and his purity; and his best friends have preferred to describe him as astute rather than as artless. In this, as in all the rest of his description, Mr. Adams alleges one thing and proves another. He uses euphemisms not altogether ingenuous. "The exaggerations or equivocations," he says, "that Jefferson allowed himself . . . amounted to nothing when compared with the dishonesty of a corrupt man. . . . He was true to the faith of his life, and would rather have abdicated his office and foregone his honors than have compassed

even an imaginary wrong against the principles he professed." Now the position thus laid down is fairly tenable, as many writers who have held a brief for Jefferson have shown. But Mr. Adams, with a strange kind of impartiality, having thus set up his abstract assertion in favor of his great-grandfather's enemy, goes on to array his facts with much skill upon the opposite side. He has told us of "equivocations," but in a few pages he narrates a deliberate and direct falsehood; he calls it "incorrect," but it is impossible to accept his own gloss of his own story. He next assures us and convinces us that Jefferson was saying in public precisely the opposite of what he was saying in private; and perhaps the strangest argument that ever was made for a man's consistency and honesty is here introduced. For while Jefferson's public official utterances are stated by Mr. Adams to have given the lie to all that he had been saying for years, we are told that, in fact, he was all right, since his private utterances showed no change of sentiment and were probably true. How far it is possible for any man utterly to repudiate all the principles he has for long years been professing, and still to be politically honest, may perhaps be an open question beneath those singular rules which constitute the code of political ethics. But certain it is that no writer, Federalist or Jeffersonian, has ever yet set forth Jefferson's desertion of his published faith with such painstaking elaboration, such conclusive elucidation, as Mr. Adams has brought to the task. The result is that the reader finds himself hopelessly bewildered between that which he is bidden to believe and that which the facts, as narrated and explained, compel him to believe. Mr. Adams's condition of mind as towards Jefferson becomes almost a psychological study, though such an element of perplexity is not altogether agreeably introduced when the reader would like

to be clearly guided to sound conclusions.

In praising Jefferson Mr. Adams buries very deep the ancestral hatchet. But he cannot do the same for Hamilton. During the last hundred years four generations of Adamses have clung to the faith that Hamilton was nothing greater than an ingenious treasury clerk, and no more fit to meddle with statesmanship than Jefferson would have been to conduct a campaign against Napoleon. True to the family feud, Mr. Adams now assures us that Hamilton's "supremacy" among men of the calibre of the leading Federalists of Washington's and Adams's days was chiefly due to no higher intellectual quality than "the faculty of expressing the prejudices of his followers more tersely than they themselves could do"! And he introduces to us that blatant orator and mimic statesman, William B. Giles, for whom rarely has any writer had words of commendation, as the person who had "distinguished" himself by an attack upon Hamilton; whereas in fact Giles was much nearer to extinguishing than to distinguishing himself by one of the most ridiculous fiascos in history. But to have aimed a shot at this quarry is enough to secure Mr. Adams's good-will.

Mr. Adams is not especially happy in depicting persons; he leaves Madison no more lifelike than a mummy, and even his favorite Gallatin performs acts after the fashion of a marionette rather than a man. But with Randolph Mr. Adams achieves greater success, and we have many lively glimpses of that erratic creature. Chief Justice Marshall also seems to bring some little inspiration. Yet on the whole the portraiture of these volumes is disappointing.

In narration our author is happier, telling a story with clearness and force. The most interesting and novel portion of his work relates to the acquisition of Louisiana, and the history of this transaction has never been so exhaust-

ively given. Mr. Adams keeps us long in Europe with Bonaparte, whom he hates and would like to despise, and no short time in St. Domingo with Toussaint Louverture, whom he rather fancies, and sketches kindly and well. The scenery is more picturesque than the American stage setting, and we linger not unwillingly to see Napoleon take his perfumed bath before our very eyes, and to hear naughty *bons mots* concerning the Queen of Spain. We forgive Mr. Adams for putting all this into his story, where it does not at all belong, because Jefferson's career certainly needs a little lighting up, or one would get sleepy in its monotonous half-light. The position of the Jeffersonians concerning this great deviation from strict construction is very fairly given, and the arguments and bearing of the whole business are very lucidly stated. The same may be said of the impeachments of Pickering and of Chase. If Macaulay had never drawn the scenery of Warren Hastings's trial, Mr. Adams's sketch of that of Judge Chase would have seemed very fine. But it is fair to remember that the American accessories and stage setting were not picturesque in spite of the effort of Aaron Burr. Further, it should be said that Mr. Adams displays great skill in the terse statement of the arguments, the lucid explanation of the political position.

It may be thought that we have spoken of these volumes in a somewhat critical temper; it is therefore only fair to say that it is the very importance of the work and the high ability shown in it which tempt, and in some degree necessitate, the mention of its peculiarities, and of those of its views which seem questionable. It is those writings which have such merits as to insure them a far-reaching influence that stimulate discussion, criticism, and in some particulars inevitably also dissent. The historian is a guide to his less instructed reader through the domain of history as

the compass is to the mariner, and the personal bent of the writer must be discovered and allowed for no less than the deviation of the compass. It is certainly true that by this sample of his whole work Mr. Adams appears to have written a history which will not be soon or easily displaced from the important function of largely shaping the views of Americans concerning the interesting changes and developments carried on during the Jeffersonian era. It is evident that he has exhausted all accessible knowledge, has turned it to and fro and churned it, so to speak, in his mind, until accumulation, analysis, and comparison can no further go. The period may be discussed with different predilections; it will never be discussed more keenly or more profoundly. In a word, the book is one of marked ability and very great value. It is also to be said that Mr. Adams's idea of the way in which history should be written leaves nothing to be desired. He has an excellent sense of the proportion to be preserved between the narration of facts, the presentation of political arguments, and the explanation and comments properly to be furnished by the historian. His own elucidations and reflections, strung thickly, but not too much so, along the thread of his story, are always an important aid, always a stimulus to independent reflection. He has many of the best qualifications for historical writing: not only is his industry untiring, his research unlimited, but he is thoroughly trained in the difficult art of thinking historically; he is also, perhaps, as impartial as a man who has ideas and strong convictions ever can be. His style is a trifle uneven in its quality; possibly it is because his pages are so full of condensed thought that they often cannot be read without a sense of exertion. Yet, on the other hand, he is usually clear; often he glides onward with a pleasant current, but anon he shows inflexibility and hardness. If he is seldom brilliant,

he is nearly always correct and scholarly. In a work which manifests so much care and painstaking, more observant proof-reading ought to have eliminated some grotesque disfigurements in such little details as the division of words; but on the whole the accuracy in all matters of literary finish is highly commendable.

A contribution to American constitutional literature is made by A. Lawrence Lowell.¹ It is pleasant for the New Englander to see so often as he does the young men who bear the historic names familiar in his part of the country still working along such lines of public service, proving the enduring qualities of the strong old Puritan blood. Mr. Lowell has chosen topics which the ordinary reader usually passes by, with a slight sensation of surprise at the attraction which they seem to possess for persons more studious than himself. But even such a reader may find pleasure as well as profit in this small and very well written volume. Mr. Lowell's style flows so clearly, his skill in expression is so great, that one runs easily and rapidly through his pages without once losing the thread of his reasoning.

His first essay deals with the oft-suggested plan for giving to the President's Cabinet ministers seats in the House of Representatives, and shows plainly that, instead of being the simple and easy matter which it is usually supposed to be, it would work fundamental and far-reaching alterations in the whole character of the government. The second essay is the most interesting in the book, dealing with the nature and the sufficiency of the safeguards erected in this country against democratic tyranny. There is much new and suggestive thought in this paper, admirably set forth. The character of the power with which the Supreme Court is invested for declaring acts of Congress unconstitutional is

¹ *Essays on Government.* By A. LAWRENCE LOWELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889.

very ingeniously discussed. It seems as though the court, in thus avoiding a statute passed by the representatives of the sovereign people, was exercising a very perilous privilege of veto. But, says Mr. Lowell, "a legislature which passes an unconstitutional statute is usurping power over the people; and the court, in refusing to enforce such a statute, is giving effect to the popular will." The declaration is in effect "that the present wishes of the people cannot be carried out, because opposed to their previous intention and to the views of their remote ancestors." These ancestors wisely believed "that there were principles more important than the execution of every popular wish, and rights which ought not to be violated by the impulse and excitement of a majority." We have reason to be thankful that later generations have not eschewed the good sense of the forefathers; but our safeguards look uncomfortably fragile.

Speaking of the Constitution, Mr. Lowell makes the excellent statement, "The utmost that a Constitution can be expected to do is to protect directly a small number of vested rights, and check indirectly the growth of a demand for radical measures." He adds timely words of warning against "the growing tendency of the people of the States to take a direct part in legislation by means of constitutional amendments." What he says concerning the advance of paternal theories of government cannot easily be abbreviated. Once it was fancied that the franchise given to the people might satisfy them, but it has proved only a tub to the whale, not satisfying at all. What the poor man wants is not a vote, which pays no bills for food, fuel, or clothes, but a rearrangement of industrial systems to enhance his material comforts; and to compass this end he will use his vote persistently. The comparison between the United States and Great Britain in this respect, made by Mr.

Lowell, is very striking, and we fancy that most readers will be surprised, and even startled, at the recitation of recent English legislation, some of which is simply confiscatory. With Germany adopting nationalism, and England legislating communistically, it seems not impossible that the United States will soon appear like one of the conservative laggards in the march of the nations. In this connection, it may be remarked, Mr. Lowell gives one of the most intelligent criticisms which we have yet seen of a portion of Mr. Bryce's book.

The essay on *The Theory of the Social Compact* is an interesting historical sketch of that plausible but untenable theory. *The Responsibilities of American Lawyers* also is excellent. There is space only to name these, but when a man can write on such subjects so well and so agreeably as Mr. Lowell has done, wise readers will not rest content with reading only a review of his book.

Another work,¹ which Monsieur le Duc de Noailles has ill-advisedly seen fit to write and publish concerning our hundred-year-old republic, we cannot so confidently recommend. Our royalist critic has fortunately never seen the country or the people. We say fortunately, for if his views had been gathered from personal observation among us, we should have reason to feel both hurt and discouraged. As it is, however, he has got his ideas by reading a few standard writers, some magazinists, and many newspapers. It is really curious to see what an impression is conveyed by the perusal of our newspapers by a person who does not know how to construe them as the native American does. The book also gives us cause to wonder whether we are as ludicrously astray in our opinions and judgment concerning French systems as this Duke is concerning American systems. If so,

¹ *Cent Ans de République aux Etats Unis.* Par le DUC DE NOAILLES. Paris: Calmann Lévy, Editeur. Vol. I., 1886. Vol. II., 1889.

we had better rub out our ideas, and leave our minds a blank upon the subject.

Some of the ducal statements may prove entertaining. The Pittsburg riot, for example, which we regard as an isolated episode, is to the Duke an appalling and instructive indication of a national status. To us it seems like the fall of a meteorite; to him it is a deplorable symptom of a permanent social and industrial condition. The Philadelphia Exposition, now almost forgotten, is resuscitated as a painful display of social, political, and financial scandals, which astounded and disillusioned European visitors. Let us take warning for our coming "World's Fair"! Communism, saith Monsieur, is striding to rapid success, and has lately obtained full domination in California. The enfranchised negroes have become the oppressors of the vanquished white race in the South, and "America may be said to be governed by Ethiopia." The Constitution has degenerated into a "*panoplie banale*," furnishing weapons as freely for the attack as for the defense of the national institutions; the old-time machinery of checks and counter-checks has grown rusty, and the limitations of power, originally prescribed, but long since passed by, serve now only as milestones to show the distance traversed on the road to ruin. The presidency, as an office, has lost all inherent force, and is weak or strong only according to the personal character of the incumbent. The Supreme Court is admitted to have preserved its dignity, but inferior tribunals have become the field of scandalous trafficking. The legislative business is conducted in a lax, ill-organized fashion by standing committees; independence no longer exists in legislative bodies; debates in proper form have been superseded by obscure underhand practices, and effec-

tive power is lodged in the lobby. The Duke discusses the propriety of seating the Cabinet officers in Congress, but hardly gets so far into the subject as Mr. Lowell has done. He considers that the present arrangement leaves Congress bereft of intelligent guidance and that it has been disastrous, and he pronounces the "American method" a failure.

All this is discouraging indeed; yet a little comfort may be gathered from the statement that the American people, dissatisfied with the wretched condition of their affairs, constantly make violent efforts at reactionary movements to check the fatal speed with which the great republic is spinning rapidly down the grooves of decadence. Unfortunately, however, these wrenches, doing only slight and temporary good, produce, on the other hand, a very uncomfortable instability, vacillation, and change, peculiarly distasteful to the French mind. The Duke admits that reform may be thus effected, but he admits it with a mournful and ominous air, which shows that it is French courtesy rather than sincere hopefulness which inspires the remark. He frankly explains that the trouble lies in the fact that the people are no longer of much real account in the management of their own public affairs, having been rendered helpless by the arts of politicians and party mechanism.

There may be wholesome food for reflection in much which this writer says, and at least it might prove really useful as a medicine to moderate the shrill cry of the national bird, especially on the Fourth of July. But it is certain that the seasoning of his dish will not suit the American palate, too long pampered by the highly flavored rhetoric of its flattering orators. We could not honestly advise any enterprising publisher to offer a translation of these two goodly octavos to American readers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Antipodean Verse. JUST as our earliest forefathers brought with them from fabled Jutland the Beowulf, that broken torso of a mighty folk-epic, long to remain the unequaled model of many imitators, so each successive swarm from England, the *officina gentium* of the Anglo-Saxon race, has taken with it its literary Penates, setting them on new altars, to be worshiped in the glow of strange fires. But much time must elapse while the new race reduces nature to subjection and undergoes that Titanic warfare that must ever precede an age of song. He that lives his epic in the stern realities of colonization must leave the celebration of his deeds to other hands than his own, and he that would evolve the lyric effect of new environment in poetry must enjoy that mastery over the claims of the body that a pioneer's life can never yield.

Hence in a consideration of antipodean verse we must remember that Australia is laboring under a charge of that heinous crime, extreme youth, under which we Americans are suffering only to a less frightful degree. True, we have passed the age of tutelage, and in some things, at least, think that we know a great deal more than our seniors. We are far from disputing the dictum of the clever author of Jonathan and his Continent, that "there are Americans in plenty, but the American does not yet exist." But if we are not yet "assimilated," what is to be said of the Anglo-Australian, with the wonders and the terrors of a strange continent yet fresh upon him? He has felled huge forests, he has built great cities, but the afternoon of his day of labor is still well before him, and it will be long before he can sit down carelessly in the lengthening shadows of his own work and contemplate the deeds that he has done.

As Gulliver long since discovered, all things are largely a matter of proportion, and the "masculine countenance" of the king of Lilliput and his lofty stature, that exceeded that of his courtiers by the breadth of a nail, are things as important in themselves as the comparative dimensions of Alps and Andes. On the scale of Shakespeare all men are pigmies; on the scale of the talented contributor to the Ulladulla Weekly Post a Laureate Pye may assume visible proportions. We should fall into grave difficulties were we to apply the standards of either; but some few things we must demand.

Among the antipodes, "the first Australian poem of note" is generally considered to be Wentworth's Australasia, published in 1823. This is a sufficiently stiff and Pope-like address to the "illustrious Cook," of whom it is pertinently asked, —

"Why were thy mangled relics doomed to
grace

The midnight orgies of a barbarous race?"

Of another early Australian poem, entitled The Kangaroo, Charles Lamb slyly remarked that he thought he could detect in it "some relish of the graceful hyperboles of our elder writers." However, these were only beginnings, and deserve perhaps as much notice as Cromwell's contemporary, Mrs. Bradstreet's Tenth Muse lately Sprung up in America.

To Charles Harpur, according to the best Australian authorities, belongs the honor of being "the gray forefather of Australian poets." Harpur published many poems during the "forties," showing a mind strongly affected by the pathos of the settler's life, and by the grand natural scenery about him.

With 1860 appeared Domett, Gordon, McCrae, and Kendall, all represented in Longfellow's Poems of Places, Oceana.

Nor must we omit to mention Richard Hengist Horne, whose witty estimation of the value of an epic to the modern English public at a penny a copy gained for his poem, *Orion*, a greater popularity than its real merit could have attained. Horne removed to Australia in 1852, and added no little in his later poems to the store of Australian verse. We shall not seek to detract from the glory of *Orion* by quoting from the *South Sea Sisters*, a *Lyric Masque*.

Alfred Domett, too, is among the poets which England has sent out to her colonies, but his achievements are so identified with his adopted home that his *Ranalf* and *Amohia*, the Maoris' *Hiawatha* as it has been called, must always remain the chief epic jewel of Oceana's poetic crown. Domett gave much attention to the fast-fading traditions and folk-lore of the various native tribes, though, if we are to judge from the resulting poems, he has cast about them the raiment of that true poetry that has long since gained him the recognition of such men as Browning and Longfellow. We cannot refrain from quoting the direct words of the conclusion of the *Legend of Tawhaki* from *Ranalf* and *Amohia* : —

"Then as he flings off forever
That disguise's dim defilement, Hapae smiles
sweet reconciliation;
Swift the child they bathe, baptize it, lustral
waters o'er it dashing;
And Tawhaki — breast and brow sublime in-
sufferably flashing,
Hid in lightnings, as he looks out from the
thunder-cloven portals
Of the sky — stands forth confest — a God and
one of the Immortals."

McCrae, too, worked in this vein of aboriginal folk-lore, — a vein to which the poet must bring the gold of his own thoughts, if he would make anything out of it but the veriest dross. Decaying aboriginal races are not interesting, and noble savagery is apt to lose much of its picturesqueness upon too close an acquaintance.

An enthusiastic eulogist of Gordon, of whom it is unnecessary to say that he is a fellow-countryman, writes as follows : "Gordon has one supreme merit, — he is interesting to everybody : as much to the stable-boy and stock-man as to the scholar, as much to the school-boy as to the sentimentalist." Our Australian's enumeration of "everybody" is instructive. He goes on to add, "No other Anglo-Saxon poet, of anything like Gordon's gifts, has approached him in knowledge of the horse." We will venture to say, "doubtless;" and, considering the difficulty that some have had in catching and saddling Pegasus, this is an admirable equipment for a poet to begin with. Our critic concludes with an Anglo-Australian coinage : "It is as a *horse-poet* that Gordon will principally be remembered," — probably not meaning exactly a centaur. Have we not said that this whole subject is a matter of proportion? Our little critic from Lilliput here holds a massive measuring-rod in his hand, a rod just six inches long. By any taller standard Gordon is a rough border spirit of the "Bret Harte" type, with a true, earnest heart and a limited gift of verse. The poor fellow committed suicide; perhaps these lines from his *Sick Stock-Rider*, which have pathos if no poetry, would not be an unfitting epitaph : —

"Let me slumber in the hollow where the
wattle-blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the
bush-flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping over-
head."

In the *Athenæum* of September 27, 1862, appeared a review of a packet of manuscript poems of Henry Kendall, then a youth of scarcely twenty. The *Athenæum* confessed that the packet was by no means the first that had found its way to Wellington Street, Strand, "an appeal from the neglect which genius finds in the colonies to the more liberal

and impartial literary courts of the mother country." The review continued, "Mr. Kendall has much to learn; but he has received from Nature some of that strong poetic faculty and power which no amount of learning can bestow." This early verdict of the Athenæum has stood the test of time, and it is interesting to quote in this connection a clipping from one of the great London dailies of quite recent date: "Kendall occupies, it may justly be said, much the position in Australia as Edgar Allan Poe does in America. At any rate, nothing so wholly unique has reached England since the brilliant young American's poems first took the English public by storm. Kendall . . . is undoubtedly the first notable native-born Australian poet." Not to say more, it is to be noticed that even the mighty Brobdingnagian vision occasionally confuses the inhabitants of Lilliput with those whose stature, we trust, is a trifle greater.

But Kendall really is a poet with not a few natural gifts. Further than this, he is a student of other poets; but in some instances he has allowed his masters to show too much in his method. The metre, though handled far less sombrely, and especially the repeated refrain of the following have in them an echo of *The Raven*:—

"And hither they will flock again, the ghosts
of things that are no more,
While, streaming down the lattices, the rain
comes sobbing to the door:
While, streaming down the lattices,
The rain comes sobbing to the door."

Again, remembering that September is May for the poor antipodes, who have many things topsy-turvy:—

"September comes in with the wind of the
west,
And the spring in her raiment.

September, the maid with the swift, silver
feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of heat,
With her blossomy traces."

This has in it more than an alliterative resemblance to Swinburne's "lisp of leaves and ripple of rain."

But who can carp against an amiable poet who thus disarms his critic in his Prefatory Sonnets?—

"So take these kindly, even though there be
Some notes that unto other lyres belong,
Stray echoes from the elder sons of song;
And think how from its neighboring native
sea
The pensive shell doth borrow melody."

Kendall's faults — and he has plenty of them — are largely the result of a want of real culture. Errors in taste are not frequent. Some of his devices for a rhyme are so naive as to raise a smile. In the weird, and we may add distasteful poem, *From Cooranbean*, — by the way, a great favorite among the Australians, — fifty-seven years are described as "these forty-nine winters and eight;" and further on, the exigencies of the rhyme demanding, "fifty-four winters and three." The advantages of this arithmetical method are patent when the torturing of a rhyme is in question.

With characteristic energy the Australian critics praise those poems which deal most with their own flora and fauna. Beyond the peradventure of a doubt they are the best judges of these matters; and we blush to acknowledge that we have never seen a *wattle-blossom*, nor heard the *moko-moko's* bell or the *warrigal's* bark.

There may be a future for poetry among the antipodes, but much is to be done before a man can rise among them sufficiently great to challenge a place for himself in English literature. Most of what Australians have written is newspaper verse, deservedly as ephemeral as newspaper prose; and until Australian writers can cease to say, "The character of Australian poetry is now determined a good deal by the taste of the editors of the great weekly papers," but little advancement can be predicted.

Rhythmical
Forms in
Lorna Doone. — Prophecies so often fail to be fulfilled, especially in regard to literary works, that it might be hazardous to predict that Lorna Doone will be ranked among English classics; but certainly there are few novels by living authors which seem so likely to keep a secure, distinguished place in literature. Critical study of such a work can never be untimely, and I wish to call attention to a curious and interesting feature in the construction of this pastoral romance.

I suppose that most readers of Lorna Doone, particularly if they have read it aloud, have noticed the author's tendency to fall into rhythmical forms of expression. A glance over a few pages gives us: "Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow;" "And every man had much to say, and women wanted praising;" "So, like half a wedge of wild fowl, to and fro we swept the field;" "These had bloodless hands put upward, white as wax and firm as death;" "I love you more than tongue can tell, or heart can hold in silence." Instances like these abound; these swinging rhythms are noticeable throughout the entire book. But there are also three brief passages which are strictly metrical in construction, — passages which really are verse, although printed as prose.

The first of these occurs in the closing paragraph of the twenty-eighth chapter. In the beginning of the paragraph prose and verse alternate, and seem to strive together for the mastery, the one asserting itself only to be repressed by the other, until finally verse can no longer be curbed; it prevails, and, like a brook freed from obstructions, the words flow onward in a smooth and beautiful rhythm. Here is the paragraph: —

"Upon that she laughed at me in the sweetest manner, and with such provoking ways, and such come-and-go of glances, and beginning of quick blushes, which she tried to laugh away, that I

knew, as well as if she herself had told me, by some knowledge (void of reasoning, and the surer for it), —

I knew quite well, while all my heart was
burning hot within me,
And mine eyes were shy of hers,
And her eyes were shy of mine;
For certain and forever this I knew — as in a
glory —
That Lorna Doone had now begun and would
go on to love me."

The second of these little poems is in the twenty-ninth chapter. Visions of Lorna have come to John as he works in the grain-field. He gives over his reaping, and stands idle, lost in day-dreams, until he sees that the laborers have taken advantage of his reverie, and have left the field. The final transition to prose is startlingly abrupt: —

"But confound it, while I ponder,
With delicious dreams suspended,
With my right arm hanging frustrate
And the giant sickle drooped,
With my left arm bowed for clasping
Something more germane than wheat,
And my eyes not minding business,
But intent on distant woods — confound it,
What are the men about, and why am I left
vaporizing?"

Upon first reading these lines, I had a perplexing sense of their resemblance to something quite well known to me. After vainly puzzling over the matter for a while, I presently found myself humming the lines to a familiar air, and was amused to find that the rhythm was that of one of the Pinafore songs, — "Never mind the why and wherefore."

The third passage is in the fifty-eighth chapter, telling how John broke the great rock in Master Huckaback's gold mine:

"Then I swung me on high to the swing of the
sledge,
As a thresher bends back to the rise of his
flail,
And with all my power descending
Delivered the ponderous onset."

It would be interesting to know the history of these verses. Were they framed with deliberate purpose, and la-

boriously chiseled and polished into artistic symmetry? Or did they spring from the author's mind as natural, spontaneous utterances? It is scarcely conceivable that such work could have been done without design, or without consciousness of its real character.

Pastimes for Patients. — "Killing time" is a dreary affair, as all know who have tried it; and if the weight becomes too oppressive, the problem of getting rid of it calls for serious consideration. Supposing that, from invalidism, impaired eyesight, or any such cause, the ordinary employments of health and activity are in a measure suspended, what is to fill the empty hours? Reading perhaps proves exhausting, and those feminine industries generically known as "fancy-work" will pall; for they are mechanical, and, while keeping the fingers busy, leave the mind to travel wearily in one dull round. To be forced to do absolutely nothing for any length of time produces, in a nervous person, an unbearable restlessness, and a very little thing may be welcome as a diversion. A few suggestions I offer will, perhaps, be of use to somebody, and I am ready to receive any in return with gratitude.

If memorizing favorite passages of prose or verse be too great an effort, the patient may be able to amuse himself with the repetition of those learned at an earlier time. For my own part, I have always been resolving to learn numbers of good things out of books, laying up against the day of old age, dull hearing, and failing eyesight; but my forethought has mostly remained matter of theory rather than practice.

Another occupation, which has proved valuable in the experience of a friend who has traveled extensively, may serve others who have not gone far from home. Name to yourself some object,

and, letting your mind rest on it awhile, see what it will call up for you in the way of pleasant recollection. For instance, I name "tree," and specify three sorts, — oak, cedar, and beech. The first shows me at once my childhood's home, — the house surrounded by the great oaks which gave the place its name of Oakwood. Here I may let my mind wander as it lists through those golden days of early youth. The second tree, the cedar, is not a beautiful member of the great family, but I love it for the same clinging association, and the memory of the little blue berries that used to represent pills in my doll's apothecary shop. But this memory is effaced by a later one. I see an island in the ocean, where the dark cedar groups, the only native growth, stand up in sharpest contrast with the light of the sky above, the dazzling whiteness of the coral roads, and the brilliant peacock blue of the surrounding water, its edge fringed with pink-blossomed oleanders. It is a color vision, that Bermuda island, which fades not quickly from the mental eye. Again, I say "beech," and I am walking, on a fresh May morning, in a wood clothing a hill overhanging the Rhine, and the sunshine showers down softly through delicate young leaves; and then I step out of the pleasant light into a dark little pavilion, and, being bidden to look through a narrow slit in the wall, my eye travels down a long and beautiful avenue cut through the beechwood, till it lights at last on one of the most picturesque of castles, perched high on the opposite bank of the river.

One may, of course, recall at will whole scenes without the suggestion of a single object; and there is no reason why one should tire of these mind pictures more than of a canvas on a wall.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Fiction. The Master of Ballantrae (Scribner's Sons) is not one of Mr. Stevenson's unequivocal successes. We think that Mr. Stevenson handicapped himself by the method he chose to develop his narrative. There are so many episodes, so many persons brought in to tell the story, and consequently so much backing and filling, as to render the whole effect fragmentary. A single narrator would have made more of the really ingenious and powerful plot. — *Alexia*, by Mary Abbott (McClurg & Co.), is an excellently planned little social sketch, in which the writer's real cleverness shows through her newness in the art of story-writing. — *Consuelo*, by George Sand, translated by Frank H. Potter, is presented to the public in four very handsome volumes by Dodd, Mead & Co. — *Literary Gems* is the title given to a series of six tiny books (Putnam's), each containing one or more brief selections in prose or verse. There, very prettily printed, the reader will find *The Culpit* Fay of Drake; *Dr. Brown's Rab* and his Friends, and *Marjorie Fleming*; *The Gold Bug*, by Poe; *Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man*; *Our Best Society*, by Curtis; and *Arnold's essay on Sweetness and Light*. — The reader will be glad to get a choice selection from Zschöcke's shorter tales in so convenient a shape as that of the *Knickerbocker Nuggets*. (Putnam's.) — *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*, by George W. Cable (Scribner's Sons), is a volume (partly compilation) which sustains the old saying. The facts in these narrations are quite as strange as any of the inventions Mr. Cable has hitherto given us, and nearly as delightful, which is saying a great deal in praise of truth. — *Standish of Standish, a Story of the Pilgrims*, by Jane G. Austin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Austin intimates that this is a fragment of the *Chronicles of the Pilgrims*. She has attacked the material bravely, and though she keeps close to the facts of history uses her imagination cleverly to animate the figures and to supply those probabilities of life at Plymouth which are the just property of the faithful novelist. We do not know where else the reader can possess himself so well of a knowledge of the first years of the Pilgrim colony. We like especially the conscience which Mrs. Austin shows in refusing to manufacture excitement for the purpose merely of holding possibly impatient readers at the cost of fidelity to truth. — *Bijou, the Foundling of Nag's Head*, by Albert P. Southwick. (American News Co., New York.) A crude piece of work, in which the realism is a glittering gen-

erality, and the idealism is the reflection of other fiction. — *The Dalbroom Folks*, by J. Smith. (Alexander Gardner Paisley.) A well-written, good-natured novel of Scottish life, involving a study of theology as related to character. The writer gives a minute picture of village life, and one feels in reading such a book what an advantage English novelists have in the contrasts they are able to draw between life in a country village and life in London. The existing contrast provides them at once with material. — In the time of the Cherry Viewing, an episode in Japan, by Margaret Peale. (Putnam's.) A bright little sketch, in which the adventures of an enthusiastic American woman shopping in Japan, and a cynical dealer in curios also on the same errand in a more business-like manner, end in a wedding. In the course of the lively narrative there is an opportunity to depict some of the outside of Japanese life. — *Kit and Kitty*, by R. D. Blackmore, is No. 663 of the Franklin Square Library. (Harpers.) We must refuse, regretfully, to read the book. Even one of Blackmore's stories is too high a price to pay for damaged eyesight. — *An Odd Man's Story*, by Isidore G. Ascher. (Elliott Stock, London.) The story of a man who was duped by a rascal of a brother aided by a weak wife. There is no special reason for the tale, though it opens in a manner which seems to promise something a little out of the common. — *Stories from Carleton*, with an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. (Walter Scott, London.) A convenient little book, for Carleton's tales have become nearly classic in their way. — The title of Mark Twain's new book, *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (Webster & Co.), tells the story. It was a delightful idea to take a Hartford man of the present day to the England of the sixth century. For an account of the pleasing and natural adventures which befall our countryman among the hardware gentlemen of the Table Round, the reader is referred to the pages of the ingenious humorist. Incidentally the feudal system gets some hard knocks, but as the feudal system is dead there is no great harm done, and the moral purpose shines. — Recent and welcome additions to the almost invariably well-selected *Leisure Hour Series* (Holt) are, *A Crooked Path*, by Mrs. Alexander, and the latest novels of Mr. W. E. Norris, *Miss Shafto*, and *Mrs. Fenton*, both, of course, eminently readable, and the latter a really striking character-study.

Education and Text-Books. Board-School

Laryngitis, by Greville Macdonald. (A. P. Watt, London.) A curious commentary on the condition of the children in the elementary schools of England. Dr. Macdonald, called upon to treat many cases of throat trouble among teachers in these schools, has drawn the inference that the disease is produced by overwork and mental strain among ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-washed children in ill-kept school-houses, and he states on the authority of Dr. Fayette Smith, a member of the New York Board of Education, that throat troubles are unknown amongst the teachers in that city. — Selections from Wordsworth, with notes by A. J. George. (Heath.) An admirable selection with notes, which are not only useful as giving the young student Wordsworth's own matter of fact bases for his poems, but also interpretative and stimulating. The little note on "Nutting" is an example of what a true annotator may do for his poet. — Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal*, edited by James Boileau, and Holberg's *Niels Klim's Wallfahrt in die Unterwelt*, edited by E. H. Babbitt, are two additions to Heath's *Modern Language Texts*. — *The World and its People* is a little work in three books, forming volumes five, six, and seven of the *Young Folks' Library*, edited by Larkin Dunton. (Silver, Burdett & Co.) The design is to supplement the study of geography with simple dialogues, of a progressive kind, regarding the subjects treated in geography, the lessons proceeding from the familiar to the less known. The simplicity is often quite attractive, though the effort at simplicity is sometimes a little too apparent, and there is the stiffness of a conscious purpose. Pieces of verse are interspersed to break the monotony. — *An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare*, by Hiram Corson. (Heath.) This book is interesting as a prolonged protest against a linguistic, æsthetic, or historic treatment of Shakespeare, in place of one which regards his art from the ethical and the transcendental point of view. Professor Corson brings to the study of Shakespeare a wealth of knowledge and a great deal of philosophic insight. He has many admirable passages on the technique, but the value of the book lies mainly in the spiritual mind which is at work on the dramas. — *Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel*, translated and annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore. (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) This volume, which contains two autobiographic letters and some supplementary matter, is altogether the most attractive and satisfactory book we have yet had upon the personality of Froebel, and it is well appointed with notes, bibliography, and chronology. It is interesting to notice that the kindergarten is becoming more common in America than it is

in Germany, though we suspect the philosophic study regarding it has entered more decidedly into educational literature there than here. — *A General History for Colleges and High Schools*, by P. V. N. Myers. (Ginn.) Mr. Myers's book is not so useful to the student as that of Professor Fisher, for it does not make any pretense at bibliographic details, but it is a clear summary, fresher and more readable than such books are apt to be. The maps partake of the character of the text; all subordinate details are excluded, and one is given only the broad features. There is a certain commonplaceness about the characterization of persons and events, and some venerable anecdotes, but the book strikes us as an unusually serviceable text-book. — *A German Reader for beginners*; with notes and vocabulary, by H. C. G. Brandt. (Allyn & Bacon.) The introductory notes, which are to the point, appear to have been written to stand at the head of the several poems and prose papers, but have all been placed at the end of the book without any change of style. — *Natural History Object Lessons*; a manual for teachers, by George Ricks. (Heath.) The first part of this book is occupied with information regarding plants and their products, and animals and their uses; the second part is devoted to specimen lessons. A convenient and suggestive book for teachers who have already had a careful training in the study of botany and zoölogy; but it can hardly supply the lack of such training. — *Fact, Fancy, and Fable*, compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall (McClurg & Co.), is a hand-book of ready reference, in which the results of the editor's personal researches are combined with the salient features of several works in the same kind, — for example, Wheeler's *Noted Names in Fiction* and Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. The list of pseudonyms in the present volume is fuller than that given in either of the two books mentioned. Mr. Reddall's articles on the *Iron Mask*, the *Wandering Jew*, and *Casper Hauser* add special value to his ingenious and, on the whole, careful compilation.

Poetry. The *Hermitage and Later Poems*, by Edward Rowland Sill (Houghton). We have already attempted an assay of Sill's ore, and will only add here that this volume will be acceptable to all who know Sill already, for once a poet takes possession of the affection of his readers, his variations of song become dear to them. The longer poem will have a special interest to those who desire to trace Sill's growth. There is a good portrait prefacing the volume. — *Florencia*, by Bella French Swisher (John B. Alden, New York). A novel in verse. — *Celestial Scenes*, by Franz Ludwig Nagler (Cranston & Stone, Cincinnati).

The first part only of this poem has appeared, and embraces only The Universe. Other parts are to follow. — Forest Leaves, and Three; or Geneva's Tower. By Mary Hulett Young. (Printed at the Riverside Press.) A collection of poems, some narrative, some religious, some based upon historical incidents. They are fluent, and appear to be the result of reading good verse. — Day Lilies, by Jeanie Oliver Smith (Putnams). There is rather more variety, and a homely sort of poetic feeling, in this volume, than in some of more distinct poetic value. — Poems, by Anna Alcott Com-melin. (Randolph.) It is singular how unconsciously a poet may fall into hyperbole. Here is this writer, in a poem called Atmospheres, saying to a friend,

"Friend, like west wind, true and brave,
Well for those who own thee nearest;
And, if any know thee not,
Drear must be their earthly lot."

Now, would the writer honestly say in prose that the unfortunate people who do not know her friend, necessarily, thereby, and in consequence thereof, other friends to the contrary notwithstanding, have a dreary earthly lot?

Biography. Every-day Biography; containing a collection of brief biographies, arranged for every day in the year, as a book of reference for the teacher, student, Chautauquan, and home circle. By Amelia J. Calver (Fowler & Wells Co., New York). This is an expanded birthday book or calendar, without the blank space for accessions to the ranks of immortals. The biographical data are brief and to the point. The compiler has forborne wisely to comment much on her subjects. — Portraits of Friends, by John Campbell Shairp (Houghton). Principal Shairp's best work was in such papers as that on Keble, in which he described a movement in religious life and the persons engaged in it, as known to him by personal acquaintance. His sympathy and his strong religious nature made him ready to take a lively interest in such subjects, and his poetic nature made him quick to penetrate surfaces. This little book has kindly portraits of Erskine, Cotton, Dr. John Brown, Macleod, Campbell, Mackintosh, and Clough, besides a very agreeable sketch of Shairp himself, by Professor Sellar. — Louisa May Alcott; her Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney (Roberts). It will be a great pleasure for the many who have learned to care for Miss Alcott through her books, to know her now by her own report, for the abundant letters and passages from diaries set vividly before the reader the personality of this brave, cheerful woman. The book is, besides, a bit out of the history of New England social life. — John Davis, the Navigator, by Clements R. Markham (Dodd,

Mead & Co.). The first of a series of The World's Great Explorers and Explorations. Mr. Markham's qualifications for his task are well known, and this book bears the marks of his patient investigation and careful statement. The maps are good, but the reproductions of wood-cuts are inferior.

Books for Young People. Ready for Business; or Choosing an Occupation. A series of practical papers for boys. By George J. Manson. (Fowler and Wells Co.) This is a sensible little book, for though it cannot tell a boy a great deal in its few pages, it does in various ways enforce the principle that success in any calling is founded on steady work. — The Golden Days of '49, a tale of the California Diggings, by Kirk Munroe. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) A tale full of adventure in California at the time of the discovery of gold. Almost anything might happen then for the benefit of the story-teller. — Margaret Ellison, a story of Tuna Valley, by Mary Graham. (Miss M. G. Connell, La Grange, Philadelphia.) A story of the life of a young girl growing up in the oil region. The story is an artless one, but somehow draws upon the reader's interest and respect. It has a positive religious tone, there are signs of a close reproduction of actual life, and, though conventional and not the work of a trained mind, it has qualities of honesty and simplicity which commend it to the reader. — The Mossback correspondence, together with Mr. Mossback's views on certain practical subjects, with a short account of his visit to Utopia, by Francis E. Clark. (Lothrop.) A volume of short, blunt letters on minor morals, under the assumption of age and experience. Perhaps too fine an edge to Mr. Clark's weapon would weaken its sawing power.

Literature and Criticism. English Lands, Letters, and Kings, from Celt to Tudor, by Donald G. Mitchell. (Scribners.) Apparently the first of a series in which Mr. Mitchell uses a familiar, kindly speech with which to set forth in a desultory yet chronological manner the England of our literary lore; the land and the kings are only background for the poets and other writers. The readers, or listeners, for the book has the form of talk, are supposed to be young rather than juvenile, and a certain general acquaintance with history and geography and literature is understood. There is a very agreeable sympathy in Mr. Mitchell's mind with his subject. — Sesame and Lilies, by John Ruskin. (McClurg.) A pretty reprint of Ruskin's famous lectures, with the preface which he wrote for his purple calf edition. We notice that the numbering of paragraphs employed by Mr. Ruskin is retained, but the chief value of the numbering is for purposes of reference in an index, and no index is given.